

FOR THE FRENCH LILIES

(A.D. 1511-1512.)

By ISABEL NIXON WHITELEY, Author of "The Falcon of Langéac," etc.

COMPLETE.



LIPPINCOTT'S

(FEBRUARY, 1899)

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR THE FRENCH LILIES

JAMES WILSON AND HIS TIMES	Isabel Nixon Whiteley	145-244
A DIPLOMATIC FORECAST	D. O. Kellogg	245
THE GUEST (Poem)	Austin Bierbower	251
THE TALE OF THE DOUBTFUL GRANDFATHER	Viola Roseboro	255
PURPOSE (Poem)	Wardon Allan Curtis	256
CYRANO DE BERGERAC	Clarence Urmy	263
THE HEIR OF JOY (Poem)	Lionel Strachey	264
LAMBETH PALACE	Dora Read Goodale	269
BEYOND APPEAL (Quatrain)	G. F. Burnley	270
A NIGHT IN DEVIL'S GULLY	Harrison S. Morris	271
RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN	Owen Hall	272
WILL POETRY DISAPPEAR?	James M. Scovel	277
	H. E. Warner	282

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ISABEL NIXON WHITELEY,

AUTHOR OF "THE FALCON OF LANGÉAC," ETC.

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY.

TO MY FATHER
REV. J. H. NIXON, D.D.,
WHO IN HIS OWN SPHERE WAS "WITHOUT FEAR
AND WITHOUT REPROACH."

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LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY, 1899.

FOR THE FRENCH LILIES.

CHAPTER I.

OF THE END OF CHILDHOOD, AND OF THE SECRET OF THE WEST WING.

UNTIL one day in September—the same month in which I completed my nineteenth year—I was in heart no more than a child. From daybreak till nightfall I had no deeper thought than to finish my tasks, that I might hasten to the sports I loved. But that September day, a warm, cloudy one following the chilly spell which had ended the summer's life, I bade the lads who were wont to attend me in hawking and fishing to follow me up the mountain towards the little lake which lies near the summit, embosomed deep between high banks, with cold, sweet waters, well stocked with fish.

When we had climbed the steeps we stood panting beside the margin of the lake.

"Jacques," I said to the lad behind me, "bring hither that basket of food; nothing more will I do till less tormented by hunger."

We ate and drank from the abundant store furnished us by the steward, and then pushed out on the raft into the middle of the lake and fished for some hours. Scores of other days had I spent like this one; and it would not have been worth holding in the memory, still less of recording, but that I went up the mountain that day a thoughtless lad who cared only for the moment, and came down changed into one with an overwhelming desire which ate my heart by day and night.

On the way down the pass I shot a wild goat, and the lads and I framed a sort of sledge of boughs, on which we dragged the carcass to the hospice, where the monks might find some use for it. Below the walls of the hospice the pass widens, and we came out upon an

open place whence we could look over the valley to the distant summits of *Les Grandes Rousses*. Between us and those red peaks, redder yet in the glow of the setting sun, I saw a splendid cavalcade of horsemen, with the last beams of ruddy light flashing on the burnished surfaces of their armor. Perhaps I may have seen the same sight before, but a glamour seemed to clothe them then. I asked, half-dreamily, "Lads, whither, think you, go those horsemen?"

"Down the road to Briançon," answered Jacques.

"And then, perchance, to Italy, there to rot, for no fault of their own, but because some one else sends them chasing wild birds," muttered surly André, who had a true forester's contempt for war, as for all else which took him beyond the heights of his own mountains.

I heeded not the discouraging scorn of his answer; but from that moment the cry sounded in my ears, "To Italy! To glory!" The sparkle of their weapons dazzled my eyes and I moved as in a dream, having no sight nor sense of what went on around me. The simple life with the dogs with crossbow and quiver, the setting of snares, or flying my merlins no more contented me.

The strength of this feeling surprised me, for I am by nature of the easiest disposition, one thing or another pleasing me almost equally well. For this I thank the Creator, since the worst misfortunes are not mended by sullenness, but rather bettered by a light heart. Never in my life had I fretted at anything which had befallen me, nor deemed it a misfortune that I had been reared in our lonely chateau, high upon the crags of Dauphiny, with few companions other than my blind father or the old monk who kept the hospice on the pass above, and crawled down to the chateau each day for some hours to teach me such learning as I had acquired. I remembered not my mother, nor knew that by her early death I had lost that which is in most cases irreparable,—the loving care of a woman. That I had not missed it was probably due to the gayety of my own disposition, which made all the events of life interesting to me; or perhaps it was because my father's affliction, as well as his devotion to religion, softened the natural sternness of a man's nature. Sometimes, on rare occasions, we had travelled to Grenoble for a festival, or to some nearby chateau for my father to confer with friends touching the good of the province,—his judgment being sought by many, the more since his affliction had taken from him ambition and the self-seeking which unfits one for giving true counsel to others. These visits were never for pleasure, nor were they returned, except by the older members of the family, no young persons caring to spend time in a quiet corner of the world when they might find more amusement elsewhere. This had caused me no regret, my days being happy enough flying the hawks or climbing the heights among the snows to shoot the wild goats,—heights where even the dogs feared to follow.

For a day or two I moved about in a waking dream, when, without my having spoken one word to any one of what was in my heart, my father called me to him, and with pain on his face, yet withal a look of deep peace, as of one who has reached the end of a weary road, said, "Son, child of my heart, from now on our paths divide."

I heard his words with wonder and answered not. He continued: "Since the day when the lightning of God came down on me and struck me with blindness for the faults of my evil youth——" He paused, and I listened, awe-struck; for never before had I heard him speak of the cause of his blindness.

He recovered himself and went on: "Since that dreadful day which took from me the joy of life, and struck death to the heart of her who was the source of joy, I have had only the thought to bring you safely up to manhood, and then to go to spend the remainder of my days with holy men, where I may forget all but thoughts of God and my last end."

These words sounded full of infinite sadness to me, in whose veins ran ruddy blood and to whom life was good and sweet. But the gentle calm of my father's face was such that I accepted for him whatever he thought was best, and listened still in silence to hear more.

He went on with the quiet words which marked the turning-point in my life: "The estate will be safe in the hands of Roehette, a good and faithful steward. In a few days I shall hear, by a messenger whom I have sent forth, whether the Duchess of Ferrara, whose friend your mother was, will accept you as page in her household; for it is not fitting that the son of a good house should longer waste his time among dogs and servants, like a robber knight of Germany. This should have been done before, but for the wildness of the times, and my dislike to send you forth till the foolishness of childhood might pass, and good sense arm you against the perils of the world."

Such had been my habit of acquiescence in whatsoever he said that even then I said naught of my new desire for military glory. For the first time within my memory did my father show something like impatience, saying,—

"Have you no care, boy, what your future is?"

Then, quieting himself, he drew me towards him, and, with words that moved me strangely, told me of his own youth; of the wild deeds thereof, when he followed King Charles to the conquest of Naples; of his wounding at the battle of Fornovo, and his meeting with my mother; of his few happy years with her upon our silent mountains, before the great and terrible storm which devastated the valley and destroyed his sight. Then she drooped and died, and he turned more and more to prayer, until the monks upon the pass above scarcely seemed farther from earth than he. I looked at him in wonder, trying to fancy him as he must have been in the days of which he spoke. But his snowy hair and sightless eyes brought to

my fancy no picture of knight or lover. Yet even my boy's mind, with passionate hopes for happiness, perceived that there might be a sadder old age than that which crowned the head of my stricken father.

While he still spoke, the sound of the *Ave Maria* bell floated down from the hospice chapel. Kneeling, we said the prayer together, and then returned to the dining-hall, where, after the evening meal, I having retired to dreams, my father remained, rapt in the holy thoughts which had become his life.

My chamber was in the southeast tower and opened on the inner court-yard,—the court of the chateau; we had another for the stables, not having to pile our buildings together like most of our neighbors. Our site was a broad table-land, high up the mountain, and needing no damp, unhealthy moat for its defence. Around the house ran massive walls; from each corner rose a tower, and from the upper rooms of the towers ran the sentry-wall, which led around the house, whence one could see not only all invaders who might come up the valley or from the pass to Valsenestre, but also far over *Les Grandes Rousses* and the *Belledonne* peaks. The sentry-wall pierced the building at the north, running through to the gallery which ran around the court. I knew that this was different from other houses thereabouts, but knew not that it had been made thus by my father while my mother lived, and that it was all in the Italian style, so done to please her. Our neighbors had rough stone walls overlaid with coarse plaster, but ours were of carved stone with mouldings and graceful balustrades. The window of my room, though unglazed, was protected from the wind by an overhanging projection, and the door opened upon the upper inner gallery. Like all the rest of the house, the room was furnished with the utmost simplicity, the bed being but an iron pallet covered with a sack of straw, and the few other fittings but such as one might find in the cell of a monastery.

My father occupied the ground floor of the tower in which I slept, in order to avoid climbing the stairs, which were steep and dangerous to him. Adjoining his little bedchamber, in what was meant for an office, slept Rochette, the steward. This little room again opened into the entrance-hall, beyond which was the great dining-hall. Here we came together for meals, but my father usually dismissed the men to their own apartments, as he was not one to take pleasure in their jesting and rough diversion, as do so many of the gentlemen of France and other lands. He spent his time in the small room next the chapel, which had been the library when my mother lived. It now had few books or manuscripts, for he had given most of them to his friends the Benedictines at Grenoble.

When I went to my chamber after my father's long conversation I fell quickly to sleep, but soon awakened to turn wonderingly over

and over in my mind the thoughts he had aroused. The room was dark, and there was nothing on most nights to enlighten it, for the projection above the window hid the rays of star or moon. Therefore when a bright gleam shone in through the window, falling on the opposite wall, I was instantly alert and rose quickly, going to the window, but I could see nothing clearly. Then I unfastened the door and passed out on to the gallery, whence I saw, to my surprise, a light moving about the court-yard, and distinguished the figure of my father, with Rochette leading him, while one of the boys carried the lantern, the rays of which had attracted my attention. On the right hand side of the court were doors leading to the kitchens and an archway under which was the well, a wide stone well, with beautiful carvings around its base and on the upright portion whence swung the ornamental ironwork which held the machinery. On the side of the chateau opposite my window was the western wing, which I had never entered, and thought nothing of it, supposing that it led to some half-ruined chambers or perhaps to storehouses. What was therefore my surprise to see my father follow Rochette to the door of this wing, opening it with a key which he turned without difficulty, as if it were often used. Then I caught a glimpse of an inner door, as the lantern flashed forth, and they all passed within, leaving me to wonder and imagine strange things till fatigue brought sleep.

The next morning I expected that my father would call me to him and finish telling me something of his plans, and something that should explain the midnight visit to the unused apartments. But the day passed by without any word from him, and though I was too much accustomed to acquiescence in his customs to venture to question him or seek to know that which he did not voluntarily explain, I grew almost beside myself with a most natural curiosity, and at evening, finding Rochette alone within the court-yard, I spoke to him.

"Give me the key, Rochette, to that door yonder. I have never seen that part of the house."

I spoke coolly, thinking thus more easily to gain my end.

Rochette started, turning away; then sharply, as he had never yet spoken to me, he said, "Nor ever will, till your father orders it."

I was touched somewhat in my pride by his manner, but could not hold resentment against our good steward, and presently followed him to the stables, trying to interest myself in other things, since I had not courage to ask my father to satisfy my curiosity till his own time. But even the horses had no interest for me, the jumping of the dogs fretted me, and the rough jests of the grooms were worse yet; so I returned to the house and sat down dully under the tall pines which shaded the outside wall, and through which the setting sun streamed in a fiery glow. Here I sat dreaming, till, without explanation, Rochette appeared and attended me to my father, who

rested his hand upon my arm, and with slight pressure guided me across the court-yard to the door which led to the west wing, took a key from his own pouch, and handed it to me.

When I had turned the key I saw beyond me a vestibule with walnut panellings decorated in a style of richness unlike anything else within the chateau. There was a second door, and to this also he gave me a key. This turned, I held my breath with astonishment too great for words. Never had I before beheld such beauty in any dwelling as here met my eyes. Beneath my feet was a rich rug of softly blended colors spread over a floor of inlaid marbles. The walls were hung with silken draperies, sometimes hanging plain with fair embroideries upon them, or sometimes falling in graceful folds like the framing of a picture. The furniture was carved and cushioned with silk, and there were not only many chairs set, as for a goodly company, but also many small tables, holding various choice ornaments, implements for sewing, a lute, and other musical instruments. There were shelves, too, beside the fireplace, covered with beautiful carvings in ivory; rare pieces of glass, colored like jewels; vases encased in silver fretwork overlaced upon them,—all of which things were at that time unknown to me. Over the whole place hovered an atmosphere of feminine grace and refinement, which, ignorant boy though I was, I could not fail to perceive.

I went on through the remainder of the suite of apartments, in which a perfect harmony prevailed. The large carved walnut bed with canopies and velvet hangings, the armoires with mirrors and scent-bottles, were just as they had been left more than twelve years before. Within the chests were many gowns brocaded or embroidered with gold thread, and strange head-dresses, escoffions, horned and jewelled, with fine lawn veils streaming from their points. And lest from all these articles of worldly vanity I should have constructed a wrong image of my mother, whose chambers I perceived these to be, there lay beyond, crowned with the dying glory of the western sun, the small oratory, where hung her crucifix and a small triptych with Our Lady and the holy angels.

I returned in wonderment to where my father sat. Nowhere did I see the faintest trace of dust or disorder. I saw from this the love my father must have borne and retained for her, thus to have made of her former home a shrine. Thus is it with some souls, who are capable of so great affection that no time can efface it.

My father spoke with effort, saying: "I have not hitherto desired to show you that which might make you discontented with your life or awaken regrets for that which you have lost; but now that you are to go forth into the world I want you to carry with you the idea of what your mother was. You were such a little lad, such a merry, thoughtless child when she left you, that I do not think you have kept any memory at all of those untroubled days."

As he spoke I groped within my mind for some faint, shadowy

figure which seemed to be evoked by his words; but it faded elusively before me, and I watched his uncertain movements as he rose and felt his way to a small cabinet which stood near, and took from its drawer a miniature encircled by pearls, handing it to me.

It was a sweet, laughing face which I saw, drawn with all the skill of the Italians, which none of our painters have yet learned to equal. She had the blonde beauty which the painters give to Our Lady, which seems to fit angelic natures, and which one finds more often among the people of Lombardy (my mother was a Lombard) than farther south. Besides her beauty of feature, there was the loveliness which I have since learned to discern in the ladies of Italy, the look of high intelligence that comes from their training and education, that makes them the companions of men, not toys or temptresses, such as too often the fair maids of France become when drawn from their simple life in country homes to the dangers of a court. There was something in my young mother's eyes that looked forth from the little oval frame and caught my soul with its purity and sweetness, and grew to an ideal in my mind that made it impossible for anything unworthy of her ever to hold my heart.

My father took the miniature from me, holding it with a clinging touch, as if he fain would feel the beauty he saw not. Then he gave it to me again, saying, "Take it, Marcel."

He opened again the drawer, still guided by his delicate sense of touch, and took forth a little leather case, which he hung upon a long gold chain and gave to me, telling me to suspend the miniature about my neck; then he closed the cabinet, and I led him from the apartments.

I was quite bewildered with the conflict of my thoughts; but all at once the tardy words with which I should have sooner shown my care for him broke forth, and I cried, "Whither, oh my father, do you go when I am gone?"

Before he answered, my heart told me, and in vision I saw another figure among the white-robed monks of the mountains, where sometimes we had spent a few days when my father desired counsel, and the gloomy grandeur of the Chartreuse hung above me, shutting out the light of day. Again I cried, "Stay with me, father!"

But the peace of his face silenced me, and with a sigh I fell on my knees and begged his blessing.

After the fire was lighted in the small room beside the hall he kept me with him, and the silence of his later years seemed to have been broken utterly, for he talked freely with me, telling me of his own life, of my mother's people, of all I wished to know, until far into the night and long past the hour at which we were wont to go to rest. Then he heard me read the Hours to him, as was our custom, and I, fatigued more than common from the previous night's unrest, slept soundly till the *Ave Maria* warned me that it was time for mass.

CHAPTER II.

OF MY SETTING FORTH FROM ST. EYMOND.

I HAD not long in which to let my heart wear itself away in ambitious longings. Two days after my father's conversation with me, as I came down from the hospice, whither I had gone to be shriven for the feast of Holy Cross, I found within the court-yard of the stables groups of the men-servants whispering together, absorbed in some new happening.

Across the yard, through the open stable door, I saw some strange horses with handsome trappings, attended by men whose faces I knew not. I called to the grooms near me, "How now? Hath the Bishop of Grenoble come to St. Eymond?"

They answered not at once, taking counsel in glances, as who should say, "Is it our business to speak, or not?"

"Who is here?" I asked again, wondering at their reluctance or their ignorance. And then came forth Rochette from the house with even more than his wonted gravity, bidding me come within.

I waited not to put in order my array, but hurried to the small chamber, which, when my father had his sight, had been the library. There beside my father sat a man of more than middle years, whom I knew I had not seen before, yet who seemed to bear a likeness to some one whom I had seen in dreams. Afterwards I bethought me that it was but a shadowy likeness to myself, for I am like my mother's people, and he was my mother's brother, as my father told me, saying, "Here is the lad, Vincenzo."

The stranger spoke to me with great suavity and with a polished courtesy which made the pleasantest impression. His appearance seemed to me as agreeable as his manner, though had he been possessed of all the exterior marks of duplicity and wickedness I was too unsuspicious to perceive it, this being my nature and something no experience has rid me of. He was a handsome man, tall and graceful in his movements, and his countenance was made more attractive by the contrast of his very dark hair with light, piercing eyes, gray, not black, as the eyes of the south of Italy,—the gray eyes which one sees in the valley of the Po showing a strain of northern blood, left, as wise men tell us, from the days when the fierce Goths swept over the Alps to the very seat of St. Peter. My uncle's attire was very rich in all its details; this I noticed in consequence of its contrast with the simplicity of our own. Had I known more of the nobles of France, I should have had no time to consider his dress, in wonder at his superior breeding; for politeness at this time was peculiar to Italians, or to those who had been dwellers in Italy, like my father, who also had the gentleness which attends learning and goodness of heart. His neighbors who lived at their homes were careless or even rough in their manners, nor did they

use much courtesy with women or children. But the men of Italy, however wicked, are always gentle with children. My uncle spoke to me with this winning mildness, since I seemed to him a child. He said:

"When I received your father's letter asking me to advise him in regard to your future, I made it my pleasure to come hither to see what I could do to serve you."

This sounded well, and I, much flattered, answered, "I thank you much, Messire Vincenzo, and trust I shall prove worthy your kind interest."

He smiled benignantly. "Your father wished to place you in the household of the Duchess of Ferrara, and if you so desire I will help you to that end; but I have no son, only a daughter, who cannot continue my business when I am gone, so I would that you should come to Milan and enter with me into the calling of a banker."

Though I am so easy in my disposition, this seemed to me the most terrible insult I had ever heard, and my father, with the sensitiveness of the blind, felt the excitement that immediately possessed me; for I was very ignorant of the world, and could not understand ideas different from those held by the people around me. To our Dauphinese, for a gentleman to do aught but live upon his lands or fight for the king or go into the Church was an impossible thing. When we heard of nobles buying and selling merchandise, as in Venice; or the produce of their farms, as do the Roman nobles; or being sailors for gain, as in Genoa; or lending money like a Jew, as in Florence or Milan, it seemed to us like the strange tales of Prester John or the legends which drove Cristoforo Colombo across the western seas. My father understood my foolishness and felt a danger from my pride, knowing that my uncle's blood ran even higher than mine, with the swifter fierceness of Italy. He interposed his quiet voice: "This lad knows nothing of the world, Vincenzo; the honorable calling which so many great minds have followed to distinction seems to him a strange one. Let him go with you, and when he is wiser he will make his choice."

My kinsman assented, and then they dismissed me, while for several days they spent much time in consultation as to the arrangements for my setting forth. And I, full of my new dreams of military glory, turned with a lad's violent enthusiasm to exercising as I had been taught to do. My father, though he had kept me sheltered from the world, had neglected nothing which could perfect me in all the accomplishments of a true knight. Each day, before I might ride forth for my own pleasures, before I might hawk, or call the dogs to follow me to the secret places of the hills where lurked the hares or other game, I was obliged to spend some hours in sword-practice as we knew it then; for you who read this know that it is but within the reign of his present majesty that fencing as now taught has come in fashion. Nor is it yet a fully developed

art, if one may judge by the constant change in cut and thrust, and by their variance as taught in different schools. One could do little but cut clumsily with the heavy swords of that time, in comparison with the scientific thrusts made with the rapier now. But Rochette watched me narrowly to see that nothing marred the accuracy of my strokes. Then for a space each day had I to tilt at a quintain which was clothed in my father's armor, that he, alas, might never wear again. Or, cased in all my armor save the helmet, I would run a long distance and turn a somersault, then, bounding to my feet, run and leap upon the back of my horse without delay. If I showed any awkwardness, there came a stern bending together of the eyebrows of Rochette and a muttered grunt like that of an angry hog, which, if my father heard, he anxiously asked, "What is it? Is the lad growing careless, Rochette? Keep him to the mark."

Sometimes I was made to climb by the mere force of pressure of my arms and legs between the wall of the southern tower and a high wooden wall set up beside it for my practice. No quarter did I receive until I reached at least the height of thirty feet or more. All this was work; if a lad had not strength of body and good heart in him, he chose the peaceful life of the Church, rather than one which meant many hard knocks and probably a bloody death. But I had always fitted myself easily to my father's will, and Rochette spoke well of my diligence, as did my teachers. One of these was a Marxbrüder of Germany, who had been with the mercenaries of King Charles in the Neapolitan campaign, and who wandered about, teaching the use of the two-handed sword and buckler, in which art he was incomparable. Another of my masters was a Spaniard, who used a more slender weapon and relied on certain sly tricks rather than on force. Rochette was jealous of these masters; but my father had a clearness of mental sight which almost seemed like foreseeing the future, and he said to Rochette: "Teach the boy as if he were but a burgher's lad, who had to look to his own hand to keep the breath within his body. Before he has one gray hair he will see a change in the manner of warfare, which one may easily foretell from the use of firearms."

Rochette answered: "What change? No gentleman would fire an arquebuse. Shall I teach the lad to drag cannon?"

"Save those insolent sneers, Rochette," replied my father, "and mark my words. Who are killed first in the battle when the cannon burst forth? And why is it that after each engagement there lie upon the field more of the captains in proportion than of the foot-soldiers? Because their heavy armor, which formerly in hand-to-hand combat gave them good protection, is no better than tissue of silk against the blast from a cannon's mouth."

"And truth that is," Rochette admitted sulkily.

"Our gentlemen's sons," my father went on, "are trained to load themselves with heavy armor, mount a steed as overloaded as them-

selves, and to ride furiously at their foe. If they trample him not to death, they push him from his charger with a long lance, and if there is any life left in him they cleave his head with an axe. Behind these heavy iron images, as superior to discerning eyes as a clean-limbed god of war to a clumsy Cyclops, stride the burghers' lads, each one quick of eye and swift of hand, using his sword like the needle of a tailor for delicacy and the hammer of a smith for strength. I want Messire Marcel to hold up his head above all his followers."

I remembered these words often, and especially after Ravenna, where there was scarce a captain left alive, except my Lord of la Palisse and the Captain Bayard.

For the remaining days of my uncle's visit I was as busy as if I saw myself already the lieutenant of a troop of archers.

The day before we set out the house was dismantled of all unnecessary garnishings; the seals were placed upon the armoires where valuables were kept; the stained glass windows in the chapel and in my mother's apartments were closed with planks; the horses were sent to the farms of the estate. Then there came speeding up the valley from Grenoble the messenger whom my father had sent to the Bishop of Grenoble, announcing our departure. He laid his duty before my father and said to me, "Messire, monseigneur sends his blessing, and wishes you good-speed. Also he sends as token of affection this travelling-cape, and he wishes you to bear his blessing to his nephew, the Lord of Bayard, and to tell him that any service done to you will pleasure monseigneur himself."

I was beside myself with joy to be commended to so great a knight. Also I took the cape with pride, though ordinarily I knew no difference in the various sorts of apparel, as is the way with lads till the desire of appearing well in the eyes of the maiden they love awakes anxiety within them. The cloak was of steel-gray broadcloth, lined throughout with silver fox, very warm and light, and its clasp was wrought in gold enamelled work with a fine beryl in the centre. Besides this, my father had sent for a coat of chain armor, better than any in our armory and of a later fashion. But that which made my heart dance within me was the sight of a sword which had been forged for me and blessed upon the high altar of the cathedral. Never have I seen a sword which I loved at sight as I did this. More slender than I had thought a weapon could be fashioned, it yet was tempered to a marvellous perfection of strength and elasticity, and one might trust his life to it better than to the hugest lansquenet. Its graceful quillons were countercurved in a style rare at that time, but thus done by my father's orders, that the outer one might serve as guard; all the surface of the quillons and the pas d'âne were enamelled and set with turquoises. The chasing ran half-way down the double-edged blade, but the ricasso was plain except for the motto of our house inscribed upon it, "*Veraï cuer,*

verai main,"—"True heart, true hand." I think it no shame to say that the tears rushed to my eyes as I embraced my father and poured out my thanks to him.

Rochette placed his eldest son in charge of the chateau till he should return from accompanying my father to La Grande-Chartreuse, and we went forth all together down the valley to the parting of the ways. At Bourg I bade farewell to my father, and looked with sadness while the hindmost of his attendants disappeared in the distance.

From Bourg the road, though rising steadily, is good and wide for some leagues. My uncle rode beside me, conversing so agreeably that I was drawn from my sad thoughts by his pleasant tales of my unknown relatives; of their life in town or villa; of the wars which had rent the fair fields of Lombardy since King Louis had grown so eager for the restoration of that sovereignty he claimed and held so precious. Strong grew my loyalty for the king and great my wish to fight for him under the influence of my uncle's words, for he was of the French party. Neither then nor afterwards did I concern myself with the rights of the matter. Even when I had to fight against the Pope, I only made sure that I was under the banner of the Fleur-de-lis. The Pope at the head of an army invading our king's dominions was our enemy,—that was all we knew.

I know not whether my uncle preferred the French rule from hatred to the usurping Sforzas or because it was in some way favorable to his avaricious plans, for in his talk he never disclosed his real feelings, having the Italian gift of dissimulation to a degree well-nigh incredible to one of franker soul. I knew no more of his heart when we had been for hours in conversation than if I had never seen him.

Presently the road became more difficult, and we had to ride in single file. Our party consisted of six stout serving-men beside ourselves, and they sat their horses as if well used to mountain roads. All of these men were my uncle's servants, for my father trusted him completely and thought me safe with him, so that none of our own followers had been sent with me, but money had been placed in my uncle's hands for my equipment both with men and armor. One of the six had been assigned to me as attendant for the journey, and he rode in silence behind me, saying nothing to me nor to his companions.

Another of the men I noticed for his holding himself aloof from the others, though occasionally Messire Vincenzo addressed him by some remark inaudible to the others. At this apparent preference I wondered, for he was the worst-looking of them all. He was a man of great strength and greater height than any of the party, though all were above middle stature. This man, Luigi, had a heavy, brutish face and an air—or he assumed it—of bluff, sullen

frankness, of minding his own counsel, which marked him off from the others, who showed the cringing servility of their class. I understood their Lombard dialect, it being a mingling of French words with Italian. But they understood me with difficulty, since the Italian I had learned from my tutor, the monk from the hospice, was good Tuscan, a foreign tongue to the servants.

We went through deep ravines winding beside the banks of the stream; on each side rose high walls of rock, or sombre black fir trees. Sometimes the rocks were worn sharp down their sides by the fall of others upon them, and the fallen ones had heaped themselves together, forming caverns, which in turn were overgrown with bushes and vines. Sometimes the road wound under these arches and the tread of the horses' hoofs resounded as with the noise of an army, the step of a single horse being many times re-echoed till it deafened with its sound. We passed the Bad Valley and climbed through masses of fallen rocks to higher levels. At the lead-mine we stopped for food and drink, and then rode on without interruption in the sight of fields of ice and mountains capped with snow or clothed with green till we left the stream. Then we rose still higher, and seemed to hang above the clouds, which, tinged with sunlight, floated like smoke above a smouldering fire. Overhead was the deep blue of the sky, a blue which one sees nowhere else so deep, and which gives one an impression of immensity from the absence of all points of measurement.

Suddenly from the silent blue above us came a terrible roaring like the loudest thunder, and our horses started wildly at the sound, while before we could explain it to ourselves huge masses of ice were dislodged from their places on the summits of the heights and hurled themselves along the slopes towards the valley. Clouds of driven snow filled the air, choking us like fine dust; when it cleared away and we could see the path before us, the foremost of our riders lay crushed beneath a mass of fallen ice, while his horse lay dead under him. The road was very narrow; the horses, plunging frantically, threatened death to all of us. But as the fallen man lay groaning horribly I leaped to the ground, throwing my bridle to the man behind me, who was last in the party. I forced my way with difficulty around the terrified animals, crawling from rock to rock and hanging sometimes over the edge of the path, till I stood beside the wounded man. Then rushed after me Luigi, crying: "'Tis unlucky Luca of a surety. To the devil with him! And we have no time for fooling either. Look, messire, the storm is rising!"

"Help me pull him out," I cried, tugging fiercely at the ice-block which pinned him down.

"Pull him out of the devil's clutches!" muttered Luigi, and he tugged as hard as I did.

Not a whit could we move the mass of ice, though the poor creature's groanings racked my soul. The thunder pealed forth in

truth, and the golden clouds had darkened to pitchy hue, while the animals almost tore their bridles from the men who tried to hold them. Our situation seemed desperate. Then, before I could shriek a warning, the man Luigi jerked his dagger from its sheath, and to my utter horror plunged it into the body of his companion, who gasped once, quivered all over, and was still.

Luigi drew forth the dripping knife, stuck it into the soft earth beside him several times till it was clean, and shoved it back into its case, showing no more feeling than a butcher for a dead sheep.

"Good God!" I cried, beside myself with horror. "Monster!" and could say no more.

The fellow's face darkened, his eyes gleamed savagely, and his hand stole again to his knife, as if he were like to serve me in the same way. I grasped my sword, but my uncle cried, "Luigi!" and then to me, "Go back to your horse, Marcel. The man was as good as dead. It was kinder to end his sufferings."

"But his soul!" I cried. "Why not leave him till a priest could come to shrive him?"

A curious look flickered across my uncle's face, which might have seemed to me a look of amusement, if I could have supposed that he could feel such in the presence of this horrid deed. Then he said calmly: "Luca was not overfond of clerical counsel. I think we may leave him and look out for ourselves. Hasten! the storm grows fiercer."

I had no answer ready for this amazing heartlessness and irreligion, the like of which I had never even fancied; so I jumped on my horse, having enough to do to guide him through the fallen rubbish on the treacherous path, without either arguing with Messire Vincenzo or punishing Luigi.

The air grew constantly blacker, the wind more wild. Then fell the rain in torrents, and in a moment we were soaked to the skin. Had we not been only a few hundred paces from shelter I doubt that we should have reached the end of the way, but the gates of the Hospice de Lauteret stood open and we dashed in, thankful to throw our reins to the lads who stood waiting beside the entrance to lead the wet and frightened animals to the stables.

CHAPTER III.

OF A NEW ACQUAINTANCE, AND OF WHAT I HEARD WITHIN THE CLOISTER.

THERE were rooms to shelter at least a hundred guests in the Hospice de Lauteret, which was one of the most important on the road,—the main road from France to Italy. The buildings scrambled up the sides of the steep ground wherever one might be placed. The

monks themselves had chambers in a long, low wing to the right. A cloister, partly of brick and partly supported by wooden pillars, ran from the right wing across the flank of the slope, ending on the left in some sheds for the animals. These sheds banked up against the left wing of the nondescript structure where the guest-chambers were. Besides ourselves there were other parties of travellers, mostly going from Briançon to Grenoble, and some from the Maurienne.

A huge, roaring fire burned in the hall where we were served with food; but we could not get near to it, for other travellers, wet as we were, had already crowded round it. The cold was piercing; snow had fallen thickly near the hospice, and the dampness penetrated to one's very bones. I threw off my drenched cloak and hung it from an iron bolt which projected near the chimney; then I unloosed my coat-of-mail, the links of which felt like points of ice to my hands. Warmth came slowly, being helped by the mugs of mulled wine which the brothers brought us and which we drank standing, all the wooden stools being taken.

One by one those who had travelled since early dawn yielded to fatigue and crept away, leaving place for us; so gradually I worked near to the fire, which the brothers kept piling high with logs of pine, resinous, fragrant, and burning cheerfully. The hall was nearly deserted when I reached a good place near the chimney, and I fell into conversation with one of the few who remained, a young man of perhaps one- or two-and-twenty years. He had a handsome face, dark and regular in features, with much blacker hair than one often sees in Dauphiny, and strange black eyes which had no expression at all in them, eyes which, as he spoke to you, constantly opened ever so slightly and closed a little again, in a way which I cannot describe, but which at once attracted attention. I could not make any guess as to his thoughts, as one usually does in watching another's face. He spoke well, choosing his words with great precision, unlike so young a man, and as if he had been trained for the Church. In spite of his discomfort, which must have been as great as that of any of us, for he had been thoroughly drenched, he showed a constant courtesy to those about him, sometimes jumping up with a quickness which was never awkward to place a stool by the fire for an older man, or moving aside a little to make room for one too young to demand respect. Another thing noticeable in him was a frequent play of humor and pleasant jest, greatly in contrast with the grave-ness of his face and the measured way of his speech. He was very interesting both to hear and to watch, though I found him a sealed book as far as any discernment of his character was concerned; yet I believed him worthy of respect. It was a great relief for me to have some one to talk to besides my uncle, of whom, since his strange behavior on the death of Luca, I did not even like to think, so disturbed was my confidence in him.

I regained my spirits somewhat, and talked with a ready trust

in the stranger, whose name was Messire Jean Marie de Kernilis, of the province of Brittany. He was returning from his furlough; and I pelted him with rapid questions concerning the leaders of the army, of whom, as individuals, I knew nothing. The men with whom my father had served and of whom he told me had been replaced by those who in his eyes were only boys. The Captain Bayard was but thirty-two years old that year, the Duke of Nemours but two-and-twenty; yet the world knows that the duke's brilliant skill and daring had astonished Europe, and almost thrown back into our king's hands the cities of which the Pope's schemes had deprived us. Think then how stories of these champions stirred the heart of a lad of my years, and how determined I grew that not a moment should be lost in reaching the camp and placing myself at the service of the duke.

"I have been commended to the Lord of Bayard by his uncle, the Bishop of Grenoble," I said to Messire de Kernilis. "Do you think I shall find service with him?"

"The Captain Bayard's company are the picked men of the army; many of them have been captains themselves, proudly resigning good posts in order to serve under such a leader." So said my new acquaintance.

"With whom, then, shall I find place?"

"When you are fitted out, offer yourself to any one who wishes reinforcements. Further I cannot advise you." Thus said he with a caution which seemed to me unnatural in so young a man, and never at any time did I find him ready with advice, but ever wishing to let others act for themselves.

The friendly feeling which so quickly rises in me for any one who seems at all disposed to be friendly himself melted away, and, lonely and uneasy, I bade him good-night and retired to my chamber.

The iron pallet which answered for a bed was scarce covered with sufficient straw to hide its cold bars; nothing else was provided, not even a blanket, and my own cloak was still damp with the rain. I was young and hardy, and ordinarily found a zest in enduring discomfort, but this sorry place promised no cheer. To be sure, it was much better than freezing all night on the pass. The good monks were themselves used to worse privations, to seeking pilgrims through the drifts, to going without food altogether when an unexpected arrival of guests drew too heavily on their slender resources, so that they thought nothing more was needful. I bade my man lie on the pallet of straw upon the floor and tried to sleep. But I am always a light sleeper, and the cold was so peculiarly piercing that it could not be ignored. I rose, and, stepping over the body of my man, who snored lustily, as if enjoying his rest, groped through the passage-way quietly, so as not to waken those who lay huddled in groups upon the floor, all the rooms being full to overflowing. I sought the fire within the hall; the last red embers were paling into

gray ashes, the brothers who attended to it long since asleep. Thinking to find warmth in exercise, I went into the cloisters and paced quickly back and forth for some time.

In the corner of the yard, near the cloisters, was a well-sweep, or perhaps it may have been a cistern. I remember not clearly at this date. But I do remember that its arrangement of wooden bars and uprights hid from sight the end of the cloisters which was farthest from the monks' apartments. It so happened that in my paces I was at the spot concealed by this construction when I saw the figures of two men come forth from the door of the hall. I thought that they too sought by exercise to stir their blood, but was startled to recognize my kinsman, Messire Vincenzo Briarti, and the brute Luigi, with their arms thrown about each other's neck, as equal and familiar friends do walk.

Surprises were beginning for me in my journey, and this was not the least one nor the most pleasant. I have had the training of a gentleman, and know that one does not usually listen to that which is not meant for him to hear; but you who read will pardon me, who saw my kinsman, who was to have been my protector, consorting with a villanous brute, if I hesitated to disclose myself until I saw what this intimacy might mean. Still more did I feel myself privileged to keep silence when, as they came near, I heard my own name pronounced in the grating whisper which fitted the harsh face of Luigi. Then my kinsman answered, "I must have St. Eymond, at all events. The income is not less than eight hundred livres a year. The old man is as good as dead, once he is buried in the snows of the Chartreuse. The boy may live if he will——" Here they passed on without seeing me, where I could not catch the words, and I waited in wonder till they came towards the corner again. This time I heard: "The boy is tough, messire. Better let me count his ribs with my knife."

"No need," sneered my uncle. "He is bound for the army, and will soon be done for. He is a weak creature, and between now and midsummer he will be out of the way, either through some hot-headed brawl or through the vicious habits he is sure to acquire in the army, and which will kill him, as they do all such lads."

Then they went on again, and the next time they passed near they stopped by the edge of the cistern, with only a few planks between me and them. My kinsman said, "The estate must yield good rentals."

That was so, for never in my life had I heard of any want of money. Our wines were not less choice than those famous ones of Chateau Bayard, which were the finest in the Gresivaudan Valley. Besides our having everything we wanted for ourselves, my father sent large benefactions to various shrines, where masses were said for the repose of my mother's soul, and gifts to the convents which cared for the pilgrims, besides the hospice on our own pass, which

wanted little. My heart swelled with fury at the thought of all these goodly purposes being set aside for the benefit of a midnight plotting scoundrel.

They whispered in still lower tones, of which I caught only the one word, "*Margherita*," several times repeated. Then Luigi said: "Better make sure of him. Six months is a long time."

"No, Luigi," said Messire Vincenzo; "turn not a finger of your hand to active harm. There is no need. You know what the camp is,—rotten with its own drunken, licentious indulgence. Those who fall not by the arquebuses die of cold or heat, fever or their own vices. Why meddle with those whom the devil kills for us?"

When I heard these revolting words methinks the devil overreached himself. I wish not to presume upon the strength which others have lacked. There have been lads who went from home with as good dispositions as I who proved as weak as my uncle prophesied I should prove. It may be that neither the prayers of my father nor the memory of the sweet face of my mother might have availed to hinder me from evil ways; but these good influences, reinforced by the devil himself in the person of my uncle, fortified me better than coat of mail. I determined to disappoint Messire Vincenzo, to keep myself warily till out of danger. This was a less worthy motive than one would wish, but since I have grown older I have learned to welcome any motive which will keep from evil and lead to good. All cannot live in cloisters, and it is a difficult world for youth.

The two scoundrels seemed to have had enough of plotting, for soon they went within, and I, chilled through and through with standing inactive, paced about till the blood stirred again, and returned to my chamber tired enough to sleep. Troubled dreams tormented me till gray dawn came with its call to mass.

My uncle was not in the chapel, nor were any of his men, and this was another surprise for me. I had never before seen any one who would think of breaking his fast until after the daily mass. This shows how little I knew of the world. I had heard that there were in the valleys to the east of Oisans some people who heard not mass at any time, but worshipped God after a strange and gloomy fashion all their own. But an undevout Italian was a puzzle to me. Our bishop was a holy man, and the mountain parishes around us were too poor to tempt any but those who wished truly to tend their flocks; so if there were priests who said not mass and led not holy lives I knew it not. Another surprise awaited me when Messire Vincenzo entered the hall; for he greeted me with smiling friendliness, though I knew that in his heart he wished to destroy me, body and soul, for the sake of my inheritance.

The big fire was already roaring in the fireplace; before it were crowded the travellers, warming themselves in great satisfaction, while the lay-brothers rushed about spreading the wooden table with

platters of bread and wine, with cold meat and fruit for those who desired them. My uncle helped himself sparingly, saying, "I hope you have slept as well as the rest of us, and feel ready for your journey."

"I was too cold to sleep," I said, "but am well enough to travel, if only for the sake of reaching warmer shelter to-night." Then I busied myself with the food, less because of hunger than for the sake of avoiding conversation with the deceitful man, who said he had slept well when I knew that he had spent a great part of the night in plotting against his sister's son. I turned joyfully to greet *Messire de Kernilis*, who came into the hall; and after some little talk I begged him to apprise me at Milan or when I reached the camp of his whereabouts. Then I said farewell to him, and hastened to leave the spot in which I had learned my first disagreeable lessons of my fellow-man.

Our horses were stamping impatiently in the court-yard. I bade my attendant follow me in advance of the remainder of our cavalcade down the good and easy road which descends to *Briançon*, it being still only an hour or so past the dawn.

The storm had left the atmosphere entirely clear and pure. As the sun rose, the intense cold of the night turned to a crisp freshness which only made one eager for a good gallop. To our left the road was enclosed by the rocks which encircle the stream, but on the west the rising glow lit up the glaciers and peaks of *La Grande Ruine* and the towers and spires of the glorious *Meije*. Sometimes a little flake of curling mist hid for a moment some sharp pinnacle; then it dissolved, and the orange flames illumined again the upper peaks till they looked like a noble cathedral set on fire from heaven. Down the valley of the *Guisane* the air became more mild; the fertile hollows showed sometimes fields of ripening grain or groves of mulberry trees, still untouched by frost, and smiling villages, where groups of country people gathered for the walnut harvest. All these signs of innocent life gave my heart a feeling of joy, the beautiful things which the good God has made comforting me somewhat for the hateful knowledge of the wickedness of man, so that my heart became light again.

My man was an ugly, unprepossessing creature; but it is natural for me to be friends with whomsoever comes in my way, and I thought my fate could be no worse for winning his devotion. So I tried what I could do to soften his sullenness, and whenever the road permitted us to ride near each other I talked to him in a friendly manner, having no particular aim in what I said except to show good feeling and to learn something incidentally of his own and my kinsman's characters. His replies were brief and couched in rough phrases; but it seemed to me his sullenness relaxed, and that he had at times an expression which betokened that he was not all bad at heart.

After one leaves the fortress of Briançon and begins to climb to Mont Genevre the pass is sheltered from the winds of the north. We traversed in fine spirits the good road, which has always been the chief road to Italy ever since the days when the conquering Romans led their armies against our forefathers. Overhead to cheer us was the bright September sun. All day long I rode before my companions in order to avoid my uncle, whose suavity was far more disagreeable to me than any open showing forth of enmity could have been. Such is the uncompromising heart of a lad. Afterwards one learns to care nothing for manner, whether pleasant or the contrary, knowing that a bad heart may lie under rude frankness of behavior as well as under a smooth smile. Indeed, a wiser mind learns at last to appreciate decent civility, since it makes life easier. But the inexperience of youth confuses truth with bluntness.

At Pinerola, which we reached without difficulty the same day because of the good weather and the fine state of the road, we found an excellent inn. I should have been in good spirits, for my dislike towards Messire Vincenzo had been dulled during the hours I had not been face to face with him,—that may be a sign of softness in me, but I never could retain anger,—had I not had another unpleasant cause for wonder at supper-time, when, instead of the guests eating and drinking whatever was brought to them, as they had done at my father's house and at the hospices along the road, each waited till the servants tasted whatever was served, and we were served by them all kneeling. This seemed to me as strange as possible, and I asked the meaning of it.

My kinsman smiled with a decided sneer curling the handsome mouth under his black moustache; he wore a beard, which at that time one might not find in France, but the men of Italy pride themselves on following naught but their own fancies in the matter of dress and adornment.

"Is this the first thing you have seen which is beyond your comprehension?" he asked. "There may be many more. As for this, we are now in Italy, and not in Dauphiny, and there is more knowledge of chemistry in this land. That has its disadvantages when one finds something in one's food which belongs not to the sauce."

I heard this with disgust, and answered: "But why fear poison where you have no enemies? A brave man should fear nothing."

Messire Vincenzo shrugged his shoulders and said with a mocking smile: "A clever man has enemies everywhere, and only the ignorant are afraid to fear. Besides, one needs not to be an enemy in order to profit by the money of travellers. A little pinch of extra seasoning in the ragout,—one of the guests has an attack of pain and vomiting, then he knows nothing, his pouch is quietly emptied, and the innkeeper is independent for the remainder of his days. Such things have been, and, since there are all sorts of people in the world, one may as well take a few simple precautions before it is useless to

take them. At any rate, it is thus we do in Italy. Try your own way, my lad, if you prefer."

Such thoughts of evil were like stabs to my heart, for it is hard for me to think that others are worse than myself. My face may have shown my suffering; and my uncle, though I knew that he was as cruel as a wolf when it suited him to be, had the dislike which all of his race feel for witnessing unnecessary suffering; so he drew me from my mood of depression by conversing on many topics with a fascinating ease till it was time for retiring. The beds were good, and I forgot my troubles in sound sleep, which made amends for the night before.

CHAPTER IV.

OF MY RESCUE OF A FAIR LADY.

THE next day we rose early and were well advanced on the way to Turin when, coming into the cool shadows of a fair valley, we saw a party of travellers resting on a grassy knoll, while their attendants held the horses which grazed near. The strangers called out in greeting to my kinsman; he at once recognized them as friends and hastened to them, presenting me to them, and asking them the news from Milan. Presently they craved my pardon and begged his leave for a few moments' private conversation with him. He motioned his attendants to stand aside beyond earshot, and I said, "With your permission I will ride on and seek a spot in some stream where my horse may take a bath, which will refresh him," for the sun was hot and the road dusty. Then I put spurs to him, and, calling to my man, Pomponio, we galloped on.

We were in the valley road of the little stream called *Chisola*, which trickled thinly over a rocky bed; and though I rode on rapidly for half an hour, there was nowhere water enough for wetting the horse's knees. I was beginning to wonder whether my kinsman had not deliberately separated himself from me, that I might run into some danger, when a little reflection convinced me that I need fear naught from him until I had reached Milan; for as things stood now, without my having entered into some relation with him by partnership or—as was his intention, though I knew it not then—by betrothal to his daughter, *Margherita*, he could have no claim on our estate, even were my father ten times a monk. In case of my death the estate would revert to the son of my father's uncle, a man worthy of our honorable house. In no wise but through me could my mother's kin claim *St. Eymond*. So I was safe enough from any harm from my uncle till we reached Milan. Yet he carried the safe conduct, and on that account it were well for me not to distance him, as the roads were full of stragglers, disabled soldiers laden with booty and demoralized by license, or parties of peasants who had

been turned from their homes by pillage and were living by robbery, threatening all travellers alike. Against such lawless bands Pomponio and I could make little defence; yet while I was hesitating as to whether I ought not to turn back and rejoin my uncle's party, lest my hopes of glory end ignominiously in a broken head in a wayside ditch, a turn in the road brought me into a shadowy glen so lovely that it tempted me to scatter doubts and rest a moment under the chestnut trees.

I had scarce dismounted and thrown the reins over the horse's neck when I heard a shrill scream, as of a woman in peril. I leaped again to the saddle, calling Pomponio, and, dashing around a bend in the path caused by a jutting rock, saw a party of wild-looking men attacking a lady riding in the midst of her attendants, who were bewildered and hung back in cowardly fashion, while the lady beat about her with her riding-whip so fiercely that for a moment she kept the assailants in check.

Pomponio gave a savage shout of defiance to the brigands, which at the same time brought back the scattered senses of the escort. I had already rushed at the man who was nearest the lady and engaged him in a sharp fight, which was none the less difficult because I was mounted and he was on foot, for he struck at me from behind the horse's neck with his short, sharp sword, and I could scarce reach him for the plunging of my horse.

It is the fashion to write chronicles and describe the fine strokes made in such straits. But I make bold to say that in fights with men of the sort who then opposed us there is but one thing to do,—to throw away such science as one may have, for which the adversary cares nothing, and to hack away much in such style as a butcher carves meat. A duel with another gentleman may be a very pretty thing, but defending one's self against a band of robbers is not a matter for science or the consideration of honor. So I cut savagely at the fellow without care for anything but hitting him. I was thinking of jumping from my horse for a hand-to-hand combat, when he cried to his companions: "Have a care to the horses. Wound them not, for we must have them."

I had no mind to be left wounded on the road, unable to guard the lady, and I knew that if I dismounted and they overpowered me and ran away with the horses we should be in a terrible strait. So I cried out a hearty call of encouragement to the frightened attendants, and they responded by attacking more fiercely those who opposed them. I jerked my horse to one side, avoiding thus a cut from my enemy, and made a swift thrust at another. Then I wheeled again and took my first opponent in the rear, running him through the body. Just then Pomponio finished up his man, and we turned to the succor of the attendants, who were fighting manfully. With our assistance they put an end to another, while the remainder took to flight.

We were left in possession of the road, which was cumbered by three dead bodies. These I directed the attendants to remove from the sight of the lady, to whom I addressed myself with my best grace.

"Madame, I hope you are not hurt or otherwise inconvenienced by these ruffians."

"Thank you, sir, a thousand times, for your ready help," she said, and thanked me still more generously by removing her riding-mask than by her words. The sight of her fair face was reward enough for far more service than I had given. She was perhaps thirty years of age, if my green guessing were correct, but her beauty was still fresh and perfect as a maiden's. I had never looked with any attentiveness on any woman's face before, though I had sometimes seen the fair young sisters of the youths whom I occasionally met when visiting with my father at some of the neighboring chateaux. I had only regarded them with the mingling of shyness and superciliousness which a boy shows to a younger girl. This woman might almost have been my mother; for the custom in our country and in the land of Italy was to give the maidens in marriage as early as fourteen years, and not later than eighteen or nineteen. Perhaps it was because the thought of my own mother had become a constant one, a source of secret sweetness and delight, that I found myself drawn with an instant devotion to this lady, who regarded me with a kind glance of gentle sympathy that made me from that moment her faithful knight.

She bent her dark eyes on me with earnest inquiry, "You are not hurt, I hope?"

I had received a slight cut on the arm; but it was nothing which needed attention, and I had often had much worse while hunting in our mountains, so I said, "Nothing ails me, madame, but the fear lest I may not see you again, if our ways lie not together."

"What a pretty speech, and what a gallant gentleman you are, first to rescue a stranger, and then make her feel she has conferred a favor on you by letting you do it."

I blushed, uncertain whether or not she made game of me. Then, taking heart from the kindness of her smile, I replied: "Indeed, you have made me your debtor already, madame, by your graciousness. I trust you will either permit me to accompany you the remainder of your way, or that your way lies in the direction of my own."

"I am going to Turin," replied the lady, "to rejoin my mistress, the Duchess Blanche, and shall be grateful for your escort. And now what guerdon shall I give for your great service to me?"

"No guerdon, fair madame; it is joy enough to have served you."

"But there you put me in the wrong, condemning me to a show of ingratitude. I pray you to name some kindness that I may do you."

"Then, if it must be so, graciously condescend to kiss the cross hilt of my sword, for this day is the first in which it has been tried. I thank Our Lady that it was in so fair a cause, and I should deem that service well crowned by the touch of your fair lips. Then, when I raise it in salute to kiss the cross myself, I may remember never to draw it in a less worthy cause."

She had slipped from her horse and stood beside him, stroking his neck with her fair hand; and when I knelt before her, raising the sword, she kissed the cross hilt, and then turned it so that she might read the motto upon it.

"True heart,—true hand," she read aloud. "A rightful prophecy." Then, bending her beautiful head, she kissed me very lightly on the brow, saying, "Keep that young heart as true as now it is, and may God and Our Lady bless you."

Then she remounted her horse, which she rode sideways, after the fashion of the women of Italy, not astride, as do the maids of France when they ride not on a pillion. I rode behind her, very proud and happy, as becomes a lad who has had the good fortune to please a noble lady. Thus contentedly were we journeying on when the sound of horses' hoofs came to our ears, and in a moment the sharp light eyes of my uncle flashed into mine as he wheeled up beside me.

"What means this, Marcel? Is it thus you divert yourself when you part company from me?" Thus said he with the most open unfriendliness that he had yet displayed, though his heart was black enough.

My lady answered for me with more sharpness than I should have thought her capable of using: "He is a gallant lad, and has helped me in a sore strait." Then she looked more closely in his face, as his horse came abreast of hers, and exclaimed, "Messire Vincenzo! Have you no words of praise to give to the preserver of your old friend?" So saying, she lifted her mask and let the light of her sweet face fall upon his frowning countenance.

The change that flashed over it was instantaneous. He was at once all blandness and courtesy, exclaiming, "My dear Madame de Frusasco! Has my nephew been so fortunate as to aid you? He is indeed to be envied."

"And is this your nephew?—the son of Beatrice? Then we are twice friends," she said, looking at me sweetly.

"Ah, madame, did you know my mother?" I asked, with my heart full of that strange wistfulness which the thought of my young and unremembered mother always brought.

"Yes," said my lady, "but before her marriage; and even now am I ignorant of what her name became by marriage."

"I am Marcel de St. Eymond, of Dauphiny," I said.

"A land of good knights, and you will prove worthy of it."

"I am glad if my young nephew has borne himself well in your

behalf, madame," said my uncle. "But two evens ago he was saying his prayers at home."

"And when fought a man worse for saying his prayers?" rejoined madame, with that crispness of accent she had shown to him at first. Then, cutting her horse lightly with her whip, she called to me: "Come, ride beside me, Messire de St. Eymond; the road is scarce wide enough for all, and your uncle will excuse me if I wish to better acquaint myself with my young champion." I caught one look of black fury on my uncle's face, which vanished instantly. But I knew he was angered that I should have found favor in the eyes of a lady of rank, and one who had influence with many of the chief men of Savoy as well as of Lombardy; for he wished to keep me with him in order to carry out the designs he had upon St. Eymond, and wished me not to find any friend who might encourage me in my own way. He might dissemble his anger and meet me with apparent friendliness again, but I should not trust him. Those sudden looks which one sometimes surprises in the countenance of others are as if the windows of the soul had been thrown open: closing them again will not recapture and imprison the truth once revealed.

The way as it neared Turin became more beautiful, leading over rising ground in the chain of hills which fringes the right bank of the river. Occasional eminences gave us glimpses of distant mountain peaks touched with the warm light of the afternoon sun, or little summits crowned with turreted villas and convents nestling amid luxuriant woods and vineyards. The way seemed all too short to me when the city of Turin appeared lying beneath us, since I knew I must say farewell to my new friend. I told her this, and she drew from the embroidered pouch which hung at her girdle a leather case enamelled in gilt. As she gave it to me she said, "Keep this, messire, till we meet again, which may Our Lord grant."

I took the case and opened it, and saw a beautiful miniature of Madame de Frusasco, painted in such wise that it was scarcely less lovely than she herself. I felt the blood rush to my face as I expressed to her my thanks, and concealed the gift within my doublet from the sneering eyes of my kinsman, who followed us. At Turin we left her at the Palazzo Madama, where the duchess awaited her. Neither there nor when we reached Milan had I any further adventures which impressed my mind enough to draw it from its pleasant brooding on the thought of my new friend.

The city of Milan was in a state of great disorder from the unsettled condition of the country. Many of the dwellers in the villages surrounding had fled into the town, trusting to the safety of a walled city, and that city which was the head-quarters of the king's government in Italy. Messire Vincenzo's policy had been the reverse, for he had left his family at his villa, which, he said, was strongly fortified and outside of the direct lines of the roads most likely to be taken by the army of the Pope's allies. In the town

house my uncle had left only so many servants as were needed to watch over it; it had a dismal and lonely appearance to me during the two or three days he delayed, while he attended to some pressing affairs of business. So when we set off for the villa I was full of delight to leave behind me the dull and disturbed town, and to go to meet my relatives, thinking most curiously concerning the Margherita of whom I had heard whisperings in the shadows of the hospice cloisters.

We soon left the main road which runs out of the northern gate and followed one which was little more than a lane, though bordered by walls which marked it plainly. Sometimes these stone walls were so high that they shut off altogether the sight of the surrounding landscape, and often we could scarce pass through these narrow defiles for the blocking of the road by sad groups of starving peasants, driven from their homes by the soldiery. This made the journey a gloomy one, nor had I any company to raise my spirits; for I was so near detesting my uncle that I had but one idea, to get away from him and to the camp as soon as possible. But since my father trusted him, and he was my mother's kin, I wished to part without any open fracture of fair feeling.

About five leagues from the city we came into a beautiful hilly country, full of well-tilled fields and meadows, though now their harvests had all been garnered. Over the walls hung vines with bright red berries still upon them, or sometimes late-blossoming flowers. All seemed far from the habitation of mankind, and little thought I that we approached a dwelling, when suddenly our foremost rider blew shrilly upon his horn, and a head appeared upon the wall beside us, in a place where no tower or shelter showed, so cleverly was it hidden by clustering masses of foliage. Then the watchman pushed aside the screening branches and swung open a narrow gate, through which we passed.

Even when the gate was passed and the enclosure of the villa grounds was entered, there was nothing to tempt marauders to explore the dense thickets of impenetrable green which masked the signs of wealth and luxury within. All at once the view of the marble towers and the magnificent gardens burst upon us as we crossed a deep moat and passed an inner wall. The moat itself was concealed by heavy foliage of rich shrubs of the luxuriant sort which grow in damp places; thus it more fully defended the house against intruders. The villa lay on a broad level, stretching out long galieried arms of arches, which were gently terraced down to the approach; but in the centre were dark recesses leading to the vault where the dead of the family were buried, and to another vault from which a secret subterranean passage led to the upper part of the house. The galleries on the terraced front of the villa were decked with statues; urns for plants and trailing vines were placed at intervals; while in the background were groups of splendid strange plants,

so sheltered from the winds and frost that they yet displayed their beauty amid the feathery jets of playing fountains or the dark setting of cypress or pine trees.

Coming nearer to the house, I perceived that it was built in the same style from which my father had copied St. Eymond when he remodelled it to its present form; but where we had only a narrow sentry walk this one had wide galleries and balconies reaching to the third story, the central portion of them being a noble arch, concealing the stairway, which climbed to a roof-garden. The out-houses, stables, and pigeon-houses were all screened by arbors or shrubberies. This seemed very beautiful to me, since the contracted situations of the chateaux of Dauphiny made it necessary to crowd all the buildings in such way that often the most unsightly was most prominent. From the terraces or from the roof one caught glimpses of the snow-capped peaks to the north and west; towards the south lay Milan, wrapped in a mysterious autumn haze.

From all this natural beauty our eyes were drawn by a gay group of ladies and gentlemen who issued from the great door. One of these came forward at the sight of us, greeting my uncle with welcome, and then turning to me likewise, as my uncle said, "Here is your young kinsman, Margherita," while his eyes shot across my face, as if seeking to see how she impressed me.

Margherita was very beautiful, with a dark and stately beauty which I must perforce admire. Howbeit, I met her eyes without any warming of the cords around my heart, not being stirred by her loveliness as I was by my young mother's pictured face or by Madame de Fruzasco's, since their beauty lay not in flesh alone. Something of the soul must shine forth from bright eyes, or they touch not the soul on which they fall.

My cousin Margherita bade me welcome in a voice of caressing sweetness, and then led me to the group of ladies and presented me to Madame Briarti, my uncle's wife. She was a pale, shrinking creature, unable to bear her proper part as mistress of this splendid dwelling, whether because something in her situation oppressed her, or because the masterful nature of her daughter took from her the sovereignty which was her right, I know not. When she had greeted me she relapsed into a timid silence, and Margherita led me from one to another of the guests with such bewildering rapidity that I was helpless among strange faces and unknown names, until with pleasure I recognized my acquaintance of the hospice, Messire de Kernilis.

He met me with that curious mixture of cordiality and stiff courtesy which had impressed me as so contradictory, and such was his reticence that no word escaped him as to his business at the Villa Briarti. My uncle interrupted almost the first words I spoke to Messire de Kernilis, for he wished me not to form friendship with any one who might encourage me to seek the camp.

He who has once been left a stranger in a strange land will know how to understand my feelings among the polished and courtly company which surrounded me. Of things all unknown to me they spoke,—of the fashionable philosophy of the ancients, of persons of whom I had never heard, with many fine words and merry jests. I took them to be jests, because all laughed, but the words seemed to me to be distorted from their natural meaning; so that sickness of the soul which makes itself felt in the body seized upon me. I could scarce refresh myself with the choice meats and delicate wines which were served to us upon the terrace, where we remained in the warm autumn sunshine till the light waned and the servants threw open the doors of the villa, ushering us into the great dining-hall for the evening meal.

I followed blindly after the others and took the seat assigned to me, but ate little. The splendor of everything bewildered me, not only the strange dishes, which I had never tasted before, but the table service as well. Every vessel and goblet was a work of art, silver enamelled or carved and beaten with rich decoration. On the goblet from which I drank was graven a chase, and the dogs ran over it so life-like that, despite their littleness, they made me homesick for my own dogs at home. Thus was I tortured by uncontrollable new feelings till opportunity came of pleading fatigue, and I escaped to the apartment assigned to me for the night.

CHAPTER V.

OF MESSIRE RONTINI AND MY DEPARTURE BY MIDNIGHT.

HAD I not already seen enough of splendid luxury to dazzle me I might have suspected my uncle of planning to wean me from ambition by enfeebling my energies, so much handsomer than anything which I had ever seen was the bedchamber to which I was conducted. I felt more homesick than ever amid the silken draperies, the elegant appointments, of this nest of self-indulgence. Nor had I the satisfaction of the attendance of the man Pomponio, to whom I had grown accustomed and whom I had warmed into a sort of surly friendliness. His place was filled by a body-servant in livery, the embodiment of servile slyness, for whom I had not the least use, being well accustomed to attending to my own needs. I lay off my coat of mail and asked the man to show me the way to the chapel, that I might say my prayers there, as was my wont. The fellow stared at me in amazement, and seemed to control himself, as though tempted to laugh.

"The chapel? There is none; and as for devotions, many a day is it since there have been any in this house." So he answered, to my wonder.

I looked around me, and perceived that amidst all the adornments of the chamber,—the useless bronzes, the vases of metal or delicate glass,—there was yet nothing at all which spoke of faith, none of the outward emblems of religion, though even in the poorest inns one finds at least a crucifix or font for holy water in each apartment.

"Have I fallen among pagans?" I asked myself aloud. The man shrugged his shoulders.

"And the donzella, the Lady Margherita,—surely she prays, else were she a witch, and not a lovely maid."

A change came over the man's face, as though some secret feeling of disgust or horror seized him. He looked around, though there was none to hear, and answered: "She prays, after her own fashion, but not to God nor the saints. The saints who hear her prayers are those who know——" He stopped, and though I was by this time quite on fire with curiosity, no persuasion could make him finish his sentence. He was entirely silent until I asked again,—

"Had Messire Briarti never any other children?"

"I know not, messire."

"The Lady Margherita is most unlike her mother."

"Madame Briarti is not her mother," answered my attendant.

"The Lady Margherita is his illegitimate daughter, and he adopted her as the heiress of his estate, though he would never marry the mother, as he might have done."

Then he went on for some time talking of the different members of the household, especially of Luigi, of whom he was bitterly jealous on account of the intimacy he had with the master. This I afterwards found was because Luigi was in truth not a servant, but a man of good birth, though a terrible rascal, and obliged to conceal himself as a servant because of many crimes. When I had learned enough to make me stay awake with bewilderment I sent the man away and tried to sleep.

I rested less easily upon the soft couch and under the silken hangings than on my own hard pallet at home. Often I was awakened by the ecstatic singing of the captive nightingales which hung in cages on the gallery outside the window, sometimes by the cooing of the pigeons in their houses. This soft moaning of the pigeons was pleasing to me in its melancholy, though many like it not. In Dauphiny we had no doves, for the air is filled with birds of prey, hawks and eagles, which sweep down from the heights and threaten all except the wary blackbird and the secret thrush. The only sound which spoke to me of home around Villa Briarti was the hooting of the night-owl or the wail of the wind in the cypress trees.

When I rose the next morning I found all the household still in slumber. There was nothing to call them together, since they had not the pious custom of daily mass. So all slept according to desire, and ate breakfast when so disposed. I wandered about for some

time, taking the pleasant morning air; then, seeing a servant, I asked him where I might find my uncle. Early though it was, he had ridden forth towards Bergamo, nor was he expected till the following day. This annoyed me greatly, since I had a mind to get from him sufficient money to fit myself out in Milan and to leave for the camp at once. I strove to be patient till his return, but could not forbear fretting at the unwished-for delay. I was interrupted in my solitary ramblings by Margherita, who joined me with a smile upon her fair face and asked, "Is not this a beautiful spot, cousin, and could you not content yourself here forever?"

"'Tis a noble place, mademoiselle,"—I could not twist my tongue to call the maidens by their christening names, as is the fashion in Italy,—“but it would go hard with me to leave my own land or to lead so idle a life as this seems to be.”

“There is no need for idleness,” she answered. “My father’s business keeps him constantly occupied, with little rest. Stay with us, Marcel; my father needs you, and I shall value your companionship.”

“A thousand thanks, fair lady, for that kind word, but only sickness or death can keep me from the camp of the duke.”

“Ungallant man!” she cried, smiling, as if in raillery, though a tinge of red mounted into the clear olive of her cheek. “Glory is a dull thing beside love. All philosophers may tell you that.”

“Nothing know I of philosophy, mademoiselle, but all the learning I at present need I find within my own heart. If so be”—the image of my sweet mother rose before my mind’s eye—“the future hath in store for me that joy of love which all men dream of, I shall hope to be worthy of it when it comes. Till then my only wish is to fight for the king, and I pray you, who have so great powers of eloquence, to add your words to my own to induce your father to further my wishes and to speed my departure.”

This said I with all the persuasiveness of which I knew the art, and bent my knee to kiss her hand.

Her eyes dwelt on me with something of soft sadness in their darkness. With a sigh she turned to join some others of the guests who had drawn near, while I addressed myself to Messire de Kernilis. His continued presence in my uncle’s house was a puzzle to me. He seemed not to be there as a suitor to Margherita, though there was a little warmer tone in his manner towards her than towards the other ladies, of whom there were five or six, all young and accomplished. Over these the pale lady, Madame Briarti, kept a shadowy guardianship, which was but an empty homage to propriety. Margherita was mistress and ruler of all, and she it was who arranged the merry diversion of the company. The day passed in various sports; sometimes the gentlemen threw the bar, the prize to the victor being given by one of the ladies; sometimes one or another sang or played the lute. In this I perceived a difference from the

mode of France, for in Italy they hold music so high that each one sings alone and the others listen attentively without interruption; but in France all who sit near and are familiar with the melody join with the singer, and thus sometimes one mars what another does skilfully.

In all my intercourse with these strangers I felt myself restless in mind, for a thousand new ideas presented themselves to me with each sentence uttered by my new companions. All the men and women whom I had hitherto known either had been good and upright persons, or, if they broke away from the law of right, they did so because their passions led them. Some time—at death, if not before—repentance came to them. Never had I seen any one who believed not in religion; yet if I had been set down among the followers of the infidel Mahoun there could have been nothing to shock me more than among these friends of my uncle. They pretended that the difference was in their favor, talking much of enlightenment, of the wisdom of the ancients, of the true knowledge of humanity, with other high-sounding phrases which covered not the want of virtue. All of them seemed alike indifferent to aught but their own pleasure, except that under the measured phrases of Messire de Kernilis I thought I perceived a secret disagreement with the general tone.

It grew plain that Margherita distinguished me above the other cavaliers. So persuasive was she in her kindness that I had begun to feel a sort of friendship for her, when after two days had been spent in idleness and merrymaking I heard towards dusk the sound of the galloping hoofs of Messire Vincenzo's steed. Presently he stood before us, and, though I hated him, I cried "Welcome!" with all my heart. Then others claimed his attention, though I waited impatiently to claim his notice that I might proffer my request. He evaded me so long as he could find excuse for doing so, but just before the evening meal I took him boldly, saying: "I owe you a thousand thanks, messire, for all your house has shown of kindness, but now I beseech you to add another favor. Give me a portion of the money which my father provided for my fitting-out, and let me go forth with no more delay to seek the camp."

My uncle looked blackly at me for the shortest space that one may reckon, but answered with his coaxing smoothness, "Nay, nay, Marcel; I have hoped to keep you with us."

"So have I, my father," said the voice of Margherita, at his side; "but it must be as our kinsman wishes. Arrange for his journey in proper manner; then he will come with the more willingness to us again."

I marvelled much at so strong a man's ready acquiescence with a maiden's will; but after one surprised look of questioning at her he made no further demur, and guided me to his cabinet, whence he took the goodly sum of three hundred crowns, with which I might

purchase arms and all needed equipment in the town of Milan. Then he said, with all show of kindness, that no money should be used for the purchase of a horse, for I might have the choosing of one from his own stud. For this I thanked him gratefully and returned to the hall, where Margherita met me with a somewhat melancholy smile, saying: "Messire, I too wish to be held in your remembrance. Take this ring from me as a parting gift."

She handed to me a ring of dull gold, set about a bezoar stone, which is thought to be a charm against poison. Each side of the stone was a tiny Cupid of most perfect workmanship. The curious beauty of the ring pleased me greatly. I expressed my thanks with warmth to her, when my feelings were turned by her saying: "The value of the gift lies not wholly in its outward appearance. If you find yourself so placed that you wish to be rid of any one who gives you trouble, touch the spring beneath the head of this Cupid, and underneath the setting you will find a small portion of a subtle poison which will do all that you wish."

A fine present this for a maiden to give me! No trace of shame appeared in her face, but she spoke as coolly as if she were but dividing a twin almond for a love-punishment. Seeing her so unscrupulous, I thought it best not to offend her, lest I might never leave the villa safely, for I had no way to combat treachery should she try to injure me. Moreover, I thought the dangerous thing were better in my possession than in hers, so I took it from her and slipped it in my pouch, intending to empty its fatal contents when I had opportunity. But I said to Margherita, "I hope my strength will never fail to rid myself of my enemies in fair fight."

"The easiest way is the best," she said. Then she led me to the supper-room, where all was gayety and beauty. Lights flaring brightly from many lamps of perfumed oil, the sweet scents of flowers, the faint sounds of music from an alcove filled with plants, the odor of delicious viands, all spoke of pleasure and not of secret schemes against human life.

Margherita placed me beside her, and after we had been served she turned to me with smiles, saying: "See how little rancor I bear you, despite your cruel threat of leaving us. Here is a goblet of Salernian wine, and in it you shall drink my health and confusion to all our enemies."

She offered me a goblet which a servant had just brought to her, and I was about to drain its contents when I caught an expression on the face of the man opposite me,—a man whom I had noticed with interest, though I had not spoken to him, not finding him often in the general company. There was something so intense, so warning, in the look he gave me that I swiftly answered, "We will drink it as a loving-cup," and I turned it towards her. I watched her closely and perceived a change well-nigh indefinable come over her features, and she only touched the goblet to her lips. Although I

felt sure that a draught so openly proffered contained nothing deadly, but probably only something which might make me ill or dull my senses, yet I thought it wise to follow her example and only feign to drink. She saw this, but said nothing, nor changed her manner towards me.

My adieus were made before I retired, as I wished to ride forth at daybreak, and I had chosen the horse I wished to take. As soon as I could do so I dismissed the servant who came to wait on me. I threw off my surcoat and tunic and lay down in my shirt, with sword and dagger near at hand. But I could not sleep. Some hours I lay thus in strong excitement of mind. All at once I heard a slight scratching noise within the wall, which threw me instantly upon the alert. Then the tapestry beside my bed moved, as I saw by the pale light of the night-lamp, and I sprang from my couch, seizing my sword, prepared to defend myself from some midnight assassin. To my surprise a secret door swung open behind the tapestry, and the rugged face of the man Pomponio appeared, followed by the gentleman who had sat opposite me at supper, and whose warning glance had arrested my drinking the wine which Margherita has offered.

"Friends or foes?" I demanded softly but decidedly, and still standing on guard.

"Friends always to you, messire," answered Pomponio, to my surprise, for I had not thought the man capable of so much feeling as his tones expressed.

"And I bring you a new friend," he added. "This is Messire Gentile Rontini, the tutor of the Lady Margherita."

I dropped my defensive attitude, though keeping the weapons, and took the hand which Messire Rontini outstretched to me in the Italian fashion.

"Welcome, messire, if friend. No one needs them more than I do at this time. But why this strange way of finding me out? Why did you not speak to me when we were assembled in company?"

He answered in the same low voice: "I did not know that you needed friends, nor that I should be able to aid you. But to-night this good fellow, whose heart you have won, came to beg me to tell you what I knew of the ways of this house, that he might persuade you to escape from it at once."

"They took me from you, messire," said Pomponio with a sound of trembling in his rough voice, "lest I might prevent their mischief."

"You mistake," said I; "no mischief is intended. Whatever may have been their former plans, they have now abandoned them. To-morrow I go from hence, and with my uncle's help."

"They deceive you, messire," answered Pomponio. "You are not to leave this place till you have placed yourself within their power. To-night I followed the Lady Margherita to the small tower

near the hill at the north, where she practises many hidden rites, in company with those who hold to her beliefs. There I heard her tell her father in a whisper that she would brew for you a draught from henbane root that should make you lose your senses and cry strange things, so that all who heard you might believe you no longer fit to decide aught for yourself."

"Believe the man," urged Messire Rontini. "I myself have learned to know the character of this misguided maid. By beauty and intelligence she is fitted for a high place in the world. But a strange warp in her nature makes her love what is dark and evil rather than what is fair and open. She sent for me to come here to teach her,—having heard of me as one who was devoted to the higher learning. But I found she wished for such knowledge only as might help her to secret power over the hearts and lives of men. Now that she knows I will not further her search for wicked secrets, I am no use to her, nor am I sure that my life itself is safe. I cannot leave here openly without provoking ill feeling, so I am resolved to go at once."

"Go with him, messire," urged Pomponio, "and I will guide you. Take me as your servant, and you will find me faithful. I have a key to the stables and can lead thence three horses. The watchman at the gate will not stop us, being well used to midnight journeys from this house."

I listened with my mind in a whirling maze. All they said agreed with what my own heart felt. The poisoned ring, the loving-cup, the death of poor Luca on the pass near Lauteret, my uncle's plotting in the cloisters, all came from wicked hearts. Yet some proof further I demanded of the need for immediate haste. I pulled on my sword-belt, then my tunic and surcoat, seized cloak and hat, and said: "Now lead me to the tower, and let me see something for myself of the secret mysteries of Margherita's practices. If they become not a good maiden, I will leave this house."

We climbed with stealthy steps down the steep secret stairway which wound within the thick walls of the house, then turned along a dark passage in which we had to stoop a little and feel our way by the side-walls. I judged that other stairways opened upon this passage, since my hand often found open spaces in the walls. I felt my heart quicken with anger at the thought that my uncle might have set some waiting spy in some of these other passages. But my green trustfulness had made him reckon me an easy prey. At last we came out into a large space where there were no walls to follow, and I distinguished the outline of trees before us and then saw the burying-vaults at one side, and realized that the tunnel had led under the outer steps of the terrace for some distance into the open park.

The caution of my guides was increased when within the open grounds. They slipped from shadow to shadow, often listening with

intense anxiety to each slight sound. When we neared the tower at the north, a faint light shone from above our heads.

"Can you climb, messire?" whispered Pomponio.

"Do you ask a Dauphinese?" I said, and answered him by seizing the trunk of a tree which my guessing told me should overlook the windows of the tower, and crawled up quickly, Pomponio following. Messire Rontini hid himself in a dense shadow and waited.

That which I saw from the tree I will not put into words to haunt the night-visions of those who read my chronicle. Nor do I pretend to understand the real meaning of what my eyes beheld; but for all my ignorance, my soul was filled with horror. Sometimes have I heard whispers that even in Christian lands the worship of devils holds sway. Though my heart would fain give no literal meaning to so horrible a suggestion, yet it brings ever to my memory the strange rites which I beheld from the tree in my uncle's park, and of which his daughter Margherita was high priestess. I whispered to Pomponio, "Hasten! Let us be gone!" slid down the tree, and followed him with my breath coming quickly and my heart on fire.

Our escape was accomplished with no serious hitch, though I had to listen at the gate to a parcel of lies, which I hate, but Pomponio made no difficulty about saying whatever seemed to fit most smoothly to the watchman's ear. Once out upon the road, we kept the horses' feet muffled until out of hearing from the villa, and then we put spurs to their sleek sides unmercifully, lest daybreak should find us dangerously far from Milan.

The good steeds bore us on so well that long before I was like to be missed at the villa I was eating a good breakfast at an inn near the Church of San Ambrogio, where Messire Rontini's friend, Messire Bernardino Luini, was painting a chapel with a noble picture of our Lord.

While the two friends talked I had leisure to take note of Messire Rontini, whose face I had admired at the villa, but whose gravity had kept me from seeking his society uninvited. He was much my elder,—perhaps he neared forty years,—and his hair was already a snowy white. This gave him a striking beauty, in contrast with his bright, dark eyes and youthful vigor of mien. Although he was a student, in nothing was he one whit behind the most accomplished knight,—in dancing or singing, in throwing the bar and all knightly exercises, in archery or the use of the sword I had seen him the equal of all the other gentlemen at the villa. I had wondered much that such an one should teach a maiden for money. Still more did I wonder as we passed through the streets of Milan to see how both he and Messire Luini were greeted by nobles of the highest rank. Many times were they stopped with words of warm friendship, sometimes with urgent invitations to dine or sup with men of dignity. This was the first insight I had into the chief difference between the

way of Italy and that of France in estimating men. For among Italians in general, and chiefly among the men of Florence, the compatriots of Messire Rontini, nothing else than personal merit is esteemed. Talent, learning, and personal acquirements are everywhere a passport to the good graces of all. Indeed, some of them have gone so far as to despise altogether the claims of good birth, for Messire Poggio insisted that a man was but the farther removed from true nobility the longer his forefathers had plied the trade of brigands. Yet, though I am much Italianized, I cannot think lightly of a long lineage.

Another thing did Messire Rontini occasion me to reflect upon, though I did not at that time fully think it out. I saw in him and in others of the Italians such marked differences from all other men and from each other that I had to ponder on it. In France and other lands than Italy men are moulded in groups and not carved out as separate statues. One Gascon gentleman is much like another, —a big talker, and a big fighter in his own eyes. A woman is a court-lady or a devotee or a coquette; and by glancing at the arms a man bears and seeing his rank, one may well guess at the thoughts of his heart. I had never purposed to myself to be other than a copy of the best of those who had gone before me, training myself in their virtues, scarcely thinking it possible to avoid their vices. But when I came to note the influence of the new learning on Italy I saw that one good result it had was the development of great personal freedom, so that each man might become the sort of man he wished to be, and not be forced to hate or love what his ancestors had loved or hated before him. Many carried this freedom into absurd extremes, dressing in a fantastic manner with no regard to the custom of their city. But in most cases it threw into conversation and dress a variety which added zest to life. All this I thought out slowly during the time I spent in Italy.

When we had finished breakfast, Messire Luini took us to see his painting, yet unfinished, in the Church of San Ambrogio, and I laid my sword before the altar where Saint Augustine had been baptized by the good Saint Ambrose. There I vowed to God and to Our Lady to be a faithful servant of the king. Messire Rontini accompanied me to an armorer's, where both Pomponio and I were well fitted out for a less sum than I had within my pouch. I need not say that when I saw myself arrayed for the first time in complete armor, all my own, I was as proud as any foolish boy could be. I despatched a messenger to my uncle, bearing a letter couched in most courteous phrases, as if my going away had been all in regular fashion; for well I knew he would prefer letting it pass as the hot haste of a lad, rather than for me to let him know that I had divined his purpose and intentionally thwarted him. I knew that if I ever saw him again he would wish to keep a smooth face and make no sign.

The army of the duke was at this time divided among the various garrisons of Lombardy, except his division which lay towards Bologna, the city lately threatened by the allies. Thus lay my way, and I said good-by to Messire Gentile Rontini with all friendliness and due gratitude for his kindness towards me. He himself set out for Venice to seek friends there, being unable to return to his native town, from which he had been banished for taking part in some insurrection.

I rode rapidly for some days, and came up with the army near Corregio, where my Lord of Chaumont had lately died. Whatever hardships I endured during the first months of campaigning have been forgotten; whatever mistakes I may have made in my inexperience even the sensitive pride of a boy's heart has ceased to cherish; but the memory of the duke's kind words stands out undimmed:

"St. Eymond, say you? A fine lad, and a Dauphinese." Then he turned to Captain Pierrepont Daly, to whom in the absence of the Captain Bayard I had delivered the message of Monseigneur of Grenoble, saying, "What do they in Dauphiny to make such gallant lads? No wonder King Louis calls them 'the scarlet of the gentlemen of France.' Fight like a Dauphinese, St. Eymond! My Lord of Boutières, enroll him in your company."

May God rest his soul, the kind duke! He was but a lad himself when he died, which was but six short months from that time. And no one ever saw braver knight or more gallant gentleman.

CHAPTER VI.

OF THE SIEGE OF BRESCIA.

LET me not weary with a long-drawn-out recital of my achievements, great as they were in my own eyes. They were, no doubt, but as those of other lads. Certainly in the king's army there were so many noble champions that unless a man had the weak heart of a sucking lamb he learned valor by example, and had only to do as did those around him; he could not fall short of brave deeds, even though inexperienced. I was also fortunate in my disposition, which bore hardships with a gay spirit. The fatigue of marches, the rigors of the season, I felt little. The frosts and snows which chilled the blood of Gascons or Provençals but healthily stirred mine, which had known the sharper cold of the Alps of Dauphiny.

Though I bore physical hardships with gayety, there were other features of my life in the camp which cut deep into my heart and gave me grave, sad moments. But from the very thing of which I had reason to complain may have come my saving. By this I mean

to give a tempered thanks, because when vice first became known to me it was in such frightful nakedness of horror that I was thrown back upon virtue for the preservation of my own peace. My uncle had counted upon my yielding at the first onset of the wickedness of the world; and perhaps, had I come to know sin clothed in fair seeming, as one meets it in courts, hidden under the bright eyes of fair ladies, concealed under the brave looks of accomplished gentlemen, I might have proved no stronger than others. But plunged as I was, all ignorant, into the filth of the camp, where a turn of the eye might show one some flagrant shame or foul sickness caused by evil, one had every reason to keep himself from all which threatened danger. I mean not that there were none among the leaders worthy of the imitation of the younger men; but these were occupied with the duties of their positions, and for the most—all the world knows what were the crimes of our army in Italy. So I was solitary, nor found any friend whom I might love in dear and intimate fashion, though all were friendly whom I met from day to day.

I had been with the army for some months, and had learned to take the airs of a veteran. I had been knighted by the duke himself for the part I had borne in several skirmishes around Milan; the sharp fighting which brought me that honor had only cost me a few scratches, which healed quickly in my healthy flesh. Yet I found myself, on the eve of the siege of Brescia, as far off from my heart's desire as if I were still at home upon the crags of Dauphiny. The pillage of Italy was nothing to me; I held it light that I had passed in the race for honors many who were my elders. The one thing which hung before my eyes as the chief earthly guerdon was to be admitted to the company of the Captain Bayard's own followers, so to take my place behind my Lord of Boutières (a gallant leader) and to see others following the greatest knight in Christendom made me almost willing to return to the snows of Chateau St. Eymond, there to eat my heart out with disappointment till old age brought patience.

But for a turn of fortune I might have chafed forever in the wish for this distinction, since it could not be had for the asking. Those who followed the chevalier were all picked champions; many of them had been captains themselves, and had resigned commands of a hundred armed men in order to follow him. At the gates of Brescia came good fortune to my hand.

When the message came—the day after the siege of Bologna was raised—that Brescia was taken by the Venetians the army felt as one man. To lose such a stronghold through the treachery of Count Louis Avogador, and leave Messire Andrea Gritti to starve my Lord of Lude—for otherwise he was not to be conquered—was not to be thought on. We covered no less than ten leagues of country in one day's march, it being winter and the roads bad. Continuing the march at that hard rate, we came upon the Captain Bag-

lione going from Venice with succors of four hundred men-at-arms and four thousand foot for the rebels of Brescia. The body of the army was at some distance behind; but the Captain Bayard and the Lord of Theligny charged the enemy and held their ground till the vanguard came up to their support; then the Venetians retreated. I doubt not that, had these succors been thrown into Brescia, we had not taken the city. The Captain Bayard was ill from the same quartan fever which he had had for seven years; all the night had he suffered so that he could not bear his armor. He charged the enemy in a light cuirass borrowed from a soldier, thrown on above his riding-cloak of velvet.

After this skirmish we reached the base of the castle, and then climbed into the citadel to look down on the rebellious town. We joined with the rejoicings which rose from the garrison when our army poured in to reënforce them and to bring provisions, which were sorely needed. We made merry work of heaping wood upon the bonfires which were fired partly to show the rebels a confident spirit, and partly for roasting such food as we found to hand. And all the while the cannon poured shot into the town to make the inhabitants tremble and fear the vengeance of Gaston de Foix.

Within the town, besides the eight thousand soldiers of Venice who had come with Messire Andrea Gritti, there were joined some thirteen thousand armed peasants of the hills and those of the inhabitants who were not loyal to the King of France, or who were overawed by the invaders within their walls. To these we opposed but twelve thousand men, yet each the flower of chivalry, and worth ten traitors.

While the leaders consulted as to the plan of attack, the main body of the army waited with impatience, each man feeling a personal grievance against the traitors who had stolen the second stronghold of our king in Italy. The plan as first outlined would have placed me at the gate of St. John, the only one left open into the town, while other companies had the joy of making the first assault. Then arose the Captain Bayard, saying, "My lords and gentlemen, it seems to me there should be added to the footmen of my Lord du Molart at least one hundred men-at-arms to bear the fury of the first attack. For sure it is the enemy will place their strongest forces at the point of assault, and our foot-soldiers may give way before the fire of their arquebuses."

Then said the duke, "You speak well, my lord; but where is the captain who will take this dangerous duty?"

"Give me leave, my lord," replied the chevalier, "to add fifty volunteers to my own company, and I will take this office."

Then spoke the other captains, approving his plan, and offering any of their own men who might volunteer to follow the chevalier.

I was dozing pleasantly in a corner of the ramparts which overlooked the town, where lights gleamed brightly from the fires in

the great square and from the beacons in the bell-tower of the Duomo. Then came a messenger telling of the need for volunteers, pushing his way among the crowded groups, some sleeping, half dead with the fatigue of the hard march, some reciting merry tales, to forget thereby their weariness.

"Volunteers for the first charge, who leads them?" asked I, and at the answer dashed aside my companions, lest any should forestall me, forcing my way to the inner guard-room, where waited my hero. There stood I, panting, flushed with eagerness, quivering under the searching gaze of his dark eyes.

Love of any sort is a wonderful thing, a thing stronger than any evil feeling, stronger than hate or vengeance. But of all loves the one which seems to me most strange and powerful, because not bred by any natural tie like that of brother to brother, or father to son, is the great love in the heart of a lad for a man who wins his admiration. Woe to a lad who misplaces this hero-worship, and is led by false lights through fen and morass instead of upward to the heights of true glory! We had in the army many heroes; but the chevalier had seemed from my first glance on him to embody in his person the very ideal of true chivalry.

He was at this time but thirty-two years of age, though he looked much older, because of the burning fever which had raged for years within his veins, of which I have before spoken. Another man would have deemed himself unfit for service when so wasted by illness; but he made no account of it. Nor was he by nature great in stature nor in strength, but for the force of his strong soul. His features were somewhat melancholy in their cast, and this effect was heightened by the long, lank hair falling each side of his face and cut straight across the forehead, as was the fashion of those days. One whose hair fell in curls, as did my own and the duke's, might make himself somewhat comely in appearance; but the others had ever a womanish look to me, and I was pleased when his present majesty changed the fashion. The chevalier's grave face was brightened by the sweetness of his smile, and his bright dark eyes looked steadily at one, seeming to see to the core of one's heart, carrying peace to the well-intending.

"You wish to follow me?" he asked, in tones of surprise. "You are but a stripling."

"Let me go, my lord; I will not disgrace you," I pleaded, urging him yet more strongly with my eyes.

"Messire de St. Eymond, you know my uncle, Monseigneur of Grenoble, recommended me to watch over you."

"Monseigneur will be satisfied if you treat me as you treat yourself," I urged eagerly.

"Go then, messire, and prove your courage."

I turned with no delay to give my name to Jacques de Mailles, the secretary, lest the captain might change his mind. Messire de

Mailles glanced over my armor, which Pomponio kept in fine order, and found all fit for service. Then he looked at my sword—I think there was scarce a finer sword in the camp—and admired it mightily. I sought Pomponio and gave him the orders of the assault.

Twelve thousand men, besides the garrison, packed the castle like a bee-hive. Happy was he who had room for stretching himself in sleep or whose nature permitted him to rest. Mine did not, then nor ever, in the face of an attack. Nor do I think it shame to me nor any sign of fear, for so it was with the chevalier and many others whom I have known. Weary was I, in truth, but found only a few moments of forgetfulness after some hours of wandering thoughts, in which the events of the months past chased themselves before my mind's eye, as one may see the figures of the past following one another in procession at a festival. Then I heard some one stirring among the groups of sleeping men around me. The night was dark, and cold as well. Rain fell heavily, pattering upon the stones of the court where we lay, freezing as it fell, and chilling our bones. There was not room to turn, still less to walk, and one might envy the sentries in their towers, for they were partly sheltered. A lantern hung above our heads and shed pale gleams, which were our only light.

"Who is awake there?" whispered a voice near me.

"St. Eymond," I answered, and the other scrambled over the huddled forms, who muttered, "Devil take you!" and snored again.

By good fortune my waking comrade was no other than Jacques de Mailles, and ready as ever to talk on his loved theme, the chevalier. I was no less ready to hear. So we whispered together till the dawn found us eager for action.

With the first light the duke sent a trumpeter to offer mercy to the town if it would surrender; "for," said he, "if it be taken it will be destroyed, which will be a sad calamity."

But the Venetians sent back words of scorn, though the Brescians were by this time terrified enough to promise anything.

Only what I have myself seen I write. Others may have given the details of the siege according to the science of war; they may tell the good deeds of Captain Jacob, of the duke, and of many others. But none of these I saw, being in advance of them. At the first sound of the trumpet the footmen of my Lord du Molart and the Captain Herigay plunged down the steep slope from the castle to the town, and at the same time the men-at-arms of the chevalier on foot, in the face of a storm of bullets from the enemy's arquebuses as thick as hail-stones. The steep path was icy with the freezing rain, and we cast off our shoes and walked in socks, to keep our footing better. Then we reached the first rampart and our shouts of "Bayard! Bayard!" were answered by the cries of "Marco! Marco!" from the Venetians, till it almost drowned the noise of the firing. The fury of our first assault told with such vigor that we

burst through the first rampart. I heard the voice of Messire Andrea Gritti just above the wall, crying fiercely: "Strike that Bayard! Kill that Bayard! No one hears of anything but that Bayard!"

Think with what rage I heard these words! At that very moment one of our mines exploded to the right, and in the breach thus made we rushed upon the Venetians, over falling stones, amid showers of missiles, and with furious fighting gained the first rampart. The enemy fell in writhing heaps before the thrusts of our pikemen; but a few of ours had fallen, though hundreds of the foe. Then we took the first fort, and a great shout rose to encourage those who struggled behind us. "The fort is ours!" we cried; but in that moment of triumph I saw one of the enemy make a fierce rush at the Captain Bayard and bury his pike in the side of the chevalier. Good God! what horror shot through my heart! I was separated from him by a space of ten ells or more, each filled with fighting demons; but I forced my way to him and stood above him, while Pierrepont Daly helped me beat back those who pressed on him. At the cry "My lord is wounded!" it seemed as if all the fiends of hell were let loose on the Venetians, and our men fought like Lucifer. In less time than one might say an *ave* the rush of battle had swept past us, and we raised him from the ground and disengaged his armor from him. The head of the pike was embedded in the thigh, piercing to the bone. The pain was so great that his face was bloodless, and I looked at each moment for him to die before my eyes.

"We must carry him to shelter," said the Captain Pierrepont Daly, "or he will die without confession."

Near to us stood a little house. I rushed at the door, forcing it from its hinges. Together we lifted the chevalier and laid him upon the door. Then came up two or three of the archers of Messire de Kernilis, and they helped us carry our leader to a house which overtopped all others in the street. From the window of this house the mistress of it had seen us bearing the wounded man; she descended to the door, opening it for us, falling upon her knees and begging mercy.

"Rise, madame," gasped the chevalier; "have no fear of us. Guard the doors carefully," said he to Messire de Kernilis, who followed us, "and see that none enter."

The house which we had chosen as the refuge for our master was a large and noble mansion, which one entered by a court-yard, ascending the flight of broad marble steps to a loggia above. Along this the lady conducted us and showed us to a fine chamber, where we laid the chevalier. Then she offered to guide us to a surgeon, and Messire de Mailles directed me to accompany her.

By this time my faithful Pomponio, who had lost sight of me during the attack upon the fort, had found me again and waited in the lower hall, ready at my reappearance with his dog-like devotion.

We opened the main door upon the street and saw that there

was no hope of safe egress that way, for it was full of fighting men, nor could one see for the smoke from the hackbuts. We could not tell friend from foe, and could have gone no more than a few paces before dropping in blood.

"Is there no other way?" I cried, thinking of the great need of the chevalier. She grasped my hand and turned, leading me through the court-yard down some steps which ended in an avenue of poplars extending through the gardens. She ran to a little postern door overhung with ivy, and took the key to it from a nail above concealed by the vines and opened it quickly. It closed with a spring behind us as we ran through. She thrust the key into my hand, thinking, I well guess, that she herself might not come back alive, and led me through a narrow alley hemmed in by two high walls. Several times our way was stopped by showers of stones thrown down upon us from above, and one struck me on the temple, stunning me, so that the lady had to guide me till my senses came to me again. Then we came out at right angles in another passage, which had also a small door into a garden at the rear of a house.

"Knock loudly," she cried, and seized the knocker herself, while I pounded with the hilt of my sword. As well might we have blown a bugle in the thunders of the judgment, for just above us poured out the volleys of a falconet which our soldiers had dragged away from the Venetians and turned against them. We looked up in despair, and from an upper window saw an old man's face peering forth. He heeded us not for the terror that was on him, and my guide tore off the cloak which hid her face and waved it wildly to call his wandering glance. He saw her and recognized her, ran from the window, down stairs, into the garden, and called to us to know what we sought.

"Come at once!" cried the lady; "there is a wounded gentleman at my house who needs you."

"It is the Captain Bayard," I cried. "All France will bless you if you save him."

At my words the old surgeon opened the gate and followed us with no delay. The few moments of our journey had been long enough to turn the tide of battle from this quarter, so that the way was clear, and we traversed it safely in half the time it had taken us to go. Nor met we any hindrance, nor any one more formidable than some poor hiding wretch who sought escape.

The surgeon cleared the room in order that he might dress the wound, but just as I was leaving my lord called me to him in a faint voice, being exhausted by loss of blood.

"Hark, St. Eymond: the house from which you took the door is unprotected. I heard from thence the shrill scream of a child. Go you, and see what you can do to prevent mischief. I would not that any should suffer through my fault. God have pity on this poor town."

"God succor you, my lord," said I, unfit for anything in my fear lest he should die. Then I rallied to do his bidding, and sought Pomponio, who followed me into the roaring street.

The fortune of the day was by this time decided in our favor. While we had been thinking only of our lord the chevalier, our friends had made themselves the conquerors of the town. Outside our door I found one of the archers and called to him for news of how the day had gone.

"When the Lord of Molart saw that his friend and cousin was wounded, he fell on his enemy like all the hosts of hell. The duke cried, 'Avenge the best knight in the world!' And words cannot describe the fury with which we charged the Venetians."

Thus he answered me, and started off, but I held him, saying, "How stands the victory now?"

"With us!" he shouted, and was off. And when I heard more of the day's work I wondered not that he had no time for talking. All the great square of the city was packed with victims like a pen of cattle. There lay at set of sun not less than eight thousand corpses in that one spot alone. No one can say that the enemy did not make a brave resistance; and from the roofs the citizens who were too old to fight and the very women threw down boiling water or huge stones of sharp flint upon our soldiers' heads. This useless violence but increased our soldiers' rage, and they gave no quarter. When the line of the Venetians broke, those who fled ran upon the lances of our men or found my Lord d'Alègre waiting for them at the Gate of St. John. Alas, what havoc that day wrought! Scarce was it worse for those who lay heaped up among the mangled corpses at the base of the clock-tower or in the loggia than for the victors, gorged with blood and glutted with plunder, whose avarice and profligacy worked their own undoing. But for the spoil of Brescia we had saved the king's dominion in Italy. Riot and drunkenness and license unfitted for service many who before had been noble warriors. This was what my uncle had counted upon in my own case; but I thank Our Lady and St. Marcel that I was not among these wicked ones. The mercenaries filled their pouches, and then had no other thought than to hasten home with the riches they had gathered. They say the plunder of the town was not less than three million crowns.

All this tempted me not. Faults of youth had I in plenty, but not that of avarice. If my clothes were whole and hunger bit me not, I never thought that the next day it might be different. Certainly when Rochette was storing gold for me at St. Eymond I could not add to the misery of the poor wretches around me by robbing them. Even had this not been my nature, I had learned it from the example of the chevalier, for even that which was his rightful share did he refuse, and never had more than a few crowns in his possession, giving all to his followers or to the poor.

The pillaging went furiously on, and though the duke had sternly ordered the monasteries to be spared, even into them broke some bad men, seizing the sacred vessels and committing other atrocities which one may not write. These offenders were hung from the battlements with the traitors of the town whenever they were taken at their evil work.

Pomponio and I went forth with caution, and with difficulty passed the turn of the street, clogged with bodies, of dead and dying. Then we entered a small lane, where the houses were small and there was less to tempt the revellers. Here it was we found the little house from which the door had been torn.

"Pomponio, knew you ever any other than the chevalier," I asked, "who would have remembered amidst his own mortal pain the shrill scream which spoke of the terror of a child?"

"No, messire," replied the man; "and the whole camp is full of tales of the same kindness of heart."

"Then let us hasten to carry out his wishes." So saying, I looked through the empty doorway, and then listened attentively. To my ears came a faint sound like the wailing of a little child. A common sound in city streets, but striking on our ears strangely in this day of cannon-shot and dying shrieks of agony. The furnishings of the room—a number of heavy wooden benches like the fittings of a carpenter's workshop—were pulled before the inner door.

"Some one is within the house and has tried to defend the place; a most unwise caution, too, for nothing else would have suggested this as a place worth rifling." Even as I spoke, a shadow fell across the soiled snow which lay before the door, and a face peered cautiously within, then dashed in, fell on his knees before me, and cried, "Have mercy!"

It was a little negro boy, the first one I had ever seen. He raised in me so great a wonder that I forgot for a moment to put his little frightened heart out of fear, so that he still stammered at my feet, "Mercy, messire, mercy."

Then I said, "Fear not. We are here to protect this house. Tell me who lives here?"

Pomponio interposed, "Kill the little rascal, messire." Though the man had softened towards me and refrained from many of his former savage ways in circumstances where he was able to judge what I myself would have him do, his old harshness was like to break out on the least hint of the unusual. I gave him a look of reproof, and spoke again with kindness to the queer little fellow, who still grovelled at my feet, crying: "Protect us! My master will die!"

"Who is your master? Take me to him," said I, and watched him as he rose swiftly and ran to the barricaded door, listening earnestly. Then he gave a tap against the wall and was answered by another, which was followed by a faint moan. The lad searched

my face for a moment and gave a nod as if he trusted me; then he ran to another corner of the room and lifted a trap-door which showed not in the darkness of the spot. I called to Pomponio to remain on guard and myself followed the child down a ladder into a cellar or store-room, where we stumbled many times against huge chests with metal corners, like treasure chests,—which would have tempted the rioters, had they seen them,—so that our progress in the darkness was far from pleasant. The lad opened a door hung low in the wall, and I had to stoop to enter. We went through a passage-way and up another flight of steps to the garden; then up some steps into an inner room and turned back in the same direction from which we had first come. Here my guide opened a closet door, which joined the wall of the outer chamber of the house, though disconnected with it, and disclosed within the closet the prostrate figure of Messire Rontini.

His face was very white and drawn, as if with terrible pain; but he made an effort to smile, and faintly exclaimed, "Welcome, messire, if you have come to succor me."

"How came you here in Brescia?" I asked, and then turned to the little black boy, "Tell me, is this your master, and how came he here?"

"My master was in Venice some months ago, and received me as a present from one to whom he had shown service. Then we came to Brescia and lodged here with a goldsmith, who had the inner part of the house. The outside was taken by a carpenter. They both fled before the siege; but my master thought himself safe enough, since he was a Florentine. He went forth into the street to try to help some women whose cries he heard, and was himself wounded." The boy broke off suddenly as his eyes fell upon the ashen face of his master, who seemed sinking into a swoon; and while I bent over him to see what I could do to relieve him, the boy ran for water, and with a tenderness I could not have fancied him capable of, worked over him for some moments till his senses were restored.

This was no place to leave a wounded man, even had he proper attendance, and I saw no signs of food or other comforts.

"Has a surgeon seen him?" I asked.

The boy shook his head, saying, "It was to seek a surgeon that I went forth. Alas, I fear he must die!"

"How came he within this inner closet?"

"That good child," spoke Messire Rontini faintly, "half-dragged me hither. There is more devotion in his little pagan heart than in half the Christians'."

I reflected a moment, and knew that there was no chance of getting him safely through the streets before nightfall. I thought that I might try to make him comfortable till I could seek the protection of the chevalier for him.

"Is there no spot in the house where he can be more easy?" I

asked; and the boy threw open another door which showed a bed-chamber, saying, "I laid him in the closet, messire, for fear the house might be searched."

The child placed all in readiness, and I carried Messire Rontini to the bed, laying him on it with care to his wound, which was an ugly, though not dangerous one, in the shoulder. Then I bade him have good courage, and promised to return by nightfall with a full guard to move him to some place of safety. I went back to the outer room and bade Pomponio take the benches from their too significant position and pile them irregularly about the chamber, as if the house had already been sacked. Nor did we do this too soon; for a wild shouting burst on the air and a party of rioters rushed down the street, swarming before the door. I threw myself before the entrance, drawing my sword, crying, "How now, comrades? Is nothing to be left for my share? Go on to another dwelling."

"Huzza!" cried a tipsy fellow; "he's one of the chevalier's archers. Leave him alone; there's plenty for all."

Then they swept past, and we waited till the street was clear, and went back to the house where lay our master, eager to hear how he fared and to further serve him.

CHAPTER VII.

OF WHAT I FOUND WITHIN THE LOFT.

Our fellow-attendants met us with radiant looks of joy, for the Brescian surgeon and the chevalier's own barber, who was skilled in surgery, had successfully drawn the iron point from the wound, and our noble master was resting quietly with good hope of recovery. Jacques de Mailles told me this, and added that the good knight had borne the painful operation without flinching, though the surgeons feared that he would swoon under it, and could scarce support the sight themselves. Surely never yet was so strong soul in mortal man.

The house which sheltered the chevalier was well suited for his convenience and for that of his suite. It stood near the northeastern wall of the city, below the castle, very near the point of the first assault, and also near the old church of Saint Julia; so near, that though the owner, Messire della Ravine, was a very wealthy gentleman, able to support all the privileges of his class and to have a chapel in the house, the family attended daily mass at the church. From the upper loggia of the house one could see far over the fair valleys for which Brescia is famous, and down the rich valley of the Po for many leagues.

The entrance from the street was wide enough for three horses abreast, and across the court-yard were the stables. One turned to

the right to go down the garden, of which I have spoken, with its avenue of poplars standing gaunt and naked, dripping with sleet in the February air. Beyond these plashed fountains in the summer and roses bloomed, but all was desolation in the chilly winter.

To the left, after one entered the court-yard from the street, opened all the kitchens and offices. These led by small stairways and sliding shelves up to the dining-hall, so that no servants, except the lackeys in livery, were ever seen upon the noble flight of marble steps which rose from the left of the court. But the dining-hall was lighted by long windows of stained glass, which looked upon the loggia just at the top of the steps. At the end of the loggia began the suite of chambers which belonged to the master of the house, and which the lady had placed at the service of the chevalier.

The largest of these was in the centre, and contained, besides the bed on which the wounded man lay, smaller couches for the surgeons and those of us who attended him. Beside this was a smaller chamber, and another beyond that. Then there was a stairway leading to the upper floor, and a beautiful library on the garden side, with one balcony upon the street and another upon the garden. The library was lighted by wide oriel windows with colored glass, which cast a mellow light and gave to the room warmth and brightness. Within the room were tables for chess and cards, shelves of books, a harpischord, two lutes, and many fine pictures. In the thickness of the walls, which were strong enough to resist a battering-ram, was built a secret stair leading to the garden, but this was closed up. All these arrangements I noted during the sleep of the chevalier, for I looked to find some safe place for hiding Messire Rontini until I could secure protection for him.

The very beauty of the dwelling's arrangement was against me, for had it been built in the scrambling fashion of many houses which I had seen, one room added to another without design or order, there might have been some odd disconnected chamber into which I could have smuggled him for a short time unobserved. But that was not possible in this house, especially as the mistress of it had thrown open to us the whole suite of rooms upon the second floor, and the place was already swarming with the devoted adherents of our captain, waiting for favorable news of him. So I crossed the court-yard, thinking that probably the stables were empty, and that all the horses had been sent away before the siege. Within was a spacious loft, in which I did not linger; for I saw at once that it would prove a safe and warm shelter for the Florentine. I called Pomponio, and, it being dusk, we went forth to see how fared the little negro and his master.

Even in the few paces between us and the little dwelling we had leisure to see that the horrors of the day had increased a thousand-fold. This quarter of the city, being nearest the castle, and containing the finest dwellings, where our soldiers had already garri-

soned themselves, had not been set on fire. But to the south and west arose fierce flames towards heaven and stained the evening sky with ruddy glare. Underfoot lay stiffening corpses, grinning horribly through set teeth, their torn and bloody garments showing the hand of the plunderer. Each house was thrown open, and windows shattered in needless fury. No soul appeared alive within the streets except the drunken, frenzied bands of half-crazed men intent upon their work of destruction. We were set upon by the first of these, who seized us bodily, crying, "Come, laggards; rich prizes there are for all."

But we tore ourselves loose and drew our swords, while I cried: "Have a care! We are busy with the matters of the Captain Bayard; delay us not;" which assertion was near enough to truth for me not to scruple making it, as I knew no other name so good to conjure with.

I reached the little house, entered the outside room, and knocked gently upon the wall. Presently the woolly head of the little negro appeared cautiously through the trap-door, and we followed him to the spot where his master lay.

Since last I saw him he had improved somewhat under the careful ministrations of the lad, and perhaps also under the hope of release from his poor quarters. It may have been in contrast to the wicked wretches whom we had seen in the streets, but never seemed to me Messire Rontini so comely of countenance as he did then. When an Italian is ugly and wicked, methinks no man of any other nation hath so bad and black a face; but when the Creator gives them well-disposed hearts and features to match, no one can be fairer to look upon. His voice was pleasant also, though faint with weakness, as he said, "How can I thank you, messire, for your merciful behavior?"

"No thanks are due, messire; many more do I still owe you for your help in Milan."

"Speak not of that, messire. Have you any plan for my safety?"

"If you can bear to be moved," I said, "I will take you to the place where I am lodged; for in the stables is a secure shelter, much better than this, where you may be disturbed at any moment. There I can have a surgeon to attend you, and food besides."

He assented by a look, and I bade Pomponio go to the outer room and break apart one of the benches to serve as a litter.

"And fetch from the dead body which lies before the door that cloak, Pomponio, the better to conceal messire."

"'Tis a Frenchman's cloak, too," said my man, "and so much the better."

For a few moments the heavy knocks of Pomponio resounded loudly through the house; then he came in, bearing the top of the bench and the cloak; in it we wrapped the Florentine and bore him into the street. No one met us until we had reached the lane be-

hind the della Ravine house. Here I bade them wait while I went to the main door and gave the password to Messire de Kernilis, who stood on guard. I ran through the garden and found the key to the gate hanging where I had left it, and I bade the little negro follow us as Pomponio and I carried our litter to the stables.

There was no light on the lower floor, but a lantern hung from the ceiling and showed the steps which climbed to the hay-loft. I set down the litter in a stall shielded from observation, while I climbed to the upper floor to find a better place.

The floor was heaped with sacks of grain and bundles of straw, and at the farther end was a partition, the space beyond it being heaped high with hay. As I stood considering the fitness of the place for my friend, a gentle push against my legs made me glance down, and I saw a cat rubbing herself confidently against my silken hose. Then two or three kittens tumbled out of their corners and played around her. At this moment the hay before me moved, and I should have laid it to the presence of rats stirring but for the mew-ing of the kittens, which should have kept their enemies silent. The hay moved again, and the thought flashed through me that perhaps some other person had found shelter here. I pulled off the top portion of the hay and threw it to one side. Then to my amazement the rays of light from the lantern lit up the golden hair of a fair maiden, and at the same instant she sprung to her feet, followed by another. They threw themselves before me, crying, "Have mercy, messire!"

Good God! I cannot tell what misery it caused me to see them so terrified before me, or to watch the tears of anguish that rolled down their fair faces. I doffed my hat, and with the gentlest voice I could command entreated them to take courage.

Then I asked, "Are you the daughters of the noble lady who has shown such kindness to the chevalier?"

"What chevalier?" inquired the first one, who took then and ever the place of speaker for both.

"The Captain Bayard, mademoiselle, who hath been wounded and lies in the house. The lady hath shown to him all courtesy and kindness."

"Are not the French victors?" she inquired, wondering, "and may they not demand all from the conquered?"

"Such is not our captain's way; but he would have all freely offered. All within this house are safe under his protection."

"I thank Our Lord!" breathed the maid. And then, "Is our mother safe?"

"Quite safe. Why hath she not relieved your doubts?"

"All day the stable hath been filled with soldiers, and no doubt she feared to betray our place of hiding. My father is old, and she persuaded him to fly before the siege began; he found shelter in a monastery. But we had no help but in the protection of Our Lord."

All this time Messire Rontini was lying on a hard plank in the dark, no doubt wondering what I found so interesting in the loft. So I said to the maid: "Mademoiselle, in return for the chevalier's protection, which I can promise you, will you let me hide here for a short time a friend of mine, a learned Florentine, who has been wounded in the fight, and needs shelter till I can send a surgeon to him?"

"Where is he?" she asked, and at my answer went to the top of the steps and peered down into the stable. I could see her for a moment as she passed within the shaft of light cast by the lantern, and perceived that she was very beautiful, slender, and noble in her bearing, having hair of golden hue that curled most graciously about her neck, which was bare for a hand's breadth from the dimpled chin. There was a sweetness and brightness—despite the dangerousness of her situation—in her air that charmed my heart. The other sister I saw not clearly, as she kept silence, standing within the darkness. Then I bethought me that I had not told my name nor discovered hers. So I said: "Your servant, who will be honored by your commands, is called Marcel de-St. Eymond. May it please you to tell me in what name I am to ask the chevalier's protection for you?"

"I am Angela, the daughter of Messire della Ravine; and my sister is called Afra, from the holy martyr of our town."

"Thank you, mademoiselle; right glad am I to take the service of martyrs and angels."

It was not a light task to get the plank with Messire Rontini on it up the narrow, steep steps into the loft. If he had not borne with great courage the jolting and swaying we had not accomplished it. I went up first and backward, while the little negro steadied it from underneath, and Pomponio bore the lower end. At the top of the steps an awkward turn awaited us, and we staggered somewhat; but a firm white hand reached forward from behind me, giving just the touch necessary to steady the litter.

It was the other sister, she who had not spoken, who showed that quick helpfulness; she it was who bent beside the wounded gentleman, trying to place him more comfortably, while the maiden Angela said urgently: "Go quickly, messire, to our mother and tell her not to fear for us, since we have found so courteous a protector. Beg her also to send one of the lackeys for a surgeon for this poor friend of yours."

I found Monna Lucia—thus was she called—busy with thought for the entertainment of the chevalier, to whom she gave no less attention than if her heart had not been racked with anxiety for the safety of her own household. She was a noble lady, with traces of the beauty so illustrious in her daughters, and was what is called in Italy a *virago*, which is the highest praise they give to a woman; that is, a woman of great learning and virtue, able to play the man

in the ordering of affairs; yet never, withal, losing her feminine graces and attractions. I felt a keen thrill of delight that I was the one to bring her good news of those fair maids.

"Madame," said I softly, "your daughters are safe."

She gave a startled cry, terrified to know their hiding-place had been discovered. Then her brow cleared, and she said: "Ah! it is Messire de St. Eymond. They are safe with you."

"I will guard them, madame. Is the chevalier awake? Can I speak to him?"

She said that he was awake and in good spirits, and we went together to his apartment, where I added my words to hers to beg his protection for her daughters.

"Madame," he answered, "so long as I shall live, both you and yours shall be as well taken care of as I am myself. Bring back the maidens to your apartments, and none of my gentlemen shall so much as speak to them without your permission."

Then I asked his favor for Messire Rontini, assuring him that I knew it was for no fault against our King of France that my friend had been wounded, and offering to give up to him my own chamber if I might bring him to safe shelter. My lord gave me permission, and we returned to the stables with some strengthening cordial and some soft coverings to make easier the hard litter.

The maidens met me with the sweetest gratitude, expressed each in her own way,—Angela with that pretty talkativeness which was natural to her, the silent sister with a soft "Thank you, messire: God in heaven bless you," which, with its deep, sweet tones crept into my heart and echoed there again. The servants brought down the litter with Messire Rontini, and our little company stole silently in procession across the dark court-yard, slippery with melting snow, which gleamed strangely in the fitful shadows cast by the lanterns of the attendants. At the door I saw the figures of the maidens waver, as if they feared to enter a place filled with armed men. I leaned towards them, whispering, "Courage!" so that they held their heads high, and stepped with dignity into the hall, which was brightly lighted with flaming torches, casting a ruddy glow on the faces of the gentlemen who guarded the doorway of the apartment occupied by the chevalier.

Messire de Kernilis spoke to Monna Lucia, saying that the chevalier wished to see her and her daughters to assure them of his good will. I bade Pomponio take Messire Rontini to my chamber, and I waited within the apartment of the chevalier while Monna Lucia presented Angela to him. Thus for the first time had I leisure to note the other sister, who kept herself in the background, and to mark her beauty, its likeness and its difference to Angela's.

She was not so tall, and therefore appeared less slender, though no more than gently rounded in the figure, so as to escape that angular girlishness which pleases me not. In the bright light of the

oil-lamps I saw her face crowned with a fair profusion of red-brown hair with a bright gloss on it, like the sun shining on a piece of burnished copper. Her eyes were very dark, though not black. Their color could I not distinguish in the lamplight, but the grave, holy look of them sunk into my heart, leaving there a feeling like the hush of twilight on the snow-clad peaks of my own home. I might have been content thus to look on her for hours, despite my weariness, but was roused by the voice of my captain, saying kindly, yet faintly from his fatigue and pain: "Sleep in peace, madame, and you, fair maids. No harm shall befall you."

After the wound of my friend had been properly dressed, and he lay resting in the bed in the chamber which had been assigned to me, I threw off my armor and sat down to rest my stiffening limbs before sleeping. The pillow and rug which were ready for me upon the floor seemed to me the extreme of luxury, for it was six months since I had slept in any sort of bed, and three months or more that we had been almost all the time on forced marches, sleeping in our armor for many nights together. The duke, you know, spared neither himself nor others; he was as untiring as a merlin. I wish not to move you to laughter if I confess that the worst suffering of which I had felt my body complain was the necessity of passing days and nights in the same garments. Before I reached the camp I did not know that I had been trained in different habits from those of other Frenchmen. Yet when I was crowded in close intimacy with my companions I found them quite indifferent to the ways of cleanliness in which my father had trained me. He had learned these ways in Italy, where the people boast that they alone are clean among all the people of the world. I think they carry it to a point of absurdity, as when the ladies of Venice throw into their hot baths musk and myrrh, cedar leaves and lavender, mint and other spices. Thus do they foster in their bodies a sensitiveness which becomes a source of pain, so that the common objects of life annoy them, and the ordinary dirt which one sees every day becomes to them a thing of terror. They carry about with them perfumed gloves of kid-skin lined with silk and filled with powdered violets. They sew within their sleeves small sweet bags embroidered with high embossed work in silver thread, so that they shed forth sweet perfumes as they walk. They carry hung around their necks balls called pomanders, which are either dried oranges stuffed with cloves or spices, or else balls of filigree silver work with compartments for different essences. All this seems to me the utmost foolishness; but to be clean is to be twice as full of strength and freshness: therefore I cast off my bloody clothing and rejoiced when I saw a large ewer and basin with plenty of clear water for a refreshing bath. Do not think it shame to me that I lay down, after I had thanked Our Lord and His holy Mother for deliverance from the day's horrors, to sleep as peacefully as if I were in the quiet mountain refuge of La Grande-Chartreuse.

CHAPTER VIII.

OF THE RETURN OF MESSIRE DELLA RAVINE.

TOWARDS dawn, while I lay in pleasant dreams, in which the stable of our lodgings seemed to be the stable of Bethlehem where the holy Child lay, and the two fair maids were confused in my thoughts with the holy angels who tended Him, I was wakened by a dull rumbling sound.

"What is that, Pomponio?" I asked, stupid with slumber, of the man who was serving Messire Rontini.

"Look from the window, my lord," he answered; "you will see a strange sight."

It was in truth, as I saw, after dragging myself to the casement. Through the streets streamed a horrible procession: rows of soldiers, scarcely sober enough to hold themselves upright, bore on litters or dragged by the arms and feet the hundreds of ghastly corpses which had clogged the square, or festered in heaps within the streets, threatening the health of all within the town. Sometimes the wretched men, still reeling from the night's dreadful debauchery, fell in helpless heaps among their sickening burdens. Often in struggling to their feet again they tore apart the dead bodies with horrid curses upon their lips. But why should I chronicle such things? All know that the glory of war has another side than the waving of banners and flashing of bright sword-blades, such as had caught my ignorant boy's eyes from the heights of Dauphiny.

This disgusting procession had the power to make one forget the splendors of our victory, and struck painfully on my weary eyes, yet blurred with sleep.

"The dogs!" I muttered. "What are they doing now?"

"Good work, messire," answered Pomponio cheerfully; "for it keeps the drunken rascals busy and out of mischief, as knows the duke, who bade them do it."

"He is wise, that duke of yours," said Messire Rontini, who was beginning to be himself again.

"As wise as an old man, messire, and brave as the god of war," I responded, "and he is but three years older than I, who have no wit beside him." Then I set to rights my clothing and went to breakfast, afterwards reporting to the Lieutenant Pierrepont, who desired me to go forth and collect the scattered body of the chevalier's archers and men-at-arms. This I did, not without much misgiving lest a roll-call might prove me to be the third wheel to the chariot, and return me to the company of my former captain.

I was some hours in searching among the ruins of the town for the last of the survivors of our fierce assault. When I returned to the della Ravine house the duke was with the chevalier. He had sent before him his own surgeon, that nothing might be left undone

to save the greatest knight in Christendom. He ordered the surgeon to consult with the others each day, and to dress the wound himself. Though it was large and exceeding deep, it healed with as good progress as though St. Luke himself were tending it; there was no increase of fever, though we had feared it, since the captain was so wasted by illness before the battle began.

"Here is this volunteer," cried the duke when he caught sight of me. "Can he fight?"

"Like a Dauphinese," said my captain. "I know not what we shall do with him in barracks."

"No time for barracks," replied the duke. "The Spanish grow more insolent in the south, and it is on the lips of all the captains that we must give battle within the space of a month or thereabouts."

I was torn in two ways, for the love of fighting was ever hot within me. I felt my face flush, and looked from the ruddy countenance of the duke, the bright head with its boyish curls, the ardent eyes, to the pale face of my captain. Then I made my choice.

"Dear lord and master," said I, upon my knee, "keep me with you till you are fit to sit your horse again. No man may shame my courage while I am where you are."

"God bless the lad!" he cried. "You shall stay, St. Eymond. But mark, there is great spoil in the fair cities to the south. I think you have not had your share of the gold of Brescia, for you were busy till you slept."

"I want nothing but to serve you, my lord," said I, "and will stay, if it means hanging from the battlements, so long as you will have me."

Then I blushed, as does a lad when surprised into the utterance of some strong feeling, and was glad of the entrance of Monna Lucia with a cooling draught for the chevalier. He took it with the gratitude which he was ever careful to show, that she might not feel herself the conquered and he the conqueror. Then his bright eyes scanned her face, and finding sadness there, despite her good courage, he asked: "Are all your family safe? Where is your husband?"

"Alas, my lord, I know not whether he be alive. He fled by my request to a monastery whose prior is his kinsman. If he still live, he should be there."

Thus said she, weeping bitterly, shaken from her fortitude by his kindness. He, no less disturbed by her tears, said to me, "Go forth, Messire de St. Eymond; find him, if you can, and bring him hither in safety."

When I had called Pomponio and was setting forth again to search for Messire della Ravine, the two maidens came with their mother to thank the chevalier for his goodness. Then they thanked me too, though I had as yet done nothing. So said I, and was gain-said by Angela, who shook her shining curls, which she wore in a fashion most bewitching and then new to me, for they were un-

bound about her shoulders, except for a slight fillet of black velvet which encircled her forehead and held a small star of pearls upon her white brow.

"When you have promised a thing, messire, we know it is the same as if it were accomplished."

As she included her sister in this flattery, I glanced at Afra, and for the first time caught the light clearly upon her eyes. They were dark, as I have said, yet not black or brown, but a bluish-gray nigh to the deep hue of burnished steel; yet had they not a steely glitter, but a soft shining like the blue-gray of distant mountains with the sunbeams on them. She looked not sidewise, and with no coquetry or feigning of modesty, but straight into my eyes with a simple gaze as of one whose own soul was too pure to know aught else than its own honesty. It seemed to me I read in one short instant in her eyes that she too trusted me as her sister had said; this thought armed me with courage. Then spoke Monna Lucia,—

"What token shall we send your father, to reassure him?"

"Send him your girdle, Afra," said Angela. "There is not another like it in Brescia."

It was a silken scarf of many diverse colors, woven in stripes. She unloosed it from her waist; but as she did so she said: "Is it not useless to send a token? When our father sees Messire de St. Eymond he will not fail to trust him." This praise was like to turn my head, so, kissing their hands with reverence, I hastened to do my errand and deserve the words so dear to me.

The church of Our Lady of Miracles, beside which stood the convent where the old man had hidden himself, lay in the southwest quarter of the city, that quarter which had been most devastated by the flames. I had to make many a wide turning to reach the spot, for the streets were still crowded with processions carrying the corpses from the square to the open country, where the sappers and miners had dug huge trenches into which the dead were tossed without prayer or holy sprinkling. Often these crowds were forced aside by rough bands of the soldiery, dragging those unruly ones who had been found pillaging the monasteries or seized red-handed on holy ground. These were strung from the ramparts with short time for shriving. Often we had to dart aside suddenly to escape being crushed by fragments of the ruined houses which fell from time to time with thundering sound. Yet finally we reached the street where stood the two churches of San Francesco and Our Lady, and here there was a little refuge amid the universal ruin. Our Lady had not permitted here the desolation elsewhere reigning, and the peaceful inhabitants had remained within their doors unmolested. I knocked loudly at the heavy portal, for some time gaining no attention. At last the iron grill in the uppermost part of the door opened, and a voice trembling with terror asked what I desired.

"To see Messire della Ravine. Is he here?"

"What would you with him?" said the aged porter cautiously; though that was as good as an answer to my question, since if he were not within there was no need of parleying.

"To conduct him to safety," I answered. "His wife and daughters are safe, and I will show him a token from them that he may not fear."

The grill shut again, and some time elapsed before it reopened. Then the white head of an old man appeared: he scanned me earnestly. There was the timidity in his face which comes from sickness, yet a certain dignity lay behind it, as if he had once been stronger in heart. "Have no fear, messire," I said, holding the scarf before his eyes. "The honor of the Captain Bayard is pledged to protect you."

"Is it true," he murmured, "and may I go hence in peace?"

"Should misfortune befall you, I will answer for you with my life." Then I added, "Cover yourself with one of the friars' cloaks to conceal you and for swifter passage through the town. Make all haste to bring comfort to the hearts of those who love you."

I had not coveted the spoils of Brescia, but my heart gave a leap when the old man bade me wait for him, and turned away without taking from me the scarf of Afra. I slipped it within my doublet, hoping that he would not ask it from me again. When he came feebly forth I had to help him, for by reason of the grief he felt at the ruin of his native city he staggered like one drunk with wine. We had not gone twenty paces before we were set upon by a company of noisy soldiers, who cried with loud jeerings at the poor old man: "For shame! Friar, so old and not yet grown wise, go say thy prayers, and let wine alone."

I touched my sword-hilt threateningly and said: "Hold your tongues, rascals. It is sickness that makes him totter. He goes to the chevalier."

They fell back, not being really ill-natured. I put my arm about the old man to lead him the better. The sight of each house we passed roused in him loud lamentations, one being that of a friend, another that of a kinsman. These cries of his increased our difficulties, since all the soldiers we passed recognized him as a traitor. When he stumbled over an escutcheon which had fallen from the doorway of a noble dwelling, he stopped short amid the ruins, calling upon the names of those who had lived there, shrieking at the sight of half-charred bodies lying under the broken masonry.

"Come, sir, this is madness," I cried in desperation. "I cannot defend you if you continue thus." But even as I urged him his moans attracted the attention of two surly rascals, who drew near. They scanned him angrily, muttering: "A rebel, surely, and probably rich. Set on him!"

I drew my sword hastily, and called to my man, who came behind us. He engaged one of them, but I had no chance to learn

how he succeeded, for never since I had left Rochette had I seen any one handle a sword as that big scoundrel who faced me. I had been for so many months in constant company of the mounted men-at-arms, who, as I have said before, understood not, in the days of my youth, how to use a sword as gentlemen do now, that I had forgotten almost what wonders the Germans could do with the two-handed swords, such as this fellow carried. He was one of the mercenaries, as I saw at a glance, and probably German too, so I recalled all that the Marxbrüder had taught me. Seeing that his great strength might weary me, I tried a defter play, in hope of puzzling him. Having no buckler with me, I had wound my cloak around my left arm two or three times to serve as defence; parrying his cuts with my dagger, I slipped back a pace or two, standing with the sword in low tierce, while I feigned two or three thrusts at him, freeing at the same time the cloak from its folds and tossing it in his face to blind him. Before he could free himself I shot my swift sword underneath it and ran him through the lungs with the ease with which one might spear a little hare. He fell with a cry into a heap of stones, and I made a dash at the other fellow, whom Pomponio was fighting.

"Throw down your sword! Begone!" I cried.

The sight of his dying companion was motive enough for heeding me. He took to his heels, and with no further delay we picked the poor old man up bodily in our arms and hurried off with him as fast as we could go.

Still carrying him, we got him into the house, where he revived a little at the sight of his wife and daughters, and succeeded in staggering into the presence of the chevalier.

"Give not way to grief, messire," said the captain. "Think not that you are vanquished, but rather that you are entertaining a company of friends. Let us all be merry together. Count yourself not a prisoner, but our host."

This good humor put the family more at their ease than if we had brought them a scroll with the king's pardon emblazoned on it. With ready wit they acted on this idea, and decorated the dining-hall as for a feast. Our meals were served there with all due ceremony. The maidens came attired in beautiful robes, and if they felt fear of any of us they dissembled it well, talking merrily, with jest and laughter and, withal, due modesty. There were with us, besides the chevalier, the Captain Pierrepont, Messire de Mailles, Messire de Kernilis, and the Florentine, whose wound forbade his leaving, and whom the master of the house wished to keep for the tutor of his daughters as soon as he should be able to exert himself. His little slave, the negro Ghigi, tended him, though at night he was not permitted to remain with his master, but was sent to the servants' apartments in the upper part of the stables, for the old man protested that he could not bear the sight of him, and that he

would as soon a wild beast were sheltered beneath his roof. All others in the house had a great fancy for him, and Angela delighted in finding constantly for him some new and fantastic garb. When he came he had been soberly clad in a short tunic of dark cloth; but she at once ordered for him one of bright scarlet satin, which was changed for others that bedecked him like a little clown. He had nothing of the nature of a fool, but was as sober as a Doge of Venice. This made it more droll to see his solemn black eyes rolling under the pointed hood of a jester, while little bells tinkled on the pinkings of his jerkin. No merriment of others ever marred his gravity; he spoke always in the same wise manner and with the same long words as did his elders, so that he amused us mightily. Messire Rontini made no remonstrance with Angela when she tricked out his servant; but if it had been I whom she thus made mock of by her fancies I should have found some remedy or provided myself with a more dignified attendant.

For some days we dwelt together in the greatest happiness, some of us waiting upon the chevalier or amusing him with games or music; or, if he suffered from his wound, we waited within call in the adjoining chamber, where the maidens played upon the harpsichord, or sang to their lutes, or worked their embroideries with silken threads for the adornment of the altar. This freedom in which they were left was quite different from the indifference to modesty and the rules of breeding which I had found at my uncle's villa. Monna Lucia took great care of her daughters, but trusted them that they should not forget what was due them, and she trusted likewise the word of the chevalier.

After the wound of Messire Rontini had improved so that he was able to move about, he spent much time in reading aloud from various books of tales or stories of the ancients which he found in the library or which the little negro brought from his lodgings, where they had been concealed before the siege. I had much cause for wonder in seeing the estimate put upon learning in that country, for neither Messire de Kernilis nor any other of us had a look from Angela when the Florentine was reading.

"Messire," said I, "if you had not won my friendship by your kindness to me in Milan, I think I should have to pick a quarrel with you; for when you have those books no one will take a turn with me at chess, and all have ears but for you alone."

It is a good thing to go about the world and find out that all think not as those among whom one has been bred. In my country, if a youth had cared nothing for fighting and had spent all his time in poring over printed words, no beautiful maid would have looked at him longer than to toss her head in scorn. But Angela was more fond of learning than of any other occupation. Neither music, nor flowers, nor fine dress, nor any other thing which young maids affect, had value in her eyes in comparison with the leather-bound volumes

from the press of Messire Aldus Manutius, for which were sometimes paid sums sufficient to buy a good sword. She read the Latin language as easily as the poems of Ser Dante Alighieri; something also did she know of Greek. Afra too had been well taught; but when there was a wounded man for her to help she scarce could keep her mind on books; her thoughts were ever running on kind things to do by which to ease his pain. I remember to have seen in her hands no other volumes than an illuminated "Book of Hours," and another called the "*Decor Puellarum*" which purported to be a proper setting forth of all the duties of a well-conducted maiden. One day I spoke of this, and asked of Angela why she took no heed to learn those wise counsels which her sister cherished.

"I marvel at you, Marcel." (Already were she and I so fixed in firm friendship that the pleasant custom of Italy had obtained among us of calling each other by our Christian names, though Afra was more distant with me.) "See you not that it is necessary for me only to do whatever my fancy urges without taking heed to tire-some counsels? But Afra, being naturally inclined to wickedness, must constantly refresh her mind by maxims for fear of going astray."

This she said with an arch air of feigned insolence which became her laughing face mightily, and I understood her meaning, which was but to tease her serious sister. Afra sweetly flushed and raised her steady eyes for one brief instant to flash a look of questioning at me, as if to ask did I credit the thought that she were inclined to wickedness. Then, satisfied with what she saw in mine, she turned again to her embroidery, sitting upon the wide seat beneath the painted window, where the light fell brightly on her red-bronze hair and cast rich shadows on her flushed cheeks. Her color was deeper than Angela's, whose face had the same delicate, fair beauty which I had noticed in my mother's miniature. It struck me that Angela looked like my mother. I took the portrait from my doublet to look at it, and as I found a strong resemblance I held the miniature towards Afra, who sat near me. To my surprise she was deadly pale, the deep flush gone from her face, and she turned away from me with so much coldness that I felt myself chilled by frost, and slipped the picture into its case without a word.

I was not usually thus thrown from my course, but with no one did my tongue play me such tricks of shirking as with Afra. Angela and I had the familiar understanding of a brother and sister. To me she would often whisper her fancies concerning our companions; her innocent suspicions that she pleased them not; her questions whether such and such robe became her; whether I liked her hair bound up with pearls or with necklaces of glass beads from the city of Murano. None of these light confidences existed between me and the other sister, though I make no difficulty in admitting that my shyness came from the fact that I desired more to

win favor in her eyes than in any one's in the wide world, not even excepting my dear Lord Bayard's. I knew not at this time that this great desire for her good will was the first dawn of love. I thought on her with a secret tenderness which was a well-spring of dear delight within my heart. I could not have explained in words my feeling. Neither her virtues nor her diligence, her kindness nor her beauty, created my devotion. Nothing seems to me more irrational than the seeking to justify by reason the first love of a youth. That strange passion takes the heart outside of the sphere where reason dwells, and I should rank myself with cold philosophers whose emotions have been strangled by the cords of time did I find reasons for love. Nor do I think it any less a noble passion when felt for the unworthy, since often the purest souls have stumbled, their own goodness leading them falsely to trust others, and to see in those who have no virtue the bright reflection of their own.

As I did not understand why the thought of Afra had given me joy before, so neither did I comprehend why her coldness to me should make me sad. I dared not ask her why she would not look at the miniature, nor why from that time she kept her eyes averted from me and spoke even less frequently than before. It seemed to me that she grew pale from day to day, though seeming no less lovely. I kept her girdle, which she had never asked from me again, hidden within my bosom, and revolved within my mind various guesses at the meaning of her conduct till something happened which I thought made it clear.

CHAPTER IX.

OF THE DUKE'S GOING AND OF HOW I FELT JEALOUSY.

ABOUT eight days after the conquering of the town the duke came to say farewell.

"No longer can I tarry," he said; "for the king, my cousin, writes that the English are threatening him on the coast, and he fears he must withdraw his troops from Lombardy to defend France herself."

"What of the Lombard cities?" asked my Lord of Bayard. "Shall we give them up again?"

"We must destroy the Spanish on the south. Then the garrisons can defend the cities." So said the duke, and with other words of kindness bade farewell to my captain.

As he took leave of me, I said: "Pardon my boldness, my lord duke; but I pray you tell me whether any of the mercenaries who remained after the town was taken are returning now. I would

that I could find a messenger to send word to my father of my good fortune in being in the service of the Captain Bayard."

"There goes a Scotchman to Grenoble to-day bearing despatches to the king. You may find him at the Iron Cross Inn in the colonnade of the Broletto. Tell him from me to do your errand."

I kissed the hand of our young commander, and set forth to send a letter to my father, from whom I had yet heard nothing. Doubtless his days slipped by in such peaceful monotony that he found nothing in them in his own eyes worth recording. In this he erred, for the least word of one beloved is always prized, and I had longed with anxiousness for some news of him.

It was amazing how soon the city had been restored to some appearance of order. Many streets were still choked with fallen houses, but the untiring diligence of the duke had helped the inhabitants to do what they could to clear away the débris, the sounds of hammer and chisel told of repairs going on, while here and there the frescos on the fronts of the houses had been freshly touched up, and other signs spoke of returning peace. Yet the streets which should have been filled with the busy crowds that throng the market-places of Italian cities were lonely, now that the call to arms had led the soldiery streaming out into the plain. One missed the venders of fruit, crying their freshness; the hawkers, selling trained and untrained birds; the fortune-tellers and jugglers; the friars on errands of mercy; the pages, tossing their silly heads with pride in their good looks or importance; the poets, declaiming to the idle folk near them; the sellers of flowers, cheese, game, pottery, linen, and vegetables. None of these appeared; only occasionally one saw a frightened woman or a timid child peeping around corners or dodging back again, fearing to come forth.

After I had found a seller of paper, written my letter, and sealed it, I bethought me that it was but an act of wisdom, as well as of courtesy, to send one also to my uncle. Perhaps there was some malice in the pleasure which I felt in letting him know of my prosperity when he wished to hear of me the worst tidings. When the messenger had departed with the messages, I put the remembrance of my uncle's villanies far from my mind, and returned to the della Ravine house, where I found all in a state of excitement on account of the departure of the army.

Messire Rontini, whose wound was well-nigh healed, and I followed the maidens to the roof-garden to see the troops ride forth. We mounted the stairs which led to the upper floor, which the family occupied since they had given up their own chambers to the chevalier's suite. Then we climbed by steeper stairs to large attic chambers, where were stored many sacks in which to stuff the valuables of the family in case of fire. These had large padlocks to them, so that none might rifle them as they lay in the open streets. Here also were coils of rope with knots at intervals, by which one might climb

down from the windows and safely reach the ground. These things I noticed; but they were but few among a number of shrewd devices by which each detail of life is cared for in Italy. Thus I said, and added, "I praise not so fully as I wish these wise ways of yours, for I wish not to seem altogether Italianized and a disloyal son of France."

"No one will ever think you disloyal, St. Eymond," answered Messire Rontini. "Fighting for the Fleur-de-lis is one thing, and blinding one's eyes to the points in which others excel is another."

"So I think, messire. I see that in a thousand little acts of daily life the people of Italy are skilled in a knowledge of decent behavior and graceful courtesy. Beside them a Frenchman often seems a rollicking puppy, or a German a surly wolf-hound."

"Yet is that external grace of my people too often a cloak for unworthiness. I regret chiefly that they should make the love of wisdom an excuse for irreligion. Little will it advantage them to leave the doctrine of the saints, and go mad over heathen learning. Many of the clergy are corrupted also, and some are altogether paganized."

This he said with some sadness, and I felt with him, for well I knew there were few households where the new philosophies had not pushed into the background holy things. But we left this serious talk and let our eyes enjoy the glorious sight of the great array of the army forming in the plain below us and filing away in the splendid shining of the lordly sun. From the tower where we stood we saw to the east the low hills of Verona; on the north the fair valleys called the Camonica, the Trompi, and the Zobi; beyond them one caught glimpses of snow-topped peaks; here and there gleams of shining water, mountain rivers rushing down from the heights. Below us, to the south, stretched the boundless plain of Lombardy, spreading wide like a fair picture, dotted here and there with tall towers which marked the site of rich towns and villages. A warm February thaw melted the frost in the air, and though the roads were swimming and most wretched for travelling, each breath one drew was sweet with the promise of spring and soft with the dampness of snow melting above on the hills. The blood stirred in our veins as when the first warm days call the young buds from their sheaths, and the ice-crusts break on the frozen rills.

False promise was it; many more cold, bitter days were yet to come before the awakening of the world to beauty; but it was sweet while it lasted.

"How soon the fair springtime comes in this good land of yours," I said to Angela.

"Trust it not, messire," she answered. "You know not our tricky land. Strange caprices doth the sun show and mislead us, so that we know not when to trust the seasons."

"Do you remember, sister," said Afra,—"'tis now seven years since,—how the snow fell in April?"

"And two years after that, from September till a year from the following January, there was neither rain nor snow, and in December there was a second crop of fruits and grains." Saying thus, Angela threw off her mantle, letting the wind's warm breath sweep through her flowing hair, while she leaned over the parapet to watch the gay companies of soldiers, which made the brown stretches of the plain as brilliant as a festival procession. There were the light cavalry with flying plumes and waving sashes, the harness of their horses gay with silk and velvet; the men-at-arms, glistening with burnished armor, their horses barded, their long, thick lances showing like a forest before them; there were the estradiots, with the strange dress of their native land half-hidden under sleeves and hand-coverings of mail, and their zagayes ten or twelve feet long; there were the thousands of Swiss footmen in tunics and hose of bright colors, some scarlet, some blue, with white sashes crossing from shoulder to hip, and held by golden clasps, or short skirts of linked mail, and feathers as long as a man's arm flying from their caps; there were the long lines of artillery winding like a serpent of fabulous length; the trumpeters with their trumpets hung with silken banners, and huge wagons with tents and camp-fittings. I cannot tell all the gayety and splendor of the scene, nor the intense feelings that surged in our hearts as we watched it. How would we have felt had we foreseen that the people's darling, the Duke of Nemours, would never return in life, and that the unknown land to the south would be the grave of so many of the gallant captains who rode forth that day!

Our loss in the taking of Brescia had been insignificant, and but for the desertion of the Swiss and German mercenaries near as many had marched to Bologna as had entered Brescia; but Captain Jacob's lansquenets had dwindled to a thousand men. Nevertheless, the companies of the Bastard of Cleves, of my Lord du Molart, Captains Bonnet and Maugiron, and also my Lord de Palisse, who was well healed of his wound, marched to the number of seven thousand, while the duke led the main body of the men-at-arms. They streamed down the valley-road to Mantua, where they would rest, and so by easy stages to Bologna, there to meet the Duke of Ferrara, whose aid was greatly valued by the Duke of Nemours. The greatest friendship reigned between these two, nor was it lessened by the ardent admiration of Gaston de Foix for the beautiful Duchess of Ferrara, that fair and virtuous Lady Lucrezia of the house of Borgia, whom some foolish men have slandered because of the evil doings of her brother; as if all had not reason to know that kinship of blood carries no assurance of likeness of soul. Certainly never was a more wicked creature than the brother; but no man who ever saw the duchess (and no woman either, which is saying more, for

the best of women cannot at all times resist a jealous feeling of those who shine above them) had other than good to say of her. Never was she other than kind and gracious, and her husband was both confident and proud of her.

All this I told the others in rapid words, as I had heard it discussed in camp and field. When the last of the procession had faded into the mists of the valley we descended to console the chevalier for having been left to inaction when his friends set forth.

The chevalier was not alone, but was talking cheerfully with Messire de Kernilis, whose presence I saw with great astonishment. I knew not why he had remained in Brescia when the army had gone. He had never been one of the Captain Bayard's company, but had his own number of Breton archers in the company of the Sieur de Langéac. Though he had been among the chevalier's volunteers for the siege, after the town was taken he had lodged with his own men. I had seen all the Breton archers march away, and had noticed Messire de Kernilis's own troops behind the ensign which bore the falcon of Langéac; so I asked him, "Why do we see you still among us?"

"I have been detailed for duty in the garrison, messire," he said in his grave way.

"You have my pity, messire, in that you should have to spend your days in ordering lazy foot-soldiers to polish armor, or in watching them tilt at straw men, when you might be killing Spanish rascals. You have not deserved this, who did your duty well before the town."

Thus did I think to show my sympathy, and looked to hear him break forth into complaints; but he was silent, nor looked aggrieved. My eyes followed his to where they rested intently on the two maidens, who stood near, and like a flash of lightning a swift suspicion of the cause of his remaining shot into my mind, which same flash brought me light as to my own feelings. I loved that sweet maid Afra with my whole soul. The jealousy which springs from love made me quick to suspect that she would seem no less desirable to all others than to me. Perhaps Messire Jean-Marie dallied here for her sake. A thousand little incidents came to my mind to confirm my suspicions. He had certainly spoken more with her than with her sister. When I had been whispering or jesting with Angela, because the shyness of Afra kept me from her, Messire de Kernilis had devoted himself to her. I was in a whirl of torture, nor was it lessened when he turned directly to Afra, and with the serious courtesy which marked his manner said, "Sing for me that song of which we spoke."

She colored slightly, which was pain to me to see, and in her beautiful rich voice sang the tender song of Messire Charles, Duke of Orleans; each sweet note sounded as hateful in my ears as the creakings of a rack, for I thought each word was meant for him.

It is strange how love can change one's soul. From this time I scarce seemed to have anything left of my former self. Whereas I had been full of reckless gayety, I was now full of gloom. I had been so hopeful that it seemed always natural that I should obtain everything I desired. Now it never even occurred to me that I might have jumped rashly at conclusions,—that it might be Angela whom he distinguished with his regard,—that the singing of a song means nothing, for any one may sing. I was sunk in despondent fear, seeing my sweet love in imagination given to that cold, inscrutable pattern of courtesy. Needless to say that I could discern no virtues in him. When I went next morning to mass, as we did each day, in Santa Giulia, I was angry to find him there. Why could he not say his prayers in the chapel of the citadel? I even wondered whether he had in truth the faith in holy things which he seemed to hold. This thought shamed me, for there was nothing in him wanting of outside reverence. But the very essence of his character was secretiveness; so that no matter how much he conversed on any topic, one never felt possessed of the slightest clue to his real feeling. His impenetrable black eyes hid perfectly his thoughts. The chiefest vices or the fairest virtues might have lain concealed beneath the dark curtain of his reticence.

If Afra did not already look on me with favor, she was not like to do so, for from this time I was little better than a madman. Sometimes I shocked all by the flippant wildness of my spirits; sometimes I plunged into darkness of gloom, and wandered restlessly about the town, caring not at all whether from some shadowy corner an assassin leaped forth, and put an end to my sorrow with the piercing of a knife. All this wild, undisciplined behavior seems despicable to the wise mind of a man; but those who remember the days of first love, with their pains no less searching than inexplicable, will hear indulgently of my foolish doings. It was well that during this time there was scarce a town in the land safer for a Frenchman to walk abroad within than this same one of Brescia; for the Venetians had killed all the armed men in it when they took it, and then we had killed all the Venetians. Now our army had departed, and there were left only the garrison, all good men and true, and a few old and feeble Brescians who had been hidden during the siege.

Another change which took place in me at that time was that, though I had never known one sort of raiment from another, I became all at once most anxious about my dress. Pomponio had grown into a very careful body-servant in his fondness for me; I am sure had his former rough, fierce companions in my uncle's service seen him they would have marvelled. But though he set my dress to rights when torn or soiled, he had not the knowledge which I demanded from him at this time,—to make of me a pattern of fashion. So I sent him constantly to the shops to purchase new attire, and nothing pleased me. I tried myself one day in a gorgeous

tunic of sky-blue satin, with immense sleeves lined with silver fox; the surcoat was embroidered in silver thread and hung stiffly halfway to the knee, while the hose were blue silk, and the boots and cap of black velvet. This was certainly fine enough for any one; but nothing seemed to make me fit for the eyes of Afra. So I thrust this suit into a chest, and appeared in another of pale green faced with sable, and yellow brocade linings. Then Messire de Kernilis came one day in scarlet velvet, and I foolishly rushed off to order one of the same sort, forgetting that what was suitable for his black hair and swarthy eyes would make me look like a red and yellow parrot. I know not what Pomponio thought of all my foolishness, for his patience was untiring. At last I ceased to torment him in this particular way, for my thoughts took a new turn.

Coming in one day from practising for a tourney which was to be held in the square, I found Messire de Kernilis plunged deep in conversation with Messire della Ravine, and when he had taken leave Angela was called to her father. Then she came back and sat down near me, having so great an air of mystery, and with it a look of one who wishes to be questioned, that I said at random, "Messire Jean-Marie hath some great enterprise on hand to-day."

She blushed and moved restlessly, but said nothing, then gathered herself together for flight. It struck me that she had certainly some tidings to impart, and I feared lest it might be of Afra, so I nerved myself for ill news and sat beside her, taking her hand. We were so much trusted by all the household that no one would have debarred me such brotherly freedom.

"Tell me, Angela, what tidings have you for me?"

She answered, woman-like, with another question, and one most difficult for me.

"What do you think of Messire de Kernilis, Marcel?"

God forgive me for lack of charity! but what I did think of him was that, if any one had to be killed in the siege, I wished it had been he, and that some one else had survived who would not have taken away Afra. This I could not say, nor could I even answer with a plain statement of what manner of man I thought he was. He was the only man in the world concerning whom I could form no positive opinion. Yet I greatly wished to know what Angela thought, and thus tried what a little cut at him might do to bring out her opinion, since women love to contradict, and their generous minds love also to espouse the losing side. So I said, "Methinks one who fears not the day needs not to keep himself wrapped up in cloak of darkness. I have served with him in camp, and dallied with him in peace, and never once have seen the open face of his soul."

"Yes," said Angela; "yet he is not a hypocrite." This with an air of certainty as firm as if she had read her dictum in one of her well loved printed books.

"What reason have you for thus thinking?" I asked, for in spite of personal jealousy I felt at most times the same trust in him myself, but I thought it not the part of a man to be led by instinct, like a dog or merlin.

"I have no reasons in regard to him, only impressions, but I do not think he is a hypocrite; I think only that he keeps his soul screened because he wishes not to share his feelings with others,—that it comes from a sort of sensitiveness of heart and fear of blame. He hath so long held himself in check that he hath lost the power of disclosing himself."

"He will find his tongue when he speaks to the woman he loves," said I, with hot fury at my heart, thinking with what warm words I could speak to Afra had I the opportunity.

"Can such as he love at all?" she queried dreamily, with her pretty head resting upon her hand. And then decidedly: "I doubt if he hath left himself the power of genuine loving, so hath he trimmed himself to a shape unlike nature, as one sees in gardens a tree cut to the likeness of a bird or beast. Marcel, to-day he asked my father for my hand."

I felt a wild burst of joy in my heart, which kept my tongue silent.

She went on: "My father hath different ideas from many parents, and wishes me to choose for myself; that is the reason we are not both married long since. Other maidens have laughed at us for being sixteen and eighteen years old and not yet wedded, while most of our companions were married at fourteen years. He wishes us to be happy and to love our husbands. But I cannot love that stiff *Messire de Kernilis*."

"Did he not lose his stiffness when he spoke to you? What a man of steel!" I cried, with a mocking tenderness which brought the blood to her cheeks. She was most sensitive to any pretence at gallantry on my part, wishing that nothing should disturb the friendship between us.

"No; it was enough to make one pity him to see his rigid face, and to hear the fair words which might have been saved to write a useful treatise twisted into stiff phrases. Marcel, I pity him, but never could I marry a man—since my father graciously gives me power of choosing—whose soul I may not read, and whom I should not trust even without his words. I cannot learn anything from this one's face, nor hath he skill to explain himself. It is a dumb soul," she said, and mused in silence.

I was trying to find courage to tell her of my feelings for her sister; but hope was too newly born, and my love too deep for ready words; then she spoke again:

"He refused to hear my answer until I had reflected, and said he would come again at the *Ave Maria* to hear it."

As she spoke the sunset bell struck, and at the same moment—

so that I burst out laughing at his promptness—the knocker on the street-door sounded violently, and we heard the door slide on its rollers.

“He is certainly not indifferent,” I whispered; at the same moment Monna Lucia entered with Messire Jean-Marie. He looked darker, more inscrutable, than ever. Even when his eyes rested on Angela’s face, there was no betraying light in them. When he bent his knee to kiss her hand, no trace of feeling illumined the shadows of his face. Then he spoke in measured words: “I hope, mademoiselle, that the time you have spent in reflection has made you decide in my favor.”

Angela shrunk a little, bright bird of sunshine that she was, when the shadow of his gravity fell on her. She said with trembling, “Much honor have you done me, messire; but since my father leaves to me the choosing, I must thank you, and say I cannot marry you.”

Messire de Kernilis turned a shade more ivory-white; his set jaws stiffened so that he could scarce speak his adieus; then he bowed stiffly and left the room. Whatever were the secrets of his soul, he held them well, and none of us saw him again. We heard that he instantly took his discharge from the archers of the castle and mounted horse to join the duke. When the long, sad list of those slain at Ravenna came to draw our tears after that fatal victory, among the foremost for desperate bravery was Jean Marie de Kernilis. May God and the holy angels long since have received him into joy, for, so far as one can know, he had but pain and disappointment in this life.

CHAPTER X.

OF RENOUNCEMENT, AND OF THE USE I DID NOT MAKE OF MARGHERITA’S KEEPSAKE.

SINCE I was now relieved of the imagined rivalry of Messire de Kernilis, which had made a coward of me, I purposed to myself a bold wooing of my lady. I came into her presence with warm words all coined upon my lips, and lo! no sooner did my eyes fall on her face than I was tongue-tied again. She held herself aloof, nor aided me; and I fell to thinking of what arts I might use to express myself. It was now about the middle of the fasting season, in the latter part of the month of March; the warm weather had brought forth already some fair flowers in sheltered places near the lake. When I went forth into the streets I saw some fishermen carrying, besides their wares, great bunches of the flower called narcissus, which always seemed to me the fairest flower that grows and like the maiden Afra, with the rich golden heart surrounded by a circle of white purity. I asked leave of absence for some hours and

rode off to search for some of these flowers, which I had heard her say she loved. Then timidity seized me again, and I effaced the meaning of the gift by bringing also some valley-lilies for Angela. So were all my plans thwarted by my own shyness. Before I had been able to take courage, another incident threw me into despair again.

We were all in attendance upon the chevalier, who was in sore need of diversion since his friends had left him behind. Naught that could be done to amuse him or give him comfort was neglected. Monna Lucia had given to him a night-robe lined with wolf-skin and shoes lined with soft fur; besides which there lay about the floor of his chamber a number of the skins of rare beasts, with their heads stuffed, so that they seemed yet in life. His food was served to him on plates of beaten silver, and his goblets were of the rich colored glass of Murano, crackled all over its surface, like ice frozen in the wind. Beside him always stood a table covered with games and books, though he cared not for the latter unless one of the maidens read them to him. On the morning after I had brought the flowers to Afra we were all in attendance on him, and Angela came to show him a new volume which she had just received from the hands of Messire Rontini. It was called "*The Dream of Polifilo*," and was a most entertaining tale, being enriched besides with many beautiful drawings. She sat near his couch to point out to him the pictures she thought most beautiful, and he said to Afra, "Come, look on this picture, and behold the terrible punishment which awaits the maidens who resist the power of love. See the frightful lion, the fierce dog, and the dragon, who come to devour the remains of the victim of the avenging God of Love."

Though he said this with an air of railery, there was also a pensive tenderness in his gaze. Under it the cheeks of Afra turned to a deeper hue; then her head sunk lower, and she turned away.

My new-born hopes were strangled by new fears. There was then some one who was my rival with Afra, and the chevalier was in the secret. I searched my memory to think who had paid her court. It was not Jacques de Mailles. That good knight's heart had in it but one image, as his head held but one idea,—the Captain Bayard. Nor was it the Captain Pierrepont; for set him down in the paradise of Mahoun, with every houri in the place casting love-looks at him, and he would have moped in despair because there was none among them who could hold a lance or fire an arquebuse. He was a drill-master, no lover. Messire Rontini did not occur to me. Who then was left? A sudden thought struck my mind, which was as though one had dashed a sharp sword through a paper window, and let in at once both light and cold. It was my Lord of Bayard who loved Afra, and he for whom her heart was stirred.

Think how I was torn between the two strongest feelings I had known, my devotion for my dear lord, and my love for that sweet

maid. When I could get away from the company I paced back and forth in the upper loggia in utter misery of soul. The dulness of my heart made the cold of the evening pierce me, and I went to the hearth in the hall, where a great fire burned cheerfully, and sat down despondently. Pierrepont joined me, and though my answers were almost at random, he talked for two, telling me of his displeasure at having to wait in the town when he wished to have at the Spanish. All at once from the door which opened into the chevalier's room there came the sweetest soft laugh from the most beautiful mouth in the world. Then said Pierrepont, "I am glad that our lord seems like to console himself for the disappointment of his youth."

I had to answer something, and said, "I know not his story."

"In early youth he loved a lady of the court of Savoy, who was taken from him by her parents and wedded to a wealthy noble. For her sake he hath never looked with more than friendship on any woman till now. But it seems to me that he is learning not to waste his life in wishes for what he may not have."

Here was motive to decide me. Could I let my dear lord suffer a second time for my enriching? Yet sudden despair seized me, and life seemed worthless without Afra. By chance it so happened that I thrust my hand into my pouch at this moment, and it came in contact with the ring which Margherita had given me and which I had scarcely noticed before. I pulled it out and examined it closely. The little Cupids each side of the bezoar stone were a marvel of fine workmanship. I pressed the head of one of them, and the tiny spring opened, showing me the smallest possible receptacle filled with a white powder. This was the keepsake which Margherita had given me, this the tiny pinch of stuff which was so potent for ridding oneself of an enemy.

In my sick despair there came to me a swift temptation to put that innocent-looking dust to my lips. When may one know what saves him from danger? Was it my own good sense, or my father's prayers, or the help of the saints that made me reach forward instantly and pour the dangerous morsel on the burning embers before me? They glowed no differently for the presence of the mischief-making thing. Then I shuddered a little, and closed the spring of the ring and slipped it on my finger, wondering at myself that I should have been so near mortal wickedness for the love of a maiden. I tried to put myself in the place of those who easily commit such crimes, brushing those who stand in their way aside from their paths by poison or assassination. I could understand it only by thinking that they took no thought for anything but the natural desires, and overlooked the value which the saints tell us is to be placed on each human soul. If the body be all, as my cousin Margherita believed, and as many of the ancient philosophers taught, why not destroy it when it ceases to be a source of happiness? That

seemed to me sound reasoning, and so I laid the blame on those who teach bad philosophy, though there are some who claim that all men know when they do wrong. I am not a philosopher myself, and only know what seems the truth to me.

When my decision had been made, that my dear lord should never be thwarted by me, I was able to be a man again. So I set myself to control all outside show of my love, and left myself only the secret cherishing within my soul of her perfections. It was solace to me to seek the Church of St. Afra for my devotions, there to beg blessings on the head of her namesake. Soon I could take my place among the others, not fearing lest any wayward word or glance should betray me.

One day I met a messenger in the street who told me that the Spanish were retreating before our army. I dashed into the house to tell this good news at once to my lord, so that he need not wait to have it brought back to him from the castle. I found him in whispered conversation with Afra, while her mother looked on indulgently. I kept my face composed, saying: "My lord, our friends are gaining ground. The news has come that the Spaniards are in headlong retreat, though as yet there has been no engagement."

"Yet soon there will be one," he answered, with some disturbance of his usual even temper. "And here I lie, like a sick girl, while others take my place."

"Fret not yourself, my lord," said Monna Lucia. "Time is needed for the healing of so grievous a wound as yours. It is mending rapidly, and you will be able to go forth before any battle comes off."

"If not, I shall die of fretting, if not of my hurt," said he; and surely had I been possessed of the least grain of wisdom this should have made me question whether he loved Afra. For when did glory seem aught to a man in comparison with winning the woman on whom his heart was set? But I fell into musing, and spoke not till the chevalier addressed me, saying,—*"St. Eymond, refresh my memory; for I have been speaking to these ladies of the seven wonders of Dauphiny, and now I cannot recall them."*

"Is it true, Marcel," asked Angela, "that King Louis said that there are as many wonders in your province as in the whole ancient world?"

"Yes, mademoiselle; and they still exist, while those of the ancients are no more," said I.

"One of them I know," said Angela, "for I have read of it in the writings of the holy father, St. Augustine. It is a burning fountain whose waters are naturally cold, but when they run along the neighboring field flames dart forth. The water still remains cold, but flaming as long as it runs. If it is stopped it becomes thick and hot."

"Yes, that is one; and the second is a mountain of prodigious

height near Grenoble. It is steep on all sides, detached from its neighbors, and larger at the top than at the base, so that from a distance it appears to be a pyramid standing upon its apex."

"And the third," said my Lord of Bayard, "is the sugary white manna which runs from the pines of Briançon. Sometimes it runs of itself from the leaves and little twigs, and sometimes the trees are cut to make it run more freely."

"It is very sweet and pleasant to the taste, but betokens a bad harvest and droughts if it runs in great abundance," I added. "And the fourth is a very deep and large grotto on the banks of the Rhone, called *La Balme*. The water which falls, drop by drop, from the roof of the cave turns to stone and forms curious figures, as if frozen into icicles. There are many fountains in this underground cavern, and a wide lake on which boats may be pushed about."

"The fifth," said the chevalier, "are the great stone cisterns called *Les Cuves de Sassenage*."

"And the sixth are also found among the mountains of Sassenage, or, rather, at their base. They are smooth white stones of the size of a lentil. If there is any dust or other inconvenience in the eye, it may be cleansed by slipping one of these stones between the eye and the lid. Then the little stone runs around, searching out the cause of the disorder, drives it out, and then falls itself to the ground."

"That is the most wonderful thing of all," said Afra. "I should like much to have some of those little stones. I should carry them always in my pouch, for it is pleasant to be able to relieve suffering."

When she said this I determined to procure for her this little thing she wished, since I knew so few ways to give her pleasure.

"The seventh wonder I cannot remember," said my Lord of Bayard, "though many times have I heard of all of them."

"The seventh is the *Tour Sans Venin*, near Grenoble, in which there never yet was seen any of those venomous insects which find shelter in ruined buildings; yet it is deserted and decayed. Should one bring into it any such vermin they at once disappear, because they cannot live in the air, or else because they have an aversion to some plants which grow there."

"That last wonder," said Angela, "is the one which I should like best to see, for of all frightful things I hate most the loathsome things that crawl."

She took her lute within her hands and began tuning it in response to a wish of the chevalier that she should sing to him. The bell from the Duomo struck the hour, and Afra rose to give to him one of his cooling tisanes. As she passed me she said, very softly, so that none might hear her words, "Methinks Messire de St. Eymond hath forgotten one of the wonders of Dauphiny, or perchance he still is ignorant of it."

Too swiftly for any questioning she left the chamber, and I felt

myself flush under the laughing gaze of the chevalier and Angela, who were looking at me with some whispered jest of which I guessed not the secret. I craved dismissal, and started forth to seek some one whom I might send as messenger to Grenoble to fetch me the little eyestones.

As I descended the staircase I heard a confused noise, as of some lackeys scuffling at the door. I ran thither and saw the servants holding the door half-way shut, while some one in the street tried to force it open; then I saw the flash of a sword in the dim light. I called: "How now? What means this?" and heard a gruff voice behind the door say: "There he is now. Messire de St. Eymond, these rascals will not let me in to deliver this letter to you."

"He did not ask admittance, messire, but burst in after us when we entered," they grumbled. I thought very likely they spoke truly, for Luigi's manners were not the most noteworthy thing about him.

"By the fiend!" he exclaimed, "why should I parley with a lot of varlets?"

"Silence!" said I sternly. "These men are servants of as good a gentleman as your master. Treat them civilly. Give me the letter." Then I bade him sit down, for I hated the man, and would not show him deference because my uncle chose to do so. If he had some secret hold on Messire Briarti, he had none on me, and I should treat him in accordance with my own impression of him, which was that he was a rascal. He sat glowering at me from the bench, with his black, wicked eyes, shaded by heavy brows that met in the centre, and around his mouth a network of diverging lines cut there by evil feelings. I turned from him to the letter, which had come in answer to the one I had sent to the villa. Margherita had written for my uncle, who was absent from home on one of his long journeys.

"Fair cousin," ran the letter, "since my father is from home it is my duty to answer your good tidings, which rejoice much my mother and myself. All goes well with us, except that you still are absent. Luigi will tell you of our welfare and of our earnest wish that you return with him. Yet if duty holds you still, at least do us the favor to set our minds at rest concerning you by taking him into your service in the stead of that knave Pomponio, whom we hope you have long since dismissed. He is not to be trusted. Luigi is capable and faithful, and we shall be glad to know you have him at hand to guard your interests. So, with our wishes for your happiness, I bid you adieu."

I had not the least intention of keeping the wretch Luigi about my person, and when he rose from the bench where I had bade him sit, and, with a pretence at humility quite unlike his usual rough manner, bowed low, saying, "Let me take your service, messire," I answered:

"I have no need of any one, and the house hath all its sum already. Return to Milan and thank the Lady Margherita for her kind thought for my welfare; give my respectful duty, also, to Messire Briarti and madame."

I bade the lackeys give him food and wine, and, with firmness which permitted of no remonstrance on his part, said, "Put up also some food for his journey, for he is to ride at once to Milan." I gave him two crowns, and went up-stairs till he should be gone, lest he should follow me.

When Pomponio reported that Luigi had left the house and turned towards the Milan gate, he and I sallied forth upon my own errand.

We went first to the shop of the carpenter where I had found Messire Rontini. It had resumed its former condition and was crowded with customers anxious to engage his services for the repairing of their damaged dwellings. The man was like to make a fortune, being able to demand his own price for services so greatly needed. The apprentices were all at work, and the rows of tools which usually hung from the roof were all in use. I pushed towards him over the heaps of shavings which littered the floor, and found a spot on which to perch while I asked,—

"Tell me, good Giacomo, do you know a trusty man to take a message for me into France?"

"Not one of my trade, messire. No one who can drive a nail will leave Brescia till we put it to rights again."

"I care not what trade he follows, so long as he will follow the road I bid him take upon my business. I will pay him well. I want a man who has reasons of his own for coming back to Brescia, so that no fair maid of Dauphiny may beguile him to pocket my money without doing my errand."

"Master," said a tall young fellow at my elbow, "Antonio's Beppo wishes to see the world; yet he is sure to return hither even were one to shoot him from a cross-bow to the end of Spain; for so long as Caterina Bince lives beside the Church of San Ambrogio will Beppo go back there, if only to hear her say she will not marry him." He laughed derisively, as though the relentless Caterina were more complaisant to himself than to my proposed messenger.

"Where may one find this unlucky lover?" I asked.

"He lodges in the little alley at the rear of St. Afra's Church. And hark, messire, if you go there to seek him, take more than one man with you, for it is not a colony of holy hermits who live down there, nor do they love Frenchmen."

I thanked the man for his good advice, but paid no attention to it, for Pomponio and I were well armed, and I did not fear we should be attacked when on a peaceful errand; so we started off at once for the place where I had been directed.

I knew that part of the town quite well, though it was one of

the poorer quarters and one in which the fire had most fiercely raged. The strange influence of love leads him who has fixed his heart upon another to find pleasure in all connected with her, however remotely. The books she had touched, the chairs she rested on, the railing of the balcony where her hand had lain, most of all, the church of her patron saint, were invested for me with an interest unlike others. But though I had been many times to St. Afra's Church, I had not ventured into the little byways near it. We climbed through thickets of broken and charred timbers, over heaps of stones or masses of crumbling stucco, often losing our sense of direction; but if the man lived about there we could not discover him, for the only alley we could find at the rear of the church was quite impassable because of the wreckage which choked it. If any one had lived there he must have been killed or have fled to some more habitable spot. I stopped at the door of a fruit-shop to inquire of the owner whether Antonio's Beppo were still in the neighborhood or not. As I put my head inside the doorway, a man who was sitting on the other side of the shop jerked his elbow up suddenly to hide his face, pulled his hat over his head, and ducked through a low door at the rear, as if to fly from me. He was as swift as possible in his movements, but not too quick for me to recognize the man Luigi, who, I thought, was already on the road to Milan. I shouted loudly after him, "Come back!" but he heeded me not. The woman of the shop said angrily, "What do you want, Frenchman? Why shut the daylight out from those whom you have robbed of everything else?"

"I have robbed you of nothing. If I had stolen your manners I should have cheated myself more than you," I said. "Tell me who that man was, and why he is here."

"I will not tell you my lodger's business," she retorted. "It is not your affair. What do you want here?"

I threw down a copper coin on the counter and took up an orange, which I tossed to Pomponio. She seemed somewhat softened by the sight of money; so I threw down several more and said, "It is my affair if a man stays in Brescia whom I have sent to Milan. Call him back for me. I want to question him."

"No, messire, I will not. He is not a Frenchman, to be under your orders."

"Come, woman, this is treason. I shall tell the lord of the castle to look after this part of the city." Then, more good-naturedly, thinking it foolish to resent the grumblings of those who were down, I added: "Never mind that fellow, but tell me where I can find Antonio's Beppo. I want a messenger to go on a mission for me, and will pay him well for it."

Her brow cleared a little. "Messire," she said, "you will probably find Beppo in the Via Riformati, in a little house which has a statue of the Holy Virgin set above the door. Take the first turning to your right and then the third turning to your left."

With this her courtesy exhausted itself, and she turned her back, busying herself about the shop. We wasted no more time with her, but left the place to seek Beppo. ↙

CHAPTER XI.

OF HOW I FOUND MYSELF IN TROUBLE.

A FEW paces beyond the first turn to the right stood a dark archway between two houses higher than those around them. Under its dense shadows my sharp eyes saw the figure of Luigi crouching low, evidently on the watch to learn whither I was going. But when he heard me shout to Pomponio to follow, and saw me rush towards his lurking place, he turned as quick as a rat, and was off into the alley behind the archway, up some steps at its farther end, across a little court, and far down another narrow, winding alley before the sluggish Pomponio had half the distance measured. The alley made a curved turn which hid Luigi from my view,—the big fellow ran with inconceivable rapidity,—and when it opened into a little square, with several small streets leading from it, Luigi was nowhere in sight, and I had no idea which way to seek him.

In one corner of the square there was a low shed, slanting towards the ground, so that I could leap to the roof of it and look around for some indication as to which way I should go. But my weight on the frail roof, which was weakened by the fire, proved too much for its strength, and before I knew where I was I had crashed through, down into a heap of wet straw lying under the shed, which on that side opened into a filthy yard fully four feet lower than the square from which I had come. I scrambled to my feet, stared about me to see where I was, and found myself in a walled enclosure, which might have been a stable yard, though there were no animals in it, and no opening save a very low passage between two walls and a barred iron gate. While I stood pondering my next move, wondering whether I should try to climb back to the shed again by stepping on the hilt of my sword, or run the risk of rousing those who might be unfriendly by knocking on the gate, or explore the low passage, the head of Luigi rose slyly over the edge of the roof and his eye caught mine. He disappeared again as quickly as he had come, but there was so much malice in his glance that I felt it only sensible to try to reach some spot where I should not be entirely at a disadvantage if he came back with reinforcements to interfere with me. I dared not risk breaking my sword by using it as a ladder, even if I wished to run the chance of finding Luigi on the side of the square, so I examined the other points of egress.

The little passageway was about as high as my elbow and a trifle wider than my own shoulders. It is not the fashion for a man to

admit that there is anything he fears, and I have heard those who had turned livid with terror before the face of the enemy deny it furiously afterwards. But though I have never felt any fear in battle, only the excitement of the rush and charge, I frankly say that I have an utter horror of crawling like a rabbit into a dark hole where I cannot stand upright and be prepared to make my own way like a man. Perhaps it is because of the free life in the Dauphinese mountains, where the breath of God's good air was never shut out, even though the north winds blew, that I cannot bear the thought of stifling in a narrow chamber. But whatever be the reason, so it is. I went to the mouth of the horrid little tunnel, but could not bring myself to enter it. I knocked furiously at the barred gate for some moments, but gained no answer, nor did any one look forth from the windows above it to whom I might call.

Three times did I try to climb the shed; three times did I knock again upon the gate. Then there came over me a hatred of being conquered by a little low passage between two walls, and I turned to enter it, with the same loathing dislike in my mind to doing so as I have seen a fine dog show when told to carry off a dead rat, too obedient to refuse, but showing his revolt by the curling back of his lips above his teeth, so that only the tips of the teeth shall touch the object he dislikes. Twice had I entered the passage, and twice been overpowered by the crawling of the flesh around my shoulders, when as I entered for the third time I heard a shout, "There he is!" and Luigi and another man jumped over the broken shed roof into the yard.

I braced my back against the dead wall and was ready for them. "Throw down that sword, messire," cried Luigi. "I do not wish to hurt you; but you must come with me."

I answered him by a look of scorn, and kept the sword at guard, with my dagger ready in the other hand. The man who was with Luigi rushed fiercely at me with intent to stab me, though Luigi cried out to him not to hurt me. I made a complete volte, as he closed, with my left foot that brought my right foot in front of me, and as instantly passed that right foot back, placing it in the rear of both his feet. While I made this swift movement I exchanged my sword into the left hand, holding it by the middle of the blade and presenting the point at his throat. At the same time I passed my right hand across his body. Seizing his short sword and turning it quickly on him, I gave him a cut in the arm which made him drop at my feet. Luigi gave a snort of rage, cried "Fire of hell! but he is a young fiend!" and dashed at me, but his sword was shorter than mine and he could not reach me, even if my skill had not been greater than his. I should have wearied him out had not the man whom I had wounded crawled towards me and seized my leg; at the same moment another fellow ran out of the little passage and slipped behind me, pinioning my arms. I shook him

off in a moment; but the short space of time in which I had been hampered had given Luigi the advantage, and he dealt me a heavy blow on the forehead with the handle of his sword that took my senses from me for a moment. I fell on the ground, and they threw themselves upon me and bound me.

The next thing I knew I was paying the penalty for refusing to go myself through the little burrow. They were carrying me through, their own heads awkwardly bent, their shoulders scraping against the walls, and I unmercifully bruised and scratched at every step of the advance. The passage must have turned into another within the city wall, for it ran along for too great a distance to have been merely one between two houses. I felt by the general direction which we took that the wall of the town lay in that quarter. At last they stopped, and I found myself set down on a bench in a small, dark chamber. They tied my knots tighter, put a bandage over my eyes, stuffed a rag in my mouth, and picked me up again.

The blow which I had received must have been a heavy one, for I lost consciousness when partly choked by the gag. I know not what else was done to me nor where I was taken, but when I opened my eyes again I was in a small room in which a little lad was playing and a woman with a serious, pleasant face stood over a brazier, brewing some sort of decoction which had a strong aromatic odor. The first thing I did was to feel for my sword. It was gone. The little lad saw my movement and said, without any questioning, "The pretty sword is put away. I shall have it when I am a man. Luigi will give it to me."

Then I felt for my pouch, and the miniature of my mother and of Madame de Fruzasco, which I cherished dearly. They were both safe, and not a crown was touched, and so evidently no motive of robbery had caused my capture. The woman turned towards me when she heard the boy speak and said to him: "Hush! What did Luigi tell you?"

"Where am I?" I asked.

She shook her head warningly. "Do not ask questions, or you will be taken away from here, and you need care."

She looked kindly at me, and I was so weak that I obeyed her as simply as the little lad might have done.

Again I lost consciousness, wandering in my thoughts, and talking confusedly, as I learned afterwards, of Antonio's Beppo, of eyestones, and of those whom I had left at the della Ravine mansion. When I came to my senses again the woman was conversing with a man who sat with his back to me. Neither of them noticed me, and I kept my eyes tightly closed, so that they should not know I was listening. I heard her say: "Let me do it; I tell you Luigi is nothing to us, and his money will do us no good if we make Sister Angela angry with us."

"What do I care for her?" he retorted. "She is not even a

nun, and if she were, small honor is paid to the greatest abbess nowadays."

"Sister Angela is a saint, Vanni, and you know every man and woman in the town will take her part against us. If this young gentleman is a friend of hers, I dare not keep him here for the sake of Luigi's money. At any rate, no one can keep us from letting her see him. She comes here each week to teach the catechism to Vannino, and no one can suspect that we sent for her."

She laid her hand caressingly on his shoulder, coaxing him with her eyes, till at last he said sulkily: "Well, have your own way; but if we lose the money there will be no new gown for you at the Pasque. You know I cannot earn a living now that this accursed town is thinking of nothing but building up the houses again. I would I were a carpenter!"

"Fret not, Vanni; take courage for the future. We shall be no worse off for being kind to the poor sick gentleman." Then she said to the little boy, "Will Sister Angela come hither to-day, Vannino?"

"Not till to-morrow, mother, unless I go to fetch her."

"Then run quickly, little one, and ask her to come to-day. And if you meet Luigi, do not tell him where you are going, nor anything about the sick gentleman."

It was half an hour before the little lad returned. During that time the room was very still, for the man went away, saying that he would not stay to break his bargain with Luigi, and the soft, whirling sound of the woman's spinning-wheel lulled me almost into slumber. Yet, half in dreams, there came to me the memory of all that I had heard in Brescia of this same Sister Angela Merici, who was more spoken of than any one except my own lord, the chevalier, or the Lord d'Aubigny of the garrison; nor was the courage and strength of soul even of the chevalier more to be admired than hers. She was the godmother of Angela della Ravine, and she came from the same little port of Desanzano on the lake, which was the birth-place of Monna Lucia. She was very beautiful, and connected with a noble Brescian family, yet thought only of holy things, desiring much to be a nun, though this her friends would not permit. So she took the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis, as being the nearest thing to her wish, and many other holy maidens of like dispositions joined themselves to her. They lived together in one house, going forth only to teach the children, who were at this time much neglected by reason of the paganism among the people and the carelessness of many of the clergy. She grieved for the irreligion in Italy, and laid it to the want of faithful training of children by their mothers, who were too much taken up with worldly learning and vanities. She wished to found a new community for the stricter education of maidens, though at this time of which I write she had been able to do nothing towards that end, but spent her time in holy

works, visiting the sick, teaching the children in her own house or in their homes, instructing people at their work, sometimes stopping at the doors of shops or in the streets to remonstrate with any whom she might see doing wrong. Even after the horrors of the siege she had ventured forth fearlessly on errands of kindness; nor had any dared to molest her, for all loved her for the still, sweet way she had. The better classes admired her for her learning. She read Latin and spoke it well, conversing with learned teachers, some of whom she had turned from their false philosophy, so that they became again good Christians.

I felt sure afterwards that Luigi must have drugged me, for the blow I had received could not account for the strange, overpowering stupors into which I continually fell and the extreme weakness and pain of my whole body. After some hours I became conscious of another figure in the chamber, and I heard the woman say: "Vanni was paid to conceal him from his friends; but since he is a friend of yours, I determined that you should know."

The newcomer bent over me and searched my face earnestly. She was a little creature, slight and fair, and somewhat pale from prayer and watching; but her face was most lovable and smiling, and I was filled with infinite content to see her near me, and felt anxious when I heard her say: "This gentleman is no friend of mine, except as all good Christians are. How came you to think so?"

"All the day and night for two days past he wandered in his mind, over and over saying the name of Angela and of Afra. Do you not live at the side of St. Afra's Church?"

Sister Angela contracted her brows in thought, then said questioningly: "Can he have meant my godchild Angela of the della Ravine? And Afra is her sister." Seeing me awake and intelligent, she asked: "Have you any friends in Brescia? I perceive that you belong to the French army."

"I am of the household of the Captain Bayard, who lies ill of a grievous wound in the dwelling of that family of whom you speak. I have been carried here by a wicked man who means mischief to me, and I pray you send to tell my lord where I am, that he may bring me hence, for I am too sick to help myself."

"Are you badly wounded?" she asked anxiously.

"I think my wound is only slight; but some other serious hurt is on me; never before have I been so wanting in strength. I cannot keep my senses, still less stand upright."

She showed all tender sympathy for me, and gave instructions to the woman for the easing of my pain, which was severe. Nor was my soul at rest in thinking on the fact that by the woman's statement I had lain there two days and nights without Pomponio's having searched and found me. I knew that if he had told my lord that I had been waylaid the whole quarter of the city would have

been razed to the ground to find me. But Pomponio had lost his way in trying to follow my flying chase after Luigi, and by the time he returned to the house the rascal Luigi had deceived them by false statements that I had gone to Bergamo with despatches for the Lord d'Aubigny: thus they suspected nothing.

Sister Angela had not returned with word from the chevalier when my hostess came to the cot whereon I lay with a look of fear upon her face.

"Do you think that you could move from here on the spur of necessity?"

"Has Sister Angela returned?" I asked feebly.

"No, not yet; but the child heard Luigi saying that he was going at once to hunt a safer hiding-place for you. As it is nearing dusk, Sister Angela may have been delayed, and not be able to come for you before to-morrow. If you can, go now; it will be perhaps your only chance."

I tried to rise; the blood rushed fiercely into the wound in my head, causing the keenest agony. Then a deadly faintness overcame me, so that I fell upon the cot again. She shook her head, crying, "You cannot do it!"

I thought of the strength of soul of my dear lord the chevalier, and how he had forgotten the anguish of his terrible wound in the care for those who were left in the little house from which we had torn the door; I felt that I should have no right in all my after life to boast of that which was my one joy,—that I had been his follower,—unless I also could show some fortitude. I set my teeth and said, "Take no fear for me, for I will go, as you wish."

She peeped out from the door to see that the way was clear, brought my sword from the place where it had been hid, and fastened it herself to my belt; then she locked the little boy within the inner room and bade him hold his tongue; after which she put her arm under my shoulder to steady me, and we went forth.

Since I had been brought to the place not only blindfolded, but unconscious, I had no idea in what part of the city I was; but it was fortunately only a short distance from the Church of St. Afra, near which Sister Angela lived. The woman half carried me through several little alleys and tiny gardens of poor people, often knee-deep in mud, till we crawled to Sister Angela's door, and I sank upon the step.

Each minute seemed to me an hour until I heard the sound of some one fumbling at the lock on the inside of the door. But before it was opened for us I saw the huge form of Luigi coming along the street. He saw me, made a dash at me, seized me by the collar, and shook me like a dog, till the last bit of sense I had was well-nigh gone. The woman screamed, but could do nothing to help me, and there was not a man in sight on whom she could call. Suddenly a marvellous change came over the man, and the strong arm which

was choking me relaxed limply; his face was staring in apparent terror, and as I followed his staring eyes I saw them gazing at the ring which Margherita had given me and which showed upon my hand, my glove having been forgotten in our haste. What little wit I had came to me, and I thrust the ring before his face, pressing it against his lips. He shook like a man in a fit, and his teeth chattered. I cried: "You know this, do you? Let me go, or I will press the spring."

He let go of me so quickly that I almost fell on the ground, but managed to reach the step. His next words, struggling through his chattering teeth, gave me further power over him, for they showed that it was not merely the dread of immediate death, but some other mysterious influence that caused his feeling.

"Pardon me, messire. Do not tell my mistress. I did not know that you had the ring."

"Now that you see I have it, what are you going to do?" I said.

"Anything, anything, messire; but do not tell Margherita that I have offended you." A tremendous secret mirth seized me, and it was all I could do to hold myself from shouting with laughter, so absurd was it to see the big fellow trembling with his superstitious imaginings before me, though I had neither weapons nor strength to hurt him. I was glad enough to take advantage of his delusions, which I suppose had some reference to the strange mysteries of their secret worship which I had seen from the tree near the tower. I said to him with all the sternness I could muster: "Now play me no more of your tricks. Help me into the house and wait here to attend me back to the della Ravine mansion."

By this time Sister Angela had come to the door and was watching with anxiousness the outcome of my encounter. She told me that she expected each moment the arrival of the litter. I lay exhausted upon the bench in the hallway, not being able to go to a more comfortable spot within the house because of the strictness of the rule. Before it was quite dark the litter came and several of the men-at-arms. I ordered Luigi to follow, and shortly was carried to my own chamber, scarce conscious and full of suffering in my whole body.

CHAPTER XII.

OF HOW BLIND EYES WERE OPENED.

THERE could be no doubt that Luigi had given me some drug which had taken a poisonous effect upon my system, for I lay in extreme illness for several days, not knowing where I was nor what went on about me; and the surgeons said that neither blow nor wound were enough to account for such condition. The first thing of which I grew conscious was an exceeding loneliness; nor could I

tell for what I pined. My good Pomponio never left me, except to fetch some needed remedy; he sat motionless, watching me with the devotion of a hound, nor failed to note the slightest restless motion on my part which his care might relieve. But he was not what I needed to make my heart beat strong again. And when I was able to think in an orderly manner, the gentle echo of soft voices from across the corridor, the gay roll of the chevalier's laugh, the tinkle of lutes, the sweet burden of a song, all came to me as might the sounds of Paradise to some sad soul in Purgatory. Why were none of the kind ministrations for which my lord had little further need given to me? Not that I would have robbed him, but it was not like his heart to forbear offering even what it needed itself. Both food and drink were sent to my door, but even Monna Lucia never entered for one kind word. I knew not why they kept away as if I were stricken with leprosy, and if I had before felt the dire pain of hopeless love, I had now lost all that made life tolerable,—the friendship of the sweet maid Angela and of my dear lord, the chevalier.

Thus laid I, without hope or care for life; nor did the least improvement show in my body by reason of the trouble of my mind. A lucky accident, as one says (though the kind saints know better), came to bring me light. Pomponio broke the spell which lay around the matter by stopping Angela one morning as she passed down the corridor, and I heard him say: "I crave your pardon, most noble donzella; but is my young lord to die with no one caring?"

She gave a little gasp, which my ears, sharpened by suffering, heard like sweet music, so glad was I to know there was sympathy in her heart for me. Then she said: "What needs he for his recovery? My mother orders everything to be given him for which he may crave."

"Alas, my lady, he needs kind words; and that is the greatest lack that one may have."

"What brought him to his present ill fortune?" she asked, nor waited for the answer, but went on in the tone which one uses when wishing to be contradicted. "Why did he leave his duty and his good lord, the chevalier, to wander about among thieves and ruffians in the lowest quarter of the town? Answer me that, Pomponio."

"For whatever reason, it was a good and honest one. I think he went to seek a messenger; but one who has known my master should also know that anything he did must be what any true gentleman would have done. And it seems to me you should know that as well as I," he added rather hotly and insolently. Yet she seemed not to resent it, but said musingly, "How well you love him!" and then, "I wonder why?"

"Because he knows that underneath the hard surface of mailed hauberk, whether of master or man, there lies the same sort of man's heart, to feel kindness and to love."

Then they spoke together in lower tones, and I dropped into a pleasant dream. When I wakened Monna Lucia was near me, carrying some fine oranges which looked delicious to my fevered eyes. Though she said nothing of her former suspicions, I perceived that she was not cold, but kind and motherly. I told her the reason of my desertion, and begged her to carry my apologies to my lord. Some time after Angela crept in and sat down with her needlework, quite as if I had never been in disfavor; and from hence she read to me, or brought my medicines, and took the same place of sister as before my illness. So much did my heart cherish this sweet maid, that, if I had not distinguished the presence of a greater passion in my heart for her sister, I might have mistaken my feeling for Angela for that of love. But this could not be while my soul cried out with unending clamor for the one who came not; whose voice I heard in singing, or sometimes whispering at my door her cautions to Angela as the medicines were sent to me.

Angela, with all her learning and her sweetness, had not the simple kindliness which teaches what is needful for those who suffer. Often I heard Afra whisper, "Take off that rustling gown; it will annoy him," or "Bice has put too much musk upon that camisole. It makes the air heavy for a sick person; take one which was lain in lavender," or some such thoughtfulness. Her care was a poor substitute for the misery of not seeing her and of not knowing why she came not when the others had restored me to favor. My dear lord sent gay messages to me across the corridor, and all others came constantly to divert me. Messire Rontini talked to me for hours of all that could interest me; little black Ghigi played the droll tricks which Angela had taught him; but nothing was worth to me the value of a wisp of straw beside one grave smile from her for whom I longed with no less passionate tenderness because I had resigned her in thought to one more worthy. Thus went on the days till there came a morning when the air was full of spring, and I called to Pomponio, "Bring me my sword, for too long have I lain idle."

When I went in to pay my duty to the Captain Bayard, my legs staggering and my face all of a sickly green color by reason of the fever, he cried out in his pleasant voice: "What now, St. Eymond? Art better of that sickness? 'Tis time for you to be up and stirring. I fear some other hath stolen the heart of your lady from you."

This jest was like the shot of an arquebuse to me. He, always so kind in thought and speech, to thus openly triumph over me! It was well-nigh incredible. And I wondered how he had guessed that I had fixed my heart on any one, for I thought I had most discreetly hidden my feelings, nor given an inkling of them. Since I was suffering too much to control myself externally any longer, I determined in a moment to cut the bonds and free myself from temptation. I said, "Since that is so, I pray you give me leave to leave Brescia and join the army at once."

Angela rose from her seat in the window and came to me, all rosy as Aurora with sweet blushes, from her round chin to the little star of pearls which hung above her brow. She put her arm through mine and drew me into a seat and said: "Marcel, put aside that foolish thought. You are not yet able to walk from here to mass. You cannot sit your horse. Do not heed him, my Lord of Bayard."

"I have no thought of heeding him," said my lord kindly. "Think not I shall have a stripling like him winning glory while I am dawdling here. When I go, he may, but not before."

"My lord, you must not go before the wedding," said Monna Lucia.

These words scattered the last bit of sense left in my bewildered brain. What did they mean? Whose wedding-day drew near? Should I be forced to stay to see Afra married? My lord amazed me more by saying, "Have you no good wishes to offer Mademoiselle Angela?"

I stared around me like a stupid peasant at a fair. Was it Angela whom my lord thought I loved? My eyes fell on her, seeking enlightenment, but her face was hidden in her fair curls. I saw Messire Rontini looking at her with luminous tenderness, and he crossed the chamber and stooped to take her hand, saying, "What! art ashamed of the promise you gave me, sweet maid? Can you not lift your head to tell Messire de St. Eymond that you have made me prouder than any man in Italy?"

She raised her lovely face and looked most sweetly at him with triumphant pride; then said to me: "Wish me joy, Marcel; though that is unnecessary, for now I have it."

I hastened to speak my warm hopes for her happiness; nor, though I spoke stumblingly, did I want in fervor, because of the great relief I had to have the hour deferred which should give Afra over to another, showing that hope still lurked in the heart I thought despairing.

From this time the entertainment of the chevalier fell upon the rest of us, for when Monna Lucia left Angela free from consultation as to the approaching festivities of her marriage, when the tailors and the furriers were not busy with her, then Messire Gentile Rontini wanted her in the library, where the golden head and the gray one bent together over the books. We missed her gayety, and Afra was forced to take her place at chess and at the harp. It gave me cruel pain to hear her sing songs of love, for her voice was one of those which seem to carry the heart with it, and I could not rid myself of the thought that she meant each word she uttered. I wished she might sing to me that song of Messire Charles d'Orleans, which was one of my favorites:

In dream, in thought, in wish, my love,
I see thee every day.

When we had been nigh five weeks in Brescia the chevalier grew most fretful from weariness of his confinement, and this was increased by the news from the camp. Our soldiers were desperate with impatience to be at the enemy. Their provisions were well-nigh exhausted, and, though it was late Lent, there was nothing for the mercenaries to eat but flesh and cheese. They clamored for battle, longing no less for pillage than for fighting. My Lord of Bayard rose from his bed, despite our warnings; finding he could stand upon his feet and walk a little, he boldly said to the surgeon, "Good friend, I think I am so nearly cured that to dally longer will hurt me more than to follow my own wishes."

The surgeon knew his disposition and that he spoke the truth, so he replied: "Your wound is healed inside, though the outside is still open. Yet it will not be dangerous to ride, for the saddle will not touch upon the place. And since you fret yourself so much, I will teach your barber how to dress it, and will give him the salve for it, so that you may have your will."

My lord was full of delight at this, and determined to set out within two days. These days were filled with preparation,—with the gathering together of arms and equipments for his men-at-arms and of all which was needed for the journey. I was torn between two pains,—the thought of leaving the dear maid Afra, and of being separated from him whom I loved with all the devotion one may feel for man. I asked him nothing, though I wondered that he said nothing to me of putting myself in readiness for departure. I had no horse, so sent Pomponio to buy me one and to provide everything else necessary, though I was still most weak and wan, nor gained my strength, as if all my vital force was sapped by some secret foe.

My Lord d'Aubigny had been left by the duke in command of the garrison. He was Messire Berault Stuart, of the family which came from the land of Scotland, beyond the northern seas, though now there are no better Frenchmen. He was the friend and comrade of the Captain Bayard, and constant in his attention to him. One day he sent a splendid Spanish charger, named *Le Carman*, that had been captured during the siege and was said to be the finest steed in Brescia. We went out on the gallery to see the noble creature, which had been brought into the court-yard, and he reared so fiercely that the grooms could scarcely keep themselves from under his hoofs. The chevalier went to him, and at the mere sound of the captain's voice the horse stilled his prancing, and let himself be mounted as quietly as if he were a roadside hack.

The morning came that was appointed for the setting forth. We were all gathered in the pleasant library, when there came tottering in the old man, Messire della Ravine, who usually kept himself shut up in his own chamber, being wrecked in health since the terrors of the siege. Monna Lucia came with him bearing a coffer, which she offered on her knees to the chevalier.

"My kind and generous conqueror," she said, "you know what thanks I owe to the good God that of His mercy he permitted you to come to this house, which otherwise might have become the prey of ruffians. Well do I know that we are all your prisoners, yet you have not taken from us one small quattrino. Therefore I beg you to add one more favor to all the rest, and to accept from us this casket and the sum which it contains." She opened the casket: it was full of golden ducats.

My lord cared nothing for money, and had given to his men-at-arms every crown of his own share of the city's plunder. Therefore I wondered when he took the casket from her as if there was nothing in the world to please him better, and began to laugh, saying,—

"How many ducats are here, madame?"

Monna Lucia turned somewhat pale, thinking perchance he thought the gift too small, and was thrown into confusion by his strange laughter. But I, who knew his heart, and how there was nothing but his duty and his sword he loved so mightily as a jest, awaited some further enlightenment. She answered seriously:

"Only two thousand and five hundred, my lord; if that be unworthy your acceptance, we will find more."

He laughed again, and said: "If there were ten times as many, I should not care for them as much as for the great happiness I have had within this house. Wherever I am upon this earth, you will know that there you have a friend to serve you. For love of you and of the two maidens I will take the gift. I pray you fetch them hither."

There are no pretty words such as the romancers use to tell of fair flowers and singing birds or sweet music that will rightly express all the loveliness of Angela during those days of happy betrothal. Her eyes were so brightly blue that the rich skies of Lombardy seemed gray and cold beside them; she was all dimples and joyous smiles, till even the silent Afra caught some reflection of her infectious brightness. They came in swiftly, bearing the little parting gifts which they had made for him,—one a purse of crimson satin embroidered with cunning skill, the other some bracelets of silver and gold filigree, which they understood fashioning. He thanked them both and kissed their hands; then he took the money and divided it into three portions, two of a thousand ducats each and one of five hundred. The smaller one he gave to Monna Lucia, saying, "Madame, I beg of you to distribute this for me among the poor nuns who suffered by our army during the siege, who are now in want." He turned to Angela and gave her one of the portions of a thousand ducats, and said: "It grieves me that I have nothing fit to offer you as wedding-gift; but I beseech you, take this sum for your dowry, and do not forget me when I am gone." His dark, bright eyes shone with a gentle light and his voice was very soft;

but both eyes and voice took on a sweeter tone as he turned to Afra and gave her the remainder of the money.

I felt a strange agitation seize me, so sure was I that he loved her, and so strange did it seem to me to see him place her on the same plane with another. This wonder grew as the gay laugh came again into his voice and he said: "A dowry, but no bridegroom! This is not meet, mademoiselle, that so much beauty and worth should await a laggard. What say you, Afra? Shall I find one for you?"

She turned a burning scarlet and trembled violently. I, who loved him, could have driven my sword through him, to hear him thus stab her heart, which, as I thought, loved none but him. While I held back the fierce words that rose to my tongue, while she blushed and paled and blushed again, he said, "Kneel down, St. Eymond, and ask her father for this lady."

Sweet Mother of God! My heart stood still, then poured all its floods into my face, then seemed to stop its beating. Too dazed to speak, I saw as in a dream my Afra throw her arms out as if to ward off a cruel blow, then draw herself up with a splendid pride of bearing, though her eyes blazed in a white face, and her words came through set teeth, "My lord, what wrong have I done you that you thus shame me before the gentleman?"

"No shame," replied the chevalier. "He wants the words to say what is in his heart; I only aid him, as one friend may another."

"You mistake, my lord," she cried hotly; "Messire de St. Eymond cherishes within his heart another lady. Far be it from me to take his hand without his will."

What did she mean? I stood bewildered and looked at her until her eyes met mine. Then the adoration which I poured out on her must have lit them with sparks from the fire which filled my heart. She trembled and dropped her glance, faltered, and said: "He carries on his heart a portrait of a fair lady. I have seen him gaze on it with looks of tenderness."

A light streamed out before me and showed me what had caused her coldness. She was jealous—then she loved me! Kind saints in heaven! how had I deserved such joy? I plunged my hand within my pouch, snatched, as I thought, the miniature of my mother, and threw it towards the chevalier, crying: "It is my mother's picture. There is but one image in my heart, and that is yours, sweet Afra. It is you only I have loved since the first day I saw you."

When I raised her dear head for a moment from my heart, where she had laid it the instant she heard my words, to kiss her brow, her eyes, her sweet red mouth, all unmindful who saw me, nor caring for aught but to see and hold her, and to feel her heart beating against mine, there was dead silence in the room. Every one had gone away, except the chevalier, who sat with arms upon the table,

his head laid down upon them, and his whole body shaking with great, shuddering sobs. My heart gave a leap of pain. Had my joy been bought at the price of new sorrow to his big heart? I turned Afra's face so she could see him, and she left my arms, going to him and laying her hand caressingly on his, which held the picture. He raised his face, which was drawn with sadness, and said: "Tell me, St. Eymond, this is not your mother. Where did you get this picture?"

I looked at it. It was not my mother, but Madame de Fruzasco. I answered, "From a lady to whom I rendered a slight service on my way from Dauphiny."

He took me in his arms and kissed me on both cheeks, saying: "All service done to her is done to me. Ask me for anything, my lad, and it is yours."

"What do you mean, my dear lord? Who is the lady?" but before he answered I remembered the story I had heard from Captain Pierrepont, and guessed that it was she to whom he had given his heart in youth. While he mused, looking tenderly on the picture, I asked, "Should you like to keep it, my lord?" I could have given him the shoes from my feet, and all I had as well, having in Afra all I wished for in the world.

He placed it in his doublet and called together his spirits, saying with his own gay manner, "Now, St. Eymond, bid the steward serve dinner, for we must march away."

My little love shot an imploring glance at me, then one at him, though holding her complaints back nobly, as became her courage. The chevalier smiled, saying: "Do not fear; he is not going. I saw all this some time ago, though you did not. St. Eymond, ask the king to let you charge your coat-of-arms with a blind Cupid; nothing else so well becomes you. You may stay here with made-moiselle, for I have transferred you from my company to the garrison. Report to the Lord d'Aubigny, and take your orders from him."

Afra thanked him with eyes and words, and I fell on my knees, crying, "How can I part from you, my own dear lord?"

My Lord d'Aubigny and all his suite accompanied the Captain Bayard out of the town for a league or more. Then I returned to Afra; for the sadness I felt at losing my kind friend was not able to overwhelm me in her presence, while I had yet scarce realized my new-found bliss. Even the change to the quarters at the castle, which were far from being as pleasant as those at the della Ravine mansion, was indifferent to me; nor did I know anything but that I was in Paradise, since my heart was satisfied, which had been sad so long. When the beacon was lit upon the watch-tower a tiny gleam came forth from the town below, that told me Afra had set that small star aglow to tell me that she loved me and that her heart watched for me.

CHAPTER XIII.

OF MY FAREWELL TO THE FIELDS OF LOMBARDY.

PERCHANCE my kind lord had left behind him a proof of his thought for me, for the Lord d'Aubigny had a twinkle in his eye when he gave me the orders, or rather the want of orders, for each day. My garrison duties were but a sinecure; there were, of course, no tourneys or public drills, it being the week in which Our Blessed Lord and Saviour died. But there was a meaning in the way my lord of the castle bade me note that all the officers were free to attend the services of any church that pleased them. Needless to say, each morning found me in the Via Santa Giulia; nor did I view the ceremonies with any less reverence because my dear and holy little maid was by my side.

The preparations for Angela's marriage had all been finished, so that they need not interfere with the holy time. After the marriage she and Messire Rontini were to have the upper floor of the house, the others having returned to their own apartments since the departure of the chevalier's suite. Messire Rontini had gone back to his lodgings at the goldsmith's, but already took the place as a son of the house in helping Monna Lucia with business affairs, to which the old man was too feeble to attend.

Angela's wedding-gifts filled many large chests. The mother of the banished Florentine had sent a beautiful casket containing implements for sewing and a jewelled thimble. In the wedding-chests were pieces of rich silk yet uncut, fine cloth for cloaks, embroidered pillow-slips of satin, combs of ivory, and little mirrors made by blowing into the glass bubble a metallic mixture with a little resin in it; in these mirrors one might see his face well-nigh as clear as the Creator made it, and not distorted, as in a shield. There were many fine Spanish gloves, sweetly perfumed, and many rich furs and costly gowns. The wedding-gown was of pure white velvet lined with pale rose silk, and it had wide, flowing sleeves lined with white fur; the border of it was worked in gold thread with seed pearls stitched into it; under this was worn the finest linen, which showed about the neck, where a border of Venetian lace of rose design fell about the white throat. If it seems strange that I should remember such things, which belong rather to ladies than to a soldier, it was because each point was imprinted on my mind by some sweet look or tender word of Afra when she showed it to me. When I spoke of the countless little pearls within the border, she whispered, "There are not half the number of my kind thoughts of you, my own love." How could one forget aught which was set about with such jewels?

She made me tell her the story of all my life before I had known her, as if she wished to gather into her heart each detail that belonged to me, that she might make me no less her own in the past

than in the present. This is a woman's way, not a man's, and I did not understand it, being satisfied with the certainty that she was mine in the glad present. When I spoke to her of my uncle, and the perils that had threatened me from his household, she trembled, though she said: "However wicked they may be, in no way must you be wanting. You must send a courteous letter to Messire Briarti, telling him of your betrothal, as is due."

I wrote the letter and sent it to Milan, with also one to my father and the Bishop of Grenoble. I sent them by the hands of Vanni, the husband of the woman who had delivered me from Luigi's snares. This same Vanni proved a good fellow enough when not tempted to ill deeds by want, and when he returned to Brescia, some time after I had left it, he was taken into the service of Monna Lucia, and held his place faithfully until his death.

There was one thing which struck me with a constant bewilderment in the manner of my sweet love. I have never learned anything of other women's moods towards those who hold their hearts, since Afra's love was enough to satisfy me as long as she should live; nor would I wish to take pleasure in aught else if she were gone, but should prefer the pain of longing for her to the richest happiness another might bring. She was in all ways so simple and natural that I thought what she did must belong alike to all good maidens. This thing at which I wondered was that she never seemed to rest in the hope of the future, as doth a man's heart, but ever held her happiness with trembling hands, as though gifted with wise instincts to realize how fragile a thing is human joy. When I sallied gayly down the steep path from the castle, and rushed to clasp her in my arms, each line of her face and curve of her lithe body expressed a wistfulness of questioning, as if she would ask: "Do you still love me? Is there no change?" She always seemed to dwell more tenderly in thought of the moment when first we found out that we loved each other, than on any hope of future delight, such as filled my soul whether waking or sleeping. All this I saw not clearly at the time, being filled, as is the selfish soul of man, with my own happiness, and unfit for proper sympathy with her girlish heart. I thought I answered her sufficiently by catching her to my breast and kissing her passionately, or by happy schemes for our life together when the time should come for returning home. Yet once, I remember, I had no more grace than to reproach her, taking her slender hand and saying: "Wherein do I fail, my own sweet maid, in showing you the truth of my heart? Have you found me false in other things, that you think I could prove less than truth to you, who are the very satisfaction of my soul's desire?"

She kissed me sweetly, all trust and tenderness, saying: "You have never failed me nor any one. I cannot explain why I say those things. Perhaps it is because I know we are living on the earth, and that our love, which is a thing of heaven, if ever love was,

is like to be threatened with dangers. It is too good to last." She sighed, and I held her closely to me, as if to keep her from all powers of evil which might carry out the menace she imagined.

She went on: "The summer comes, and after it the winter with its blight. Thus I fear for our happiness, and that the future may not bring the joy the past has brought."

Such wistfulness shone softly in her sweet eyes, her hand clung so closely to mine, that it seemed as if her tremors communicated themselves to my own heart. As we looked out from the height of the balcony to the distant valley, watching the sun sink into the glowing waters of the river, a strong, though strange, feeling came over me that I wished we might die together at that moment, and together carry our love into the presence of God, begging Him, through the intercession of His Holy Mother and the pitying angels, who know the ills of earth and the woes of men, to let us keep it forever. The sharp blare of a trumpet brought me back to life from the land of dreams. I saw my own company of archers marching down the Via Giulia, with M. de Chavet, my guidon, at their head. I caught my little love to my heart to say farewell, and promised myself that she should never, if I could help it, be less happy than her soul craved.

Then came the blessed Easter Day, with the sun dancing in his splendor; all the hills aglow with living green, each altar snowy with narcissus and lily blooms. Only one thing cast shadow on our joy; that was the thought that to the south lay the marshes of Ravenna, and that perchance there our friends lay pierced by Spanish spears. No word came from them, nor did we know whether or not the battle had been fought.

On the bright morn after Easter Angela was wedded to Messire Rontini, taking her way to the church under long arches of green boughs cut from the forest and entwined with fair flowers. There were provided in great profusion for the wedding breakfast casks of Greek wine, more luscious to the taste than the thinner wine of Lombardy; capons; hampers of delicate sea-fish; wild hares, which were cooked in a new and pleasant way; cream cheese and the good cheese of Brescia; turkeys and fresh beef; many baskets of sweetmeats and tarts, made from fruits dried in the sun by the hands of some cloistered nun, so that they keep without losing the natural flavor; there were small chickens garnished with sugar and rose-water, and chickens with little balls of batter fried in sweet oil; there were galantines and quails, capons stuffed with sausages, little caramels made of pine-seed, and tarts of sugar and almonds.

All Brescia vied to do honor to the sweet maiden, no less those who were poor than those who came as guests of honor. Sweet bells rang merrily, and my lord of the castle bade the trumpeters play because of the good cheer which her house had given to the noble knight, Captain Bayard, when he lay sick and like to die.

The merrymakings of the marriage lasted for several days, and on the last evening there was a great banquet, to which all the noble gentlemen of the castle were invited, as well as all the distinguished people of the town. As we sat at supper in the hall, with the windows open to the gallery, a confused shouting reached our ears from the street below. The uproar grew more boisterous, and we bade the lackeys inquire the cause of it; but before they had reached the court-yard my man Pomponio rushed frantically into the room, crying, "The Spanish! The Spanish!"

We leaped to our feet, not knowing what he meant, nor how the Spanish could be near enough to cause his fear, if fear it were. I shook him savagely, crying: "Tell your story! Can you not see you are terrifying the ladies? Where are the Spanish? What of them?"

"Killed, messire, every one of them!" Pomponio gasped, and sunk into a seat.

"Is the man mad?" shouted the Lord d'Aubigny, telling his own servants to go at once to learn the true tidings. We all ran into the gallery, and saw a crowd of soldiers pouring in from the street; in their midst a messenger, mud-splashed and ragged, with sharp lines of fatigue upon his face, though flushed and triumphant as the soldiers pushed him towards the steps. At the foot he stopped and yelled: "Huzza! The Spanish are routed! Where is the Lord d'Aubigny?"

"Come here," he cried. The man ran up the steps, still crying, "There are not four thousand out of twenty who are not slain or captured."

Then, with no warning, he burst into sobs, his tears pouring forth as he gasped, "The duke! the dear young duke!"

"What of him?" we cried together.

"Dead; pierced in the front with thirty wounds! Alas for France this day!"

A groan burst from every breast, and I scarce found the breath to ask, "The Captain Bayard, is he living?"

"He lives, and the Captain Louis d'Ar; so does my Lord of La Palisse. But the Lord d'Alegre, his son, the Captains Jacob, Molart, Maugiron, and many others are no more."

There was not one in the room who heard this fearful news calmly; those who were not French wept for our grief. No more thought of merrymaking was possible, and the servants cleared away the signs of feasting, while we sat with bowed heads, trying to learn the truth from the messenger. Only in scraps could he give it to us, since he had neither wit to understand the details of that wonderful battle, so furious, so bloody, and so gloriously fought on both sides, nor had he waited to learn the whole story, having set out full tilt as soon as the day was decided. In one sentence he would cry, "We have taken all their artillery, horses, hackbuts, wagons!

Huzza!" then fall to weeping, groaning, "The duke! Alas, the duke!" He would tell how many times the Captain Bayard had his horse killed under him, and then repeat some foolish saying of a foot-soldier till we were like to go mad with bewilderment and sorrow.

We were left in suspense for several days as to the real outcome of the campaign, though each day saw some one hurrying through Brescia with tidings for the different garrisons of Lombardy. Putting their accounts together, we gathered some idea of the truth; but it is not for me, who was not an eye-witness, to tell of what took place at Ravenna. Those who saw it can better describe it, for I have set myself no more important task than the chronicling of my own life in Italy. Many of those whom I have mentioned in these pages are worthy of better treatment than my pen can give them,—the Sister Angela Merici; the Captain Louis d'Ars, who was the sweetest-tempered gentleman, next to my own dear Lord of Bayard, that I have ever seen. All these must wait some worthier scribe. My business is to tell how I myself left Brescia and returned to Dauphiny.

On the third day after we had learned the fatal news of the duke's death Pomponio brought me a letter from the Bishop of Grenoble, who wrote on behalf of my father. He lay sick unto death, and prayed me, if my duty to the king permitted, to hasten home at once. I told the Lord d'Aubigny, and he answered, "Go, messire, with all speed; nor need you return hither. For the king is about to withdraw all the troops from Italy except a few of the garrisons, since the Venetians are planning to attack Milan. You may rejoin the army there."

I thanked him for his kindness, and went to tell Afra, with my heart full of sorrow for my father.

There seemed never need for words between us, whether because she spoke less than other women, and so saw more, or because my own face has a trick of saying things before my tongue, though that was never a laggard. Perhaps it was because our hearts were one; but, whatever it was, she always understood my face at the first glance.

When I had told her of the letter she said, "Have you ever found me bold, Marcel?"

"You are so much the very pearl of modesty, my heart's treasure, that all you do becomes thereby the pattern for all other ladies."

"Then call me not bold if I say I cannot let you leave me."

"Dare I ask you to go with me? It will be a rough, hard journey, with little rest or food. You would have no splendid wedding like Angela's."

"Would you weigh any of these things if I were with you? Then no more do I," she answered, well knowing that I should not have felt the pain of being torn with red-hot pincers in her presence.

With no gayety nor ceremony we were married the next morning

at the early mass, and immediately after breakfast mounted our horses with our attendants to take the road for Milan. I left Pomponio to bring Afra's wedding-chests as soon as the country should be safe for travelling.

Outside of Milan the roads into the city were thronged with people—peasants, soldiers, noble lords—flocking into the city. At the Porta Venezia it was almost impossible to force our way, and I asked of a juggler who stood near, "What stirs the city?" At the same moment I heard the great bell of the Duomo tolling, and in a moment saw a long, sad procession bearing the body of our dear young commander to his tomb in the Cathedral. There were more than two thousand mourners, almost all of them on horseback. Forty ensigns, captured from the Spanish and their allies, trailed on the ground before his bier, while his own banners were borne around his body, to show that he had conquered, though he was no more. All the city mourned, even those who had no feeling of loyalty for our King of France, for in the death of Gaston de Foix all nobility received a blow.

We sought first the inn where I had lodged when I left the Villa Briarti; but it was crowded with soldiers. Every room, every cot, was engaged; nor would money induce any of them to give us their places, since their pouches were already filled with Spanish gold, and fatigue and sorrow alike made them anxious for rest. We tried every other inn, but with no better success; then I said in despair: "We must seek my uncle; there is nothing else to do."

Afra turned a shade paler, and seemed about to protest; but I insisted. "We must find shelter for a few hours. He has lost all power over me, and I do not fear him."

When we found ourselves before the Briarti mansion I was struck with its look of desolation. No black flags of mourning for the duke hung from its balconied windows, as from every other house in the town. We knocked loudly at the gate, but no one answered. For some time we vainly tried to gain entrance, till our noisy efforts attracted the attention of the neighbors. It was already nearly dusk, and I did not want to spend the night in a church porch, like a belated peasant at a fair.

"Tell me, for the love of heaven, does any one live in this house?" I asked the porter of the next one to it, who had come forth from his gate.

"The house is closed; they say the family is no more," he said.

"Is not this the dwelling of Messire Briarti?" I cried, amazed.

"It was," the man replied. "He is dead, as I have said."

"Good God!" I cried. "What has befallen him? For Our Lady's sake, beg your mistress to give this lady shelter for the night." The man led us within the gate, and we were most kindly entertained by the mistress of the house, who told us how my uncle's household had been blotted out. He himself had never returned

from that journey of which Margherita had written me, and it was thought he had been killed by brigands in the mountains. Margherita had unfortunately lost her control over Luigi by suddenly disclosing some weakness or fear of him. He ceased to regard her as a being of mysterious power, conceived a violent passion for her, and when she met him with contempt he killed her. The feeble lady, Madame Briarti, whose small force of character had been destroyed by fear of the evil deeds that were done about her, had lost her wits and been shut up by her relatives. So my uncle's superb fortune, the beautiful villa, the great house in Milan, lay unclaimed. I had no wish for them, even if I should prove to be the heir.

When we reached Grenoble we found that monseigneur had kindly given a dispensation for my father to be brought from the monastery, where Afra could not have seen him, to the pilgrimage inn, farther down the mountains. This was possible, since he had not yet taken his final vows; and so he was with us, to bless us both, before his peaceful death, which occurred a few days after our arrival. At the same time my dear Lord of Bayard was dangerously ill of a terrible fever, which made us all despair of his life. He moaned bitterly that he had not died at Ravenna or of his wound at Brescia, if he was to die in his bed like a frail maiden. But Our Lord had other brave deeds for him to do for France. I was with him at Marignano; I was with him at Pampeluna, where I had the honor of engaging that noble Spanish knight, Messire Inigo of Loyola, who was so perfect a flower of chivalry that one might, on his account, change one's idea of Spaniards. I was also at the little town of Robecco, which has the miserable distinction of having seen the good chevalier receive his death-wound. Even yet I cannot speak of that dreadful day; nor did I care, when he was gone, whether or not the wound that I myself had received should let me bear arms again. Perhaps because of grief, it never really healed, and since it was my sword-arm, it was useless for me to take the field again. I need not say that Afra was not sorry, though she had always borne herself as became a soldier's wife. She was glad to have me at home with my retinue, that our boys might be trained as I had been, nor test the dangers of a court. And as it happened that I was useful to the king in our own province, the years have been full of honor and happiness, which are dull for chronicling, though pleasant in the passing. Having little skill beyond telling a plain, straight tale, I will not seek to spin it out, but will close the roll. Yet I should like the last word to be of her who comes first with me. Her beauty never seemed to lessen; her virtues increased with time. Her words were ever few, but each one precious to me. Once I said to her, "I can count to you every word you said to me from the time I found you in the loft till I brought you to St. Eymond."

"But not the measure of my love," she answered.

"One thing you said of which I never knew the meaning. You

told me once I had forgotten to name the eighth wonder of Dauphiny. What did you mean, Afra?"

"The eighth wonder of Dauphiny," she said, smiling with lovely eyes and sweet red mouth, "was the blind Cupid of whom my Lord of Bayard spoke; it was a noble Dauphinese who rightly bore the fair device, 'True heart,—true hand.'"

THE END.

JAMES WILSON AND HIS TIMES.

ONE of the most conspicuous of men in America a hundred years ago was James Wilson, of Pennsylvania. Scattered notices of him disclose the fear or the admiration of his abilities as they were brought to bear upon men who dissented from or agreed with him. McMaster tells us that he was oftener on his feet in debate during the Constitutional Convention of 1787 than James Madison, and was surpassed only by Gouverneur Morris. The late Alexander Johnston, of Princeton, has recorded his judgment that "hardly any member of the Convention ranks higher than he for profound insight into the real nature of government and the Constitution of the United States." French officers who served under Rochambeau in the Virginia campaign were impressed with the solidity and variety of his erudition. His political adversaries assailed him with hard names, burned him in effigy, and even besieged him in his own house, as a man whose prominence and influence rendered him especially obnoxious. He was the first professor of law in any institution of learning in English-speaking America; was one of the earliest associate justices of the Supreme Court of the United States; wrote an opinion, acquiesced in by the majority of that bench, which led to an immediate amendment of the National Constitution; and died prematurely, under a weight of financial disaster. Evidently there were picturesque features of his life worth an ample record.

Unfortunately, that life will never be fairly reconstructed, because the material for it has been allowed to perish. The papers of his which have been preserved, beyond two or three famous orations, are unworthy of his reputation, and Mr. Waln's encomiums in Sanderson's "Lives of the Signers" are neither critical nor profound. Let one compare these poor remains with the "Memoirs" of Judge James Iredell, his associate upon the same bench, and his survivor by only a few months, and one cannot but feel that Wilson's historians were either inferior men or indifferent to his fame. Indeed, those "Memoirs" preserve Iredell's disparaging sense of unfilial deportment, when Wilson died, on the part of the son who, a few years later, appeared as the editor of his father's Works. Those Works suggest two criticisms to the reader at once: first, they are devoid of nearly everything in the way of personal reminiscences; secondly, with few exceptions, the papers preserved are what in this age would be considered juvenile. A man who in the prime of life had been the coadjutor of statesmen and soldiers engaged in shaping the future of a continent, who had worked with active hand on the plastic institutions of a new political system, who was known to his compatriots as grave, thoughtful, faithful, must have accumulated a correspondence which would be of great historical interest could it now be perused.

The key to the wide divergence between Wilson's contemporary and posthumous fame is partly personal and partly political. He was

a Federalist, and suffered from the waning fortunes of that party, which, particularly in Pennsylvania, became impotent before the progress of Jeffersonianism. In the Iredell "Memoirs" may easily be traced the personal equation. When the Southern jurist encountered his Pennsylvania colleague on their circuits, particularly into New England, he was agreeably surprised to find Judge Wilson so learned, intelligent, capable, and agreeable; but in commenting upon Wilson's famous opinion on the amenability of a State to processes of the court, Iredell thought the argument unworthy of the author,—and it was. In a grave constitutional question concerning the sovereignty of a State and the mode of serving summons on a State to answer the suit of an individual, Wilson had taken the strongest Federalist ground. He even went beyond that, and would have no political body exempt from the obligations of equity and their enforcement by competent tribunals. Of all jurists of that time, Wilson had most persistently asserted, "in season and out of season," that the basis of just government was popular sovereignty. It was not the basis,—it was the fact, inherent and vital, and the business of statesmen and lawyers was to give it freedom of expression. The question, "How far can a political mechanism escape responsibility to the persons who have created it?" arose in the American revolutionary struggle, and in various forms has shaped the issues of our constitutional history. Wilson consistently favored the side of the people, even while obnoxious to them as an "aristocrat." The decision which made a sovereign State of the Union answerable in equity before United States courts was rendered in 1793, and was immediately overturned by the eleventh amendment to the Federal Constitution. It was known as *Chisholm versus Georgia*. The principles of the decision have long since overridden the amendment; for, while we cannot directly sue a sovereign State, the lawyers, forced by the exigencies of a decent equity, have provided for suing officers of government whose costs and penalties the States, and even the United States, now freely pay out of the taxes. I am persuaded that James Wilson was on the short cut to a better and an ultimate solution of this problem of political jurisprudence, so vital to the future of democracy. But while his splendid forecast and logical habits of thought remained in his conclusions, his argument, loaded with classical examples and pedantic researches, made up a clever example of an excellent college-commencement oration. The opinion is preserved on the shelves of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, but his son, Bird Wilson, had the sense to leave it out of the Works he edited.

Out of this review certain personal qualities of Judge Wilson fairly emerge. He was far more impressive when in direct contact with men than as an author. He seems constantly to have embarked upon schemes, intellectual and financial, which, if left to his own impulses, he failed to bring to fruition. He set about codifying the laws of Pennsylvania, made elaborate studies of method, lamented his want of adequate books, changed his plans, and finally abandoned the undertaking, alleging a lack of legislative support, but evidently overwhelmed by the magnitude to which the task had grown in his own mind. He began a course of law-lectures, but stopped in the second

year, leaving notes of them which he knew to be immature and imperfect, intending to revise them for publication, but leaving them to appear under the negligent editing of his son. He had been the advocate-general of Gerard's French legation during the time Rochambeau was campaigning in Virginia, but made no permanent mark as a diplomatist. He engaged in banking and land speculations, but sank into debt and died poor. On the other hand, he was no demagogue. As a pleader at the bar he was hardly surpassed. The populace reviled him for his learning and decorum, yet he was the champion of popular rights. His views of constitutional law filtered into the arguments of a Webster a generation later. One gets the impression that he was a dignified, upright, able, and gentlemanly man. Where lies the secret of this divergence between the man and the man's products? There are persons of lethargic grandeur. They are responsibly but not impulsively great. Personal attrition reveals them. Alone, they dream high thoughts, but do not utter them. Their splendor ebbs and flows with occasion. As an advocate and a Senator, James Wilson was one of the most brilliant and capable men of his age. Elsewhere, he is a closet-philosopher, holding sweet converse with Montesquieu and Beccaria, less on the bench than at the bar; worthy of love, but disappointing admiration; penetrative and profound, but inert in expression and execution. Hence his history is like that of a storm-wave, riding in on the blast high-crested, phosphorescent, and far-stranded; but the beach-line of his refluence is no fit mark of his worth. His influence has subsided into the unmeasured flood of human life.

Although no biography of Wilson is ever likely to be truthfully written, much clusters about him that is illustrative of his times and of most suggestive interest. He was a Fifeshire man, and only the Forth estuary separated the home of his childhood from that of John Witherspoon, the nursling of the descendants of John Knox. It seems well-nigh incredible that a Scotch lad, born under the shadows of St. Andrews, whose father could keep him at school in Glasgow and Edinburgh, and who could negotiate a loan at twenty-three years of age on his patrimony across the seas in order to pay the expenses of his legal education in America, could have had no birthplace nor ancestry. Yet so Judge Wilson stands to-day for all the records accessible to the public. He came by way of New York to Philadelphia. But a more interesting question arises out of the Scottish antecedents of this youth. He and Witherspoon were among the most typical Americans who signed the Declaration of Independence. Both reached America when the Stamp-Tax agitation was at its height, the Fifeshire lad landing in New York about 1764, and the Haddington scholar arriving at Princeton in 1767, about eighteen months after he had been elected president of Nassau Hall. Both threw themselves ardently into the cause of legislative independence for the colonies. This they did because their Scotch experience was closely analogous to the American situation. Scotland was undergoing a process of English deglutition in their day, and it was a sore subject to her sons. The last ensign of her independence fell on the field of Culloden, and her

ethnic life seemed doomed slowly to fade away. To a union of crowns, in 1603, her sons opposed no remonstrance, but gloried in furnishing a Stuart king for the new throne. But Parliamentary union, in 1706, under the foreign Hanover House was altogether another thing. Long after hope of resistance to English absorption had ceased (and Culloden showed how useless that was), resentment still lingered in the Scotchman's heart. That feeling was stronger in the East than in the West, for English commerce, law, manners, and speech had for generations been invading Caledonia by way of the Glasgow flank, while Edinburgh lingered as the centre of the race traditions and ambitions of the North. To Witherspoon and Wilson Edinburgh was the heart of their native land. Within the circle of her fascination they had learned loyalty to the crown and hatred of an English Parliament. They were political Bessarions fleeing from the invasion of the commercial Turk of Europe to the West with their ancestral traditions. They assuaged the pain of wounded patriotism by successfully renewing in America the issues defeated in the land of their birth. Here afresh they fought for loyalty to the king and the repudiation of an alien Parliamentary rule, until the king made the cause of Parliament his own, and then they abandoned both.

This easy conversion of expatriated Scotchmen into whole-souled Americans suggests further correspondences. Among the fifty-six signers of the Declaration of Independence, eight were born in what is now known as the United Kingdom. This is very nearly the same ratio to native population as the census showed to exist in 1880. The persistence of that ratio is remarkable. It is now, as then, equally hostile to English ascendancy, although then the immigrants were nearly all British, while now they are from all the nations of Europe. Of the signers, only two were Englishmen,—Button Gwinnett, the Georgian, and the generous Robert Morris, who had gained an affluence in Philadelphia which was denied to persons of his rank in his native land. These men were not Britons in America. They added no strength to the cause of England, but were solvents of the ties that bound the colonies to the mother-country. No one has estimated the relation which foreign-born citizens held to American independence, but they rushed to the Legislature of the colony, to the Senate of the nascent nation, to the conventions of their adopted land, and to the army, to do and dare for independence. It would therefore seem that by emigration Great Britain had planted the discontents of her own people abroad. Her escaping children bore with them souls bitter from the sense of enforced expatriation. Their alienation from the harshness at home became the spirit of independent nationality across the seas. A sore heart turns emigration into exile, and that factor has yet to be reckoned with in the dissolution of an empire.

Wilson's history calls us further to reflect on the youth of the men who led America from subordination to freedom. Washington was but forty-three when he was commissioned commander-in-chief of the Continental armies, and but four months older than Grant when he received the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court-House. Greene was but thirty-nine when, at Guilford Court-House, he turned Corn-

wallis out of the Carolinas. Lincoln was forty-eight when he received the sword of Cornwallis at Yorktown. But that young men should be high in rank in the army is not so surprising as that they should preponderate in council. Of the immortal Congress of 1776 one-fifth had not passed thirty-five years; thirty-five out of fifty-seven were forty-five years old or less, and forty-six were within the limit of fifty years, when the Declaration of Independence was passed. The first cabinet under the Constitution was remarkable not only for its youthfulness, but for the marked ability with which it confronted problems absolutely new in government. Jefferson at forty-six was the oldest member, and Hamilton at thirty-two the youngest. Edmund Randolph entered the administration at thirty-six and Knox at thirty-nine, the average age being thirty-eight years. In the first Supreme Court, at its organization in 1790, John Jay, the chief justice, was but forty-four; Harrison, of Maryland, resigned after a few months' service, and was succeeded by James Iredell, of North Carolina, the youngest of them all, at thirty-nine. Their average age was a little less than forty-nine years. Three of the six had been members of the convention which framed the Federal Constitution; James Wilson alone had been both a conventionist and a signer of the Declaration. All of them had previously become distinguished as legislators and jurists in their respective States. Wilson was forty-six when he was appointed an associate justice, and thirteen years before he had engrossed his name on the famous Declaration, having been one of the most conspicuous debaters in the Congress which adopted it. At about twenty-six years of age, when he was fresh from the tuition of John Dickinson, of the "Farmer's Letters," and during the second year of his admission to the Pennsylvania bar, he had written a pamphlet, denying with calm and lofty reasoning the right of the British Parliament to legislate for America. This brochure was not published until 1774, but it marked its author out as a fitting counsellor for the nascent nation, and probably began his political career.

Impetuosity is thought to be the characteristic of youth, but perhaps never before or since have smoother hands more deftly guided the bark of state on a more skilful voyage. One who plunges into the popular writing of that day very soon begins to wonder that its exuberances and fanatic heat seldom or never appear in the solemn state papers and the forensic debates of the times. The general culture of the country was small. Outside of John Winthrop, of Connecticut, Jonathan Edwards, and John Wise, one blushes for the colonial literature of America. Yet the age put its best men uniformly to the front. Liberal education was the possession of the few, but those few were trusted and utilized. Let those who in modern days revile collegiate training as unpractical study the records of that epoch and learn what it is worth in the supreme exigencies of a nation. In 1776 there were eight chartered colleges in the revolted colonies.* Witherspoon was invited here to take charge of Princeton, and the beardless Wilson was

* They were Harvard, Yale, Columbia (New York), Pennsylvania, Princeton, Dartmouth, Brown, and Rutgers.

promptly made a tutor in the College of Philadelphia because of his excellence in the classics. Men connected with these institutions as teachers or pupils had a prodigious influence in shaping the destinies of America.

There hangs over the times a false classicism, and no offender has been more deeply mired than James Wilson. As an author, his exuberant Greek grew pedantic. Yet had not Christopher Wren put on Broadway the exquisite chapel of St. Paul's Church, with a Greek porch and a lovely steeple, which a Hellene might admire but could never have conceived? The age was one of Doric columns and square towers, of curtailed peristyles and *cella* with windows on four sides. Europe had a Renaissance, and why should America be begrudged it? Ascham preceded Jonson and Shakespeare. Why should we not have our Witherspoon and Wilson in order to get our Irving and Bryant? In literature Wilson wrought on models of classics now sophomorical, in which the man is not the master of his art. But be it remembered, he never aimed to be an artist or author, but only a citizen and an honest jurist.

I confess to a pathetic sense of the culture of those days. The first law professorship in America disclosed its tender infancy and touching sponsorship. He, the profoundest constitutional lawyer of his day, was appointed to teach jurisprudence in what soon became the University of Pennsylvania. On the west side of Fourth Street, near Arch, stood a two-story chapel erected to hear Whitefield preach in. It stood back from the curb; it was capacious, cheap, and simple. Under its shingles the university was long housed. Within its walls the first course of law lectures in America was begun. From the records of the day we learn that the inimitable Washington graced the opening deliverance. The general came to hear the opening lectures; feminine beauty was there, powdered and behooped; youth was there, in something less than modern freshman verdancy. The *élite* of every sort attended, but a hundred benches would hold them all. No extant literature better represents the culture of the time, or the deep Americanism of it. There were stately compliments, fine classical efflorescences, but, above all, a fine popularization of law. It was said in Parliament, while Gage was commanding in Boston, "See how well these Americans are versed in Crown Law! I doubt whether they have been guilty of an overt act of treason, but I am sure they have come within a hair's-breadth of it."

Law was a passion of that age. But, after reading the lectures of Wilson over from end to end, I seem to see his worth and his limitations. I am sure he meant, first of all, to be understood of all men. Fancy his constituency of cabinet-officers, belles, and sophomores. A fine tradition lies between these lectures and their motive. To Wilson's colleague, Gouverneur Morris, of New York, was committed the duty of drafting the Constitution of the United States in its final shape. Much criticism has come to us from abroad because we have done nothing to increase English literature. I venture to say that there never was a political or legal rhetoric so exact, simple, and perfect as that which Morris and his colleagues stamped on American jurisprudence.

Wilson tried to stamp it on his law lectures. He disliked persiflage and clerical expansion. He thought the law should be such a common possession as Gouverneur Morris could make it. Alack, that our ancestors are dead, with their finest fancies in their disbanded craniums!

This study can be pursued no further. Others have followed it up more methodically. This portraiture belongs to the man's times, and only partly to himself. I am sure he was dignified, as all short-sighted men are; that he was lethargic, and missed his hold; that he was able and honest, and that he went down in contemporary fame because he was farther-sighted than his biographers.

D. O. Kellogg.

A DIPLOMATIC FORECAST.

THE indications are that the three great nations of the world will be Great Britain, Russia, and the United States, and that the pre-eminence of these will soon be established in the world's affairs. None of the other nations have the necessary land. Germany is comparatively small, lies between Russia on the east and France on the west, and cannot spread north on account of the ocean, nor south on account of the Alps, which separate it from Italy. There is no territory from which Germany can be augmented, unless perhaps Austria (should that empire be dismembered), and there is so little of Austria that is available for Germany that the addition would not weigh much in the magnitude of international affairs. To get additional territory, Germany must pass over several states and take land in Africa,—about the only region still open to spoliation. The German empire and the German language have, therefore, probably reached their greatest extent. In all other parts of the world other powerful peoples and languages are in control, or have the best chance of permanently establishing themselves.

France has no means of any considerable extension, for the reason that it is hemmed in by powerful nations. It cannot spread eastward on account of running against Germany, nor westward without encountering the ocean. There is no land for it on the north, while Spain and Italy lie at the south. By jumping over the Mediterranean, it seeks, indeed, to extend its domain into Africa; but besides finding there an uncongenial climate, it soon encounters the Great Desert, while the few pieces of territory elsewhere available in Africa are so scattered and so hemmed in by the domains of other great powers that they furnish little scope for material increase of empire. The French language, for the same reason, cannot spread, being permanently limited in this respect, like the German, whereas language and empire must now spread together. It will be all that France can do to maintain its present territory and speech. The English and German languages are both encroaching on the latter even in France, and it is no longer possible for a language, any more than a state, to live in a small territory. With the resistless extension of the English speech and

people in all directions, they may soon penetrate France and divide sovereignty there.

Austria can never be much greater as a power than it now is, because it has already taken in all the territory it can get without encroaching on Russia or Turkey, which the other great powers will not permit. It is already a conglomerate of many states, speaking many languages, and having conflicting interests and prejudices. It is probable that if Russia is ever successful in a war against Austria it will take some of its domain, while Turkey, with the aid of England, may ultimately take (for England) the remainder. But even should Austria retain all it now has, it will not have enough for a great empire like Russia, Great Britain, or the United States. It is largely a mountainous tract, and is already as thickly settled as its resources will permit. It has no particular language to assist it in spreading and consolidating. If it becomes German in speech, it risks being absorbed by Germany; whereas if it adopts a Slavonic language,—Polish or Russian,—it exposes itself to absorption by Russia. The Hungarians are not sufficiently numerous to make a great state through their own people or language, and perhaps not even to dominate the other peoples of the Austro-Hungarian empire. There is in Austria no chance for any considerable expansion in any way.

Italy is too small to become a great empire, and it has no room in which to spread. Its language is weak and dying, being superseded by the northern languages of Europe. The parent Roman language has already been divided into four, each weaker than the original and less calculated for becoming the language of conquered peoples. Italy, moreover, is not aggressive or adapted for propagation. It is limited through its position, like the Italian people, and there is no opportunity for it, except through absorption, to become greater. The arts of Italy are now taken up by other peoples, and cultivated beyond the power of Italians to extend or perfect them. What was once Italian is now French, German, or English. Mastery in every respect has departed from Italy and fled to the north.

Spain still less than Italy exhibits capacity for domination. Instead of spreading, it is contracting its powers. It has recently lost nearly all its territory except the Iberian Peninsula, and on that the English have begun encroaching. It will be all that Spain can do for ages to manage its own small territory and people, which are likely soon to become the prey of other nations. The Spanish language, which once spread through Mexico, Central and South America, as well as the West Indies and the Philippine Islands, is now fast losing ground in all these places. The English language is gaining rapidly on it through the spread of English and American commerce, travel, and conquest. The territory in which the Spanish language is spoken is still large, but it is spoken mostly in sparsely settled districts, and shares the territory with native and foreign languages. The people, moreover, who speak Spanish are not united, but constitute many nations and confederacies, which are undergoing frequent changes. They have not the conditions for building up a Hispano-American empire.

The other states of Europe—Sweden, Denmark, Holland, Belgium,

Portugal, etc.—are all too small to become powerful, and there is no territory from which they can enlarge themselves. All the land of Europe is now appropriated; the unoccupied land of other continents is being absorbed by the three great powers first mentioned,—Russia, Great Britain, and the United States,—and these are so powerful that they will never let go of any of it. Those states that are now small must remain small, and those that are now largest will in all probability remain large. The small countries will have all they can do in maintaining their present status and languages. The chances are that they will ultimately be absorbed in the greater states which are contiguous to them. The tendency of the powers is to consolidate, and so to become fewer instead of more. With our increase of the means of communication, greater areas can operate together as one body than formerly, so that there is no longer need for so much separate and local legislation. There is no reason why there should be twenty states in Europe instead of three, or why there should be twenty languages instead of three. People are assimilating and forming great combinations, and the indications are that all political power will soon centre in very few hands, and perhaps ultimately be wielded by some single combination. The forces which tend to this are very active.

Russia, Great Britain, and the United States each has people and territory enough for unlimited power. Nobody can estimate the population that can be sustained by the vast steppes of Russia and the boundless plains of Siberia, which extend through all climates capable of supporting life and empire. Russia's present territory can support a thousand million of people, and if such a population can be controlled by one government, it will be sufficient to conquer any power now existing. Besides its present territory, Russia is reaching out for more land in China and other parts of Asia, with a good prospect of getting it. If Russia maintains what it now has, and secures what it is now claiming, it will have land enough to support half the population of the globe.

About the same can be said of Great Britain. While the British Isles are small, they are admirably situated for central power. The English can easily run out into all parts of the world. Their foreign possessions in Canada, Australia, and India are of almost limitless extent, and no estimate can be made of what they may ultimately support and accomplish. England is beginning to divide with Russia the Asiatic continent, and it is a question of how much each shall possess. The indications are that these two powers will one day control all Asia, and with such a vast territory and population either of them will be a match for any or all the other European peoples. The manifest destiny of Europe is to be controlled by Russia on the east and Great Britain on the west, and controlled largely by reason of the Asiatic hordes which are being drawn to their support; so that Asia will again come into power in Europe by the control which it will exercise through Russia and Great Britain.

The United States is the only other power that can measure with these two, both in its present capabilities and in its capacity for expansion. We have already a territory as large as all of Europe exclusive of Russia, and capable of supporting as large a population. We are

consolidated in government, language, and customs, and are one people, with practically one interest. We have more territory in one body favorable for wealth, commerce, and power than any other nation, and all in the Temperate Zone. Our soil is substantially all fertile, and capable of producing the best results in developing mankind. It is cold enough in America to develop the strongest intellects, and warm enough to ripen the most profitable crops, while our extent of territory gives us all the variety needed for self-support and independence. There is no limitation on our possibilities, such as contracts the future of Germany, France, and most other states. The future of America none can now limit, and how large it may become none can tell.

For these reasons we say the three great powers of the world must be Russia, England, and the United States. England has, indeed, some of the same disadvantages as Austria. It is a conglomerate empire,—European, Asiatic, and American. It speaks many languages, embraces many races, and has most diverse interests and customs. It is not united in religion, education, or climatic influences. Its consolidation is yet to be accomplished; its principal parts are widely separated, and most of it must be governed from a great distance. It is separated by great seas and foreign territories. Most of its people have had no experience in imperial life. It is from its great extent highly vulnerable both from within and from without. Its language, however, is becoming more uniform. The English is crowding out all other tongues, and will ultimately be the speech of the whole empire. In this respect it is like the United States and unlike Russia. Russia has not yet one language. While most parts of the empire speak the Slavonic tongue, they do not speak the same dialect, and no single language is likely soon so to predominate as to supplant the rest in their present territory. Russia is still, like the Tower of Babel, arrested in its growth by a confusion of tongues. England and America together have the greatest linguistic weapon the world possesses; for both speak one language throughout their principal domain, and the people who speak this language are the most aggressive on the globe. Should they unite for purposes of conquest, no power could resist them, and the force of the two combined must prevail wherever the soil is not already pre-empted by a powerful tongue.

No more languages will be formed on the globe. Those peoples which have not a permanent speech will take up the English and domesticate it, and in those places where a language is spoken in only a small territory the English will drive it out. This is the manifest destiny of states and languages, and in the far future the great conflict of the world will doubtless be between the English-speaking power and the Slavonic, or between Great Britain and America on one side and Russia on the other. These will in all probability have as their subject of contention the possession of Asia. About the only thing that can prevent this great spread of the three chief powers mentioned is an early war between Russia and Germany, before Russia is fairly established in her new greatness. If Germany should conquer in such war it would get an outlet for its population in lands at present owned by Russia. For by driving back Russia and taking those parts of its ter-

ritory bordering on her own, Germany could extend its language and people, and possibly save both to greatness. At the same time it would cripple its chief rival and provide against future uprisals. It is to the interest of Germany soon to match its strength against the growing Russian power. Its fight for life will be a fight for Russian territory. Germany cannot grow unless it grows eastward; but if it gets started there it can spread indefinitely, and this it can do only before Russia consolidates its mongrel population.

It is a question whether it is not now too late for this; but if it is not done soon, it will in the near future become forever impossible. The accomplishment of this extension eastward is the one chief contingency that may change the fate of the great empires as indicated, add Germany to the three we have mentioned, and possibly make it supplant Russia. For if Germany should annex much of Russia, it would, with its present intelligence, discipline, and general consolidation, be equal to any of the great powers as they now are or as they may hereafter become. By making such addition to itself, which it could do only after a successful war with Russia, and then absorbing Austria and Turkey, it would become the fourth great power of the world, and perhaps the third. This consummation would not be antagonized by England as the extension of Russia would be. In fact, England would welcome a growing rival to Russia in the East, and no power can become such except Germany, with its vast military and scientific proficiency. Turkey cannot long remain as a bulwark against either Russia or any other great power pressing for its territory. It must soon pass into the control of other hands, and the power that gets it will become the dominant power of eastern Europe. Germany is already planning for territory with which to control the Orient. Its attempt on the Philippines is indicative of its ambition in that direction, and a challenge to Russia, Great Britain, and the United States in regard to their control of the world.

Austin Bierbower.

THE GUEST.

A GUEST is at the door,
And the song he is singing,
And the rose he is bringing,
Teach me dreams undreamed before.

A guest is in the room,
And the love-song that he sings,
And the red rose that he brings,
Are the signs of joy and doom.

Dear Love has come and flown,
But the song that he taught me,
And the rose that he brought me,
Are the sweets men die to own.

Viola Roseboro.

THE TALE OF THE DOUBTFUL GRANDFATHER.

"**T**HAT there is the grave of my grandfather," said the old man, waving his cane, "Isaac or Reginald Latimore—"

"It says 'Isaac' on the tombstone," the small boy interrupted. "Which was his name, Isaac or Reginald? And why didn't he have one name?"

"It ain't which was his name, but which was he, for whether he was Isaac or Reginald is a doubtful question which can't be settled. He is labelled Isaac there, because, when he died, the relatives all agreed that it was scandalous to have the question of who he was keepin' on after his death, so they agreed to take a vote as to who he was and abide by it, and at the funeral ten voted he was Reginald and thirty-two voted Isaac: so Isaac is the name on the stone. But I have allers thought that the vote was influenced by the fact that the folks, bein' good orthodox people, felt that it was more Christian-like to put a good Bible name like Isaac on the stone than a highfalutin', worldly name like Reginald. You just sit down and I'll tell you how who my grandfather really was came to be so doubtful.

"The Latimore family was an offshoot of the English nobility, and there hadn't been but two generations of 'em in Massachusetts when the Revolution broke out. William Latimore was the first one born this side of the water, and he had one son and three daughters by a first wife, and one son and two daughters by a second wife. They was all growed up and married when the war begun. The second wife was an Episcopal woman, though William was orthodox; the few Episcopalists in Massachusetts were mostly Tories; and her son John fought in the British army and settled in Nova Scotia when the war was over. This made William awful mad, and he left all his property to his oldest son Lemuel. Lemuel thought it was all right, seein' how he had fit in the Continental army all through the war and John was a Tory, but somehow he wasn't so satisfied and didn't have so much to say about turn-coats when he heard that all the English Latimores had died out and that John had proved up and got the Barony of St. Clement at Wood. By rights Lemuel should have had it as the elder, and some say he wrote to John and objected, and that John replied that he was a British subject and that Lemuel wasn't, and that no English court was goin' to give that barony to a late rebel in preference to a loyal subject. I don't know that Lemuel wrote, but some say he did. He never mentioned it around home, for it wouldn't have sounded well after all he had had to say before.

"Well, after thirty years or so they made up, and John's boy, Reginald, aged eighteen, came over here to see Lemuel's folks, and Lemuel's boy, Isaac, aged nineteen, was to go back with him to see John's folks. Both John and Lemuel was shorter on sons than their father had been, havin' but one son each. No two peas could have looked more alike than them two boys, they say, except for an important particular. Old folks said they was the very moral of their grand-

father at their age, except that where their grandfather had red hair Isaac had very dark brown hair, while Reginald had corn-silk yellow hair.

"At first the boys was mighty good friends, but a girl come between 'em. Isaac had been sorter sparkin' Mehitabel Manson for a year at the time of Reginald's visit. There warn't no understandin' between Isaac and Mehitabel, and Reginald didn't know his cousin went with her when he first began shyin' round the girl himself. Before he found it out he was dead in love, and then he wouldn't and couldn't back out. Folks married earlier in them days than now; still, nineteen was some early to be gittin' engaged, but Isaac didn't want Reginald to git ahead of him, so he proposed, and Reginald didn't want Isaac to git ahead of him, so *he* proposed. There was considerations in favor of both. Isaac's brown hair went better with the eyes and the rest of the appearance the boys had in common than Reginald's corn-silk did. Reginald would be a lord, but then he was a Britisher, and Britishers were darned unpopular in Massachusetts in them days. But seein' Mehitabel didn't take up Isaac, who had been goin' with her a year and whom she had known all her life, it was evident that she was kinder caught with the idea of bein' Lady St. Clement at Wood. It looked that way, and looked as if she was hesitatin' more to let Isaac down easy than to make up her mind.

"What she would have done under ordinary circumstances nobody knows, but the 1812 war breaking out just then kinder changed her plans. She sent a note to Isaac the mornin' of the day news of the war come, tellin' him she should wait a year and a half before givin' her answer, but that as she had allers desired to travel and see foreign lands and royal courts, she should perhaps give a favorable answer to Reginald. But when with evenin' news come of the declaration of war, and old Captain Manson come home with the additional news that a vessel he owned, commanded by his son Levi, had been seized by the British off the Azores three months before, and went tearin' around wishin' all Englishmen was in a bad place I won't mention, then Mehitabel sent a note to Reginald tellin' him she wouldn't marry no enemy of her country.

"Neither of the boys knew of the note t'other got. That night Reginald skipped out for England. Next mornin' Isaac went to Boston to stay till the openin' of Harvard College in the fall, where he was goin', so Mehitabel didn't have any chance to let him see she had changed her mind, and she was ashamed to write to him and tell him right out. She thought she would see him the next summer vacation, but when that come he shipped in the privateer Nathanael Greene, and that put off his home-comin' a long time, as you shall see.

"The Greene was one of the luckiest privateers that ever sailed out of Massachusetts. For a year and a half she fetched in prize after prize. But in December, 1813, she was captured in the Bay of Biscay by two English frigates, and all of her crew was put in the big naval prison a few miles north of Portsmouth. The prison was an immense inclosure with huts in one end for the American prisoners and in t'other end for the French, for England was fightin' Bonnypart then, too.

Isaac had been in Canada and knew French, so he used to go to the French camp to improve his knowledge of the language. Some of the prisoners got chances to work for the officers, gittin' little privileges for doin' so, and by and by Isaac was given the job of interpretin' for the butler of the prison commandant and the French prisoner who was actin' as cook. Once in awhile he was sent in to wait on the table. One day, as he was puttin' the plates around for one o'clock dinner, he heard the commandant say in the next room that he had received orders to send the crew of the French ship Kellermann that afternoon down to Portsmouth to be exchanged. He said he was goin' to git about it as soon as he was through eatin' and hoped to have all the papers military red tape required made out and the men on their way to Portsmouth within a few hours.

"Instantly a plan come into Isaac's head. He went into the kitchen. The French cook was in the pantry. Isaac grabbed the soup and poured it into the drain, and put cold water in the tureen. He dropped the roast beef off the spit into the fire it was turnin' before, like it had fallen in accidentally. He put the turnspit dog up on the table where it could get at the bread and butter and other things, and then he cut and run. He had delayed the commandant's dinner an hour at least. It was a dull, lowerin' day, and a short day anyway, for it was mid-winter. His plans required darkness, and, if he had delayed the commandant long enough, the darkness would come in time. He ran to the quarters of the crew of the Greene and, gittin' 'em all together, asked 'em if they would obey him and try to foller his plan, and they said they would. He asked them to shell out all their spare cash, and they done it. Then he went to the quarters of the crew of the Kellermann and told them the Greene crew wanted to play a joke and let on that they was the Kellermann's crew, stayin' in their quarters that evenin' while the Kellermann crew stayed in the Greene quarters. Seamen's clothes of all nations are about alike. The French had little calico bibs on behind the collars of theirs, but these had nearly all been torn off for handkerchiefs and such in prison, so nobody would notice that. Isaac said they'd give the Kellermann crew two rations of grog for making the change. He knew if more was offered they'd be suspicious. The Kellermanns couldn't understand what kind of a joke it could be, and wanted it explained, but Isaac said he was afraid it would git out and be sp'iled if he told it then, so the French took the grog money and sneaked off, one by one, to the quarters of the Greene, while the Yankees took their places. There was fifty more men in the Kellermann's crew than in the Greene's, so Isaac filled up the vacancies with Yankees he could trust from other crews. Durand, the French captain, was startin' to foller his men, when Isaac stopped him.

"This here joke can't go off well without your assistance."

"How's that?"

"We are about to pass out of this prison as the crew of the Kellermann bein' exchanged, and you will be called upon to identify the men on the roll."

"Scoundrel," Durand almost yelled, "do you think I would betray my comrades?"

"'Keep calm,' said Isaac. 'You told me last week that you was a royalist, that you felt Bonnypart was gittin' to the end of his rope and you wished you could git out of it all and go to the United States.'

"'True,' said Durand, 'but I am a Frenchman, if I am a royalist, and I will not betray my men.'

"'You ain't goin' to betray your men. Enough English prisoners to make up for French prisoners have been brought to Portsmouth. England has got to give up an equal number of Frenchmen. If a whole lot of Americans pass themselves off as French and git out, that don't let England out of givin' up the Frenchmen accordin' to agreement. If England lets a whole lot of Americans escape, that's no excuse for holdin' Frenchmen, and she can't do it. You come along with us and you will have done a good deed, helpin' a lot of Americans git out and not sp'ilin' the chances of the French thereby.'

"Durand saw how it was and said he would help. It was four o'clock, the sky was covered with clouds and it was quite dark, and from feelin' afraid that the commandant would git around before it got dark, Isaac was now afraid that he would put off sendin' out the prisoners until light the next day, but about half past four a lot of lanterns come across the parade-ground and there was the commandant and the adjutant and a couple of sergeant-majors with documents and rolls in their hands. Exchanges were always kept as quiet as possible, for they excited the prisoners what had to stay and made 'em unruly. So Captain Durand was told to collect his men. He read the names off the roll the commandant had, and one by one the Yankees responded, and in fifteen minutes the whole passel was out of the prison and marchin' towards Portsmouth under the guide of four soldiers. They warn't a guard. Men goin' to freedom don't need no guard, so when the crew got into the outskirts of Portsmouth and grabbed the soldiers, tied, gagged, and threw 'em into an old empty warehouse, they didn't have no trouble doin' it.

"'What are you goin' to do now?' asked Captain Durand.

"'Well, sir, I really don't know,' said Isaac. 'But let's go into the city and see if something won't turn up.'

"They marched into town by a back street, sent some men to buy bread for the crowd, and, when they was done eatin', started to go down to the sea-front. Sailors were always trampin' around the city, and nobody noticed 'em, it bein' a chilly, drizzly night, and few folks out. All at once they heard a yellin' and batterin' around the corner ahead of 'em, and out come a little boy, runnin' like the wind, smack into the arms of the Greene's bo's'n.

"'Be you man-o'-war's-men?' asked the boy.

"'No,' said the bo's'n.

"'Then run like the mischief,' said the boy, 'for the press-gang of the Roscommon is tryin' to ketch a lot of merchant sailors barricaded down there in the Pig and Whistle.'

"'How many men is the Roscommon short?' asked Isaac.

"'All of two hundred, anyway. I don't believe she's got a hundred and twenty-five aboard. The captain's a brute, and the men

have deserted. She's ordered to sail for Jamaica in the mornin', and she's got to ketch enough to fill up her crew to-night. Almost all of her crew are ashore now.'

"'Say,' said Isaac, 'what's the name of the tavern we just passed up here? I forgit.'

"'The Norroy Arms.'

"'And what's that big one at t'other end of town?'

"'You mean the Wild Goose.'

"'That's it. Now, my lad, them sailors in the Pig and Whistle is friends of mine. They're barricaded, and it will be hard to take 'em; but in the Norroy Arms is twenty who can be ketched as easy as pie. I'll give you two shillin's to tell the Roscommon's officer that. And after he's took 'em, for fear he'll go back to the Pig and Whistle, here's two shillin's more to tell him there's forty sailors too drunk to fight at the Wild Goose.'

"Away went the boy, and Isaac told off twenty men to stay in the Norroy Arms, and not to make no struggle when they was pressed. Then he marched the rest towards the Wild Goose, inquiren' the way, and as he went, he dropped out now twenty, now ten, now thirty, at different taverns whose names he wrote down, so that when he and Captain Durand and Captain Hurley of the Greene was in the Wild Goose with thirty-seven more, the whole crew was in taverns. He made the officers strip off their signs of rank, so they'd pass as merchant officers. In about an hour a big press-gang of a hundred come tumblin' in with drawn cutlasses, but they didn't meet with no resistance. The forty fellers was pretty nigh helpless with lickin',—all except Isaac,—though when the British officer said he guessed he'd have to turn in the whole press-gang to lug 'em down to the boats instid of huntin' for more men, the whole crowd sorter steadied on their pins.

"'They can walk all right,' says Isaac. 'Now, seein' we is ketched, and it's all for the glory of old England, anyway, I want to tell you where you could git nigh onto a couple of hundred more, if you needed 'em.'

"'Well, we do,' said the officer. 'Where are they hid? I didn't know there was that many merchant sailors ashore to-night.'

"'They be,' says Isaac; 'and, what's more, they're mostly like these fellers,—too groggy to run or fight. You let me go with you, and I'll tell you where they are. Rope these fellers together, and five of your men can git 'em down to the boats.'

"Well, to make a long story short, there was two hundred and fifty-one pressed men on the Roscommon when she sailed at sunrise, and her officers couldn't talk about nothin' else except how easy these men was took; but they talked about somethin' else on the third day, for they and all the original crew was in irons and between decks, while overhead was fellers singin' 'Yankee Doodle,' and in the officers' cabin sat Isaac, Captain Durand, Captain Hurley and the rest of the officers of the Greene, who was now runnin' the affairs of the Roscommon. Havin' a fine frigate and everything, they decided to sail for home by the way of the Indian Ocean and the Horn, cap-

turin' some of the rich prizes they knew was in the Indian Ocean. It wasn't until almost a month was gone that Isaac, takin' a squint through the hatchways at the prisoners, see that the British third lieutenant wasn't nobody else but his cousin, Reginald Latimore.

"'Why, land of liberty!' says Durand; 'there's a feller who couldn't be told from you, I believe, if your hair was the color of his'n.'

"'I wish it was the color of his'n,' says Isaac gloomily.

"'Why's that?'

"'Why, if it was, I'd go home and marry the sweetest girl that ever lived. She'd think I was him, and marry me; but, once I had her, I'd manage to make her care for me.'

"'It can be done,' says Durand.

"'What can?'

"'Your hair can be bleached to look like his'n. I can do it. There's enough things in the medicine-chest.'

"'Can you?' says Isaac, overjoyed; but then his chop fell. 'But what about him? There'll be two of us just alike, and he'd stand as good a show as I would.'

"'That's so,' says Durand. 'Then I'll dye his hair the color of yours. You'll have to change places with him, though.'

"'I don't care. We'll drug him and dye his hair. I'll change clothes with him. I'll be the English lord and prisoner; he'll be the American lieutenant. We'll be landed in Boston; I'll git a parole, go home, and marry the girl, who is in love with my cousin just because he is a lord.'

"'Well, we can make the change when we enter the Caribbean on the way home,' says Durand. 'No need of your bein' a prisoner all the v'yage.'

"Well, sir, nobody could understand what had druv Isaac suddenly crazy just after the island of Martinique had been sighted—nobody but Durand. Gittin' up at noon after a long sleep, he astonished Hurley by askin' how he come to be there, and then went on to claim he was the British lieutenant, Baron St. Clement at Wood, and he just raged when they said he wasn't. They fetched in the Britisher, and he said he was the Britisher, and that Isaac was his cousin, and he couldn't imagine what the trouble was. As soon as the Britisher said this, Isaac said he see through it all. He said there had been a trick; and his face lighted up, and he said he was glad of it, at which the Britisher looked troubled, as all noticed. Isaac didn't know that Mehitabel had told Reginald that she would never marry an enemy of her country, and couldn't understand why the chap was so suddenly reconciled to bein' an American. After that, the ostensible Isaac quit denyin' he was Isaac. Just as the Haytien coast was sighted, the first thing the officers knew, the British cousin he was took insane, too, and where both was claimin' they was Reginald before, now they was both claimin' they was Isaac. The day before, the Roscommon had spoken an American vessel just from Holland, and learned that peace had been concluded, so they was goin' to put the English off at Nassau. As soon as he heard this, Isaac stepped forward and said he was Isaac,

thinkin' Reginald would be glad to be himself again. But Reginald said he was Isaac, and, though Durand told the whole story, Hurley said he didn't know how to disentangle the thing, seein' how each had claimed to be t'other; so they put the one in British uniform ashore at Nassau, and sailed away. Isaac was scared. Although he felt certain that Mehitabel would marry the one that was a lord, still he didn't know but she would think the lord would never come back again on account of the war, and marry Reginald pretendin' to be him. Besides, what was back of Reginald bein' so willin' to be him? Was it merely to git to the United States? Luckily, he got a ship for Boston right away, and got there before Reginald, for the Roscommon put into New York. A disagreeable surprise awaited him when he faced Mehitabel and pressed his suit.

"Didn't I tell you that I would never marry an enemy of my country? How dare you come here? Go, sir!"

"A great light broke over his mind. Reginald's conduct was explained.

"I am Isaac," he cried, and he told her the whole story. She didn't believe him, and he told her to wait until his hair got brown again and she'd see. She promised; so when Reginald come next day and tried to git her to marry him right away she wouldn't do it. It warn't long before the hair-wash all got out of Isaac's hair, and one mornin' he presented himself before her lookin' as usual; but there was Reginald there, too, who had kept dyein' his hair, and nobody could tell which was which.

"Then she privately told the second one who had come to town,—Reginald,—who because the two dressed different she knew had come second, that she had made up her mind to marry the lord. He acted just like the first one had: said he wasn't what he looked to be, that he was the lord, and asked her to wait until his hair got natural again and she would see. Then he went to Boston to stay until it had faded out, so Isaac wouldn't see what was goin' on. But Isaac smelled a rat, and, noticin' Mehitabel was cool to him, on a venture he went to Boston and got his hair bleached again; and when Reginald came back with his hair all yellow, there Isaac was, too, with yellow hair. Now, Isaac had an anchor tattooed on his left arm, and Mehitabel knew it, so she sent a note to each of 'em, tellin' 'em to come and prove who they was by the anchor, and she'd marry the one who had it, who would be Isaac. It happened that when these notes was sent Isaac had just gone to New York to see about his share of the Roscommon prize-money. Reginald, he left town for Boston, pretendin' he had gone when the note came, as we learned afterwards. In lookin' up the case in Boston, the identical old sailor who had tattooed an anchor on Reginald's arm was discovered. Reginald laid around Boston until the redness had gone and the anchor looked like an old piece of work, and then he went back.

"Up to this point, we have them two fellers well separated; but after this they are so all-fired mixed up that nobody knows t'other from which. Which was it, Isaac or Reginald, who, on a Thursday mornin', appeared at Mehitabel's house and showed her an anchor on

his arm and said he was just back from New York, and, because of Mehitabel fearin' some new complications would arise and bein' sick of the whole muss, was married to her as soon as the parson could be fetched in and a cake baked? Which was it, Isaac or Reginald, who come to Mehitabel's that evenin', showed an anchor on his arm, and said he was just back from New York, and swore, and tore, and wanted to kill the other one? Well, sir, it 'ain't never been settled. I think the last feller was Isaac; but the church-folks said it was Reginald, for they were certain no orthodox-raised New-Englander would swear so, while an Englishman might.

"Well, the second feller went to England and assumed the barony of St. Clement at Wood. Even if it was Isaac, seein' he had lost his American property and Mehitabel, it was the natural thing to do. Those who claim he was Reginald p'int out that after he went to England he stopped sayin' he was Isaac, but to me that don't prove nothin'. The other feller, if he was Reginald, had giv' up his English property. If this feller, probably Isaac, had kept on sayin' he was Isaac, then the next heir would take the barony, so of course he kept his mouth shut, whoever he was. Stories about Isaac goin' to Boston every little while, and bein' seen around a drug store kept by ex-Captain Durand of the French navy, and havin' his hair lookin' browner when he come home, used to be told. And somebody said Lord St. Clement at Wood used to go to London pretty regular, and have a fresher yellow to his hair when he come home. But before long both of them two doubtful grandfathers of our'n got gray-headed, probably on account of dyein' their hair so much; so the scheme of Judge Williamson, which he laid before our Secretary of State and the British minister, and which met with their approval, a scheme for the American government to shut up Mehitabel's husband, and the British government to shut up Lord St. Clement at Wood, where they couldn't git at no hair-dye, and see how they come out, this scheme was never tried. It was thought on too late."

Wardon Allan Curtis.

PURPOSE.

I MARKED with calculating eye
 The distance to Desire,
 And noted, too, the furious Fates:
 Fierce Wind and Flood and Fire.

I bade adieu to Doubt and Dread,
 And armed me for the fray,
 Then slept, and, waking at the dawn,
 Desire beside me lay!

Clarence Urmy.

CYRANO DE BERGERAC.

INTRODUCTION.

[Acclaimed by the nation that best understands the theatrical art, lauded to the skies by that nation's most discerning dramatic critics, taken with rapture to the bosom of the greatest living actor, officially rewarded with the Cross of the Legion of Honor, translated into many tongues, and performed everywhere, "Cyrano de Bergerac" affords, and will for long years afford, plentiful matter for literary and artistic discussion. The dramatic merits of "Cyrano de Bergerac" apart, it is the most interesting product of French literature since "Salammbô," and aside from the literary importance of "Cyrano de Bergerac," no French play since "La Dame aux Camélias" has been so noteworthy. From the histrionic point of view, the character of Cyrano is unique. A great deal of what has been written in English about this play consists in feeble because unfelt commendation, incompetent nagging, bald imitation, or the exhibition of a triumphant ignorance of the French language and literature. By such means the greatness and the faults of a poetical masterpiece are not revealed, but concealed. One, therefore, who joins the enthusiasm of the heart and the study of the brain to his taste of free and open criticism is likely to discover things, and so may be entitled to a hearing.]

CYRANO DE BERGERAC, poet, playwright, romancer, epistolarian, wit, soldier, and duellist, flourished in the reign of Louis XIII., and remained unsung for long after. But being a gentleman of many parts and large, and of a strong personality, and having, so to speak, dissolved his soul in his ink, it was obvious that by dipping his pen into that very ink a sufficiently talented writer could resurrect this unusual character to renewed notoriety. Edmond Rostand came, read, copied, and was famous; or, rather, he did not copy, but imbibe, swallow, absorb, assimilate, and then bring forth a phoenix. Now let us light the lamp of distinction. We shall know, in the following discussion: No. 1, de Bergerac, the *factotum* already named, who supplied the model for No. 2, Cyrano, created by Rostand as the centre of No. 3, "Cyrano de Bergerac," a heroic comedy in five acts, in verse.

De Bergerac's *magnum opus* was the "Histoire comique des États et Empires de la Lune et du Soleil," and is, as the title suggests, the playground of Chimera & Company. In "Cyrano de Bergerac" the hero, Cyrano, in order to detain the inconvenient de Guiche, represents himself as a traveller from the moon, and spins out a long madcap story, recounting, among other things, his ascent to the lunar kingdom on a sheet of iron, which he propelled by throwing a magnet into the air—just such crazy adventures as are chronicled in the "Histoire comique." Cyrano will not submit "Agrippine"—a tragedy in Alexandrines by de Bergerac—to Richelieu's approval, lest the cardinal change a single comma. Allusion is made by Cyrano to Molière's theft of a celebrated *mot* from de Bergerac's comedy "Le Pédant Joué," a whole scene of which Molière transplanted to "Les Fourberies de Scapin." "Le Pédant Joué" was first given at the theatre of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, the locality of the first act of "Cyrano de Bergerac." De Bergerac saw military service in a company com-

manded by Carbon de Castel-Jaloux, whom we find at the head of a band of Gascon warriors in Rostand's play. A roisterer named Châteaufort in "Le Pédant Joué" indulges in extreme gasconading. The same comedy is crammed with extravagancies of allegory and simile, also a conspicuous attribute of de Bergerac's letters. Cyrano's dexterous play upon words—employing them in many senses as in his remarkable essay in noseology—is partaken of by de Bergerac in many instances. The most notable are the rhetorical fireworks he sets off with the words "garde" and "feu" in "Le Pédant Joué," and the name "Le Coq" in a letter addressed to a person so called. But in vocabular improvisation Cyrano altogether outdoes his prototype—*vide* "ridioculise." Cyrano's quality of satire, ready and keen, his gift of repartee, his fertility in punning, his classic lore—of these, in their degree, de Bergerac's correspondence is pageful. The epistle "Contre un Poltron" fixes the belief in us that his blade is no less trenchant than his pen, that he is as well able as he claims to

Joindre ainsi la plume à l'épée.

The letter "Contre le Carême" is a parallel to Cyrano's banter with the nuns on the matter of eating meat on Friday. Contempt of danger, Cyrano's most prominent feature, his nose apart, de Bergerac evinces by bombarding Mazarin in a poem with incompetency, favoritism, extortion, malféasance, debauchery, and what not. De Bergerac's "Lettres Amoureuses" would seem to court a bluestocking. They are very deferential in tone, flowery in language, and delicate in thought. But none of them reaches the mark of perfection, either in sentiment or expression, of the tender, fragrant tropes to Roxane, the *précieuse* of Rostand's play, who insists on flirtation in euphuistic verse. A typical amatory conceit of de Bergerac's epistolary vein is this: His lady's image turns his eyes to alembics, in which his life is distilled, pure and translucent.

Of the other characters of "Cyrano de Bergerac" there is little to say, because Cyrano almost has the monopoly of excellence, and the play is without a villain. De Guiche has bad designs, to be sure, but he is too grand to attend to them closely. Place and preferment are his aim, and his mediocrity is converted into Stars and Garters by kind Uncle Richelieu. Preciosity and femininity need not be at variance, for, in spite of Plato for breakfast and Vaugelas for supper, Roxane's heart digests the outer charms of a certain young gentleman "at first sight." Christian, the favored one, is handsome, stupid, and valiant. The occupation of Raguenéau, pastry-cook and poet, is to reel off lyrical gastronomic pleasantries, *sauce Rostand*. Raguenéau has perhaps no counterpart in the drama excepting Hans Sachs,

——ein Schuh
macher und Poet dazu.

French poetry may be the best, French cookery is. Hence Raguenéau. But Holland, Sweden, and England, for instance, are countries where Master Cook is fatally compromised with Mistress Prose.

Patience—patience; we "are coming to the play."

Act I. is all movement and color. It was an artist's eye that devised the historical picture of a dramatic representation in the age of Richelieu, the cardinal himself one of the spectators, who, from pickpocket to marquis, bustle and press and chatter and listen—each betokening his condition by a word, a gesture, or the feather in his hat. The submission of the (mock) players and public to Cyrano's pointed wit and sword forecasts his domination of the real play and all the people in it. The other important personages all step to the front a moment, either in fact or in description, to make their bow. Already we have an inkling of their characters, a suspicion of their aims, a notion of their future conduct. The brilliancy and variety of the pageant, the abundancy of substance, our very eagerness to let nothing slip, have prevented the concentration of our interest. The curtain falls, and we sit pleased but bewildered. The author's resources have flooded his meaning.

But before the curtain fell we were invited, with Cyrano, to a *rendezvous* next morning. Our bewilderment merges into expectancy. What can the lovely Roxane have to say to her ugly cousin? The meeting takes place in the establishment of one Ragueneau, whose habit of taking poems in payment of cakes at last reduces him to the horrid necessity of wrapping up some patties in a sonnet to Phyllis. The invention of this Ragueneau and his poetastering clients has given the playwright's comic vein a broad scope, further widened by the discharge upon the scene of a company of rollicking, swaggering, bawling Gascons, wearing long swords and longer names, a fighter, a baron, and a gorgeous liar—*splendide mendax*—every mother's son. From this, what a drastic extreme to Cyrano's tremendous emotions during Roxane's confession to him of her love—for—for—for another man! The climax of his emotions and of this act is reached when Cyrano, after promising to protect her lover, is insulted by him and then embraces him. The ingenuity and the strength of this situation lie in the treble aspect of the affront: to us, the audience, it is a source of mirth, to its hearers on the boards one of astonishment, to its subject one of agony. The second act is the richest dramatically.

Christian's wooing of Roxane has progressed. Why else does the curtain now reveal a soft, chaste, moonlit night, a perfect night for lovers, for sighs translating hopes, for smiles that whisper secrets, for kisses dearer than the soul's salvation? In this scene the poet's words exhale, as it were, the sweetest essences of perfumed thoughts. The ravishing aroma of his love-verses can only be felt, not explained. So it is with all our most delicate perceptions. "Faith," says Tolstoy, "cannot be expressed in language." The poetic value of the lines mentioned raises the third act to the literary primacy of this drama. The whimsical interlude provided by the supposed traveller from the moon is another triumph of dramatic fertility and subtle arrangement. Whoever complains of being hurt by so sudden a drop from sublimity to absurdity must admit, too, the difficulty of replacing the episode with something as sublimely absurd. But the literary virtue of this act is its actors' bane. Act III. baffles the elocutionist because it is replete with romantic abstractions which cannot be interpreted by any form of mimicry.

The human voice is but a musical instrument emitting a certain number of sounds, and, thus limited, Coquelin can give no better effect than a violin to such a line as this :

Un point rose qu'on met sur l'i du verbe aimer—

Cyrano's definition of a kiss. On the other hand, successful love-making is usually applauded on the stage and off.

From sentimental moonshine dangling, cousin and lover, now comrades-in-arms, have marched to the front of peril and famine. The Gascon company is encamped before Arras. Bugle-calls and the roll of the drum, sentinel's tramp and challenge, clinking steel and crackling musketry, are heard at a little distance. The soldiers, gaunt, dishevelled, and in pain for want of food, are discouraged and woe-begone. Provisions arrive, and the men have a jolly feast. Then strikes the hour of battle. The Gascons charge up the rocky embankment, and come rolling headlong down, dead or wounded. The survivors, rallied by Cyrano, rush into destruction against frightful odds. The circumstance that Act IV. is the noisiest, the most sensational, and the most confused is nothing in its favor. His love of contrast has led the author far astray from the paths of discretion. Roxane, a young lady of no astounding force of character, is inspired with the notion of getting a pastry-cook, Ragueneau, to take her, alone and in war-time, a week's journey in a carriage. Her relations do not oppose this adventure. With courteous innocence the Spaniards allow the lady to pass through their lines unquestioned upon her statement that she is going to see her lover. Knowing that her road is to the enemy's camp, logic forbids the Spaniards to believe that she might be a spy or bearer of despatches. She drives into the Gascon camp, the carriage stops, and she hops out with a courtesy, a smirk, and a *bonjour*. Aha! Of course—a whole act of a play without a woman—impossible! Strauss or Millöcker would have conjured her here in precisely this manner, and for exactly the same reason. But—what is this? The band does not strike up, the soubrettish, coquettish thing does not trip up to the footlights, the other people on the stage do not array themselves in two straight lines and turn to wooden sign-posts. So it is not an operetta, after all. Still, what a happy thought, to bring a carriageful of ortolans and muscatel as supernumerary baggage! How picturesque and happy the bold soldiers look, eating their lunch, though Italian bandits would have been prettier. After the picnic comes the battle.—If Roxane was brought here to throw herself on Christian's dead body, the author chose a cheap, easy, and conventional way to the hearts of the gallery. But he may have thought his picture of the Gascons would be called unfinished if their exuberant gallantry in the face of beauty and danger alike was not exemplified. The acme of Gascon bravado and waggishness is personified by Cyrano, who, while hunger is griping his bowels, paces leisurely up and down, perusing a pocket edition of the "Iliad." A famished soldier growls that he must devour something. Cyrano pitches him his "Iliad."

The scenic features of the fifth act express its pervading senti-

ment, as they did of the third. The dramatists of *le grand siècle* and the Elizabethans, to say nothing of the ancients, were debarred by the rudeness of their scenic contrivances from appealing to their audiences in this way. The curtain rises upon a secluded convent garden. It is a quiet autumn afternoon; the sun is sinking; the trees cast deep and melancholy shadows; the silent fall of the yellow leaves completes nature's mute overture to brave Cyrano's end and peace. This act is, as a fifth act too often is, a confirmation of certainty. But we would not forfeit that last magnificent tirade, the summary of Cyrano's career. Expiring, he defies death, his only vanquisher, in a *bon-mot*. His loyalty to truth and honor has never flinched a moment; to the end he defends them with his wit and sword. With his back he is leaning against a tree, standing as he has stood all his life, alone, and in his delirium lunges at the air.

Je crois qu'elle regarde. . . .
Qu'elle ose regarder mon nez, cette camarade!

(Il lève son épée.)
Que dites-vous? . . . C'est inutile? . . . Je le sais!
Mais on ne se bat pas dans l'espoir du succès!
Non! Non! c'est bien plus beau lorsque c'est inutile!
—Qu'est-ce que c'est que tous ceux-là?—Vous êtes mille?
Ah! je vous reconnais, tous mes vieux ennemis!
Le Mensonge?

(Il frappe de son épée le vide.)
Tiens, tiens!—Ha! ha! les Compromis,
Les Préjugés, les Lâchetés! . . .

(Il frappe.)
Que je pactise?
Jamais, jamais!—Ah! te voilà, toi, la Sottise!
—Je sais bien qu'à la fin vous me mettez à bas;
N'importe: je me bats! je me bats! je me bats!

In the clouds are perhaps authors who write in faultless verse of spotless creatures. Cyrano's bodily and moral exploits rank him among the immortals of earthly fiction, with d'Artagnan, Posa, Quasimodo, Enoch Arden, and other more or less fabulous individuals. Nor can the historical and national significance of "Cyrano de Bergerac" be denied. As to language, it is a garden of exotic fancies, a cascade of sparkling wit, a storm of pelting repartee. Its smooth measure is velvet, its ingenious rhyming distraction. Rostand's fecund art of throwing a purely poetical conception into a telling phrase is unsurpassed except by our one redeeming William. But Rostand may be reproached that parts of his play are tedious exchanges of opinion and metaphor, or that they are descriptions of events instead of events. The accusation would condemn him to good company, for it likewise might be applied to scenes of "Edipus Rex," "Antigone," "Phèdre," "Le Misanthrope," and "Wilhelm Tell." It was an axiom of the Greek and French classical dramatists that the poetic recital of a shocking occurrence was preferable to actual horrors on the stage. Their taste was more refined than Ben Jonson's or Marlowe's or Shakespeare's. They saw nothing delightful in such beastly butcheries as we tolerate or commend in "Edward II.," "Othello," and "The Third Part of

King Henry VI." Rostand departs, to the detriment of taste and the glory of realism, from the standards of his greatest countrymen when he sends his Gascons rolling down the slope onto the stage, groaning and writhing in the throes of a violent death. In none of his dramas does Rostand attain the tranquil majesty of Corneille and Racine, or their suave dignity, or their mature experience, or their grand simplicity. But Rostand's linguistry they never dreamt of. Perhaps they would have scorned as trivial such juggling with language as "pharamineux," "ridicoculise," "Scipion triplement Nasica." His wit is always elegant,—*précieux*, some would say,—and he never descends to the buffoonery of Beaumarchais and the horseplay of which Molière is capable. Every line, grave or gay, of "Cyrano de Bergerac" is "literary," which is much more than can be said of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui." But the broad moral philosophy, the cosmopolitan view, and the sound judgment of "Tartuffe" and "Les Femmes Savantes" are as much lacking in "Cyrano de Bergerac" as the frail sensibility, the soaring idealism, and the fine artistic handiwork of "Cyrano de Bergerac" are absent from "Tartuffe" and "Les Femmes Savantes." Rostand is the preëminent verbalist and sentimentalist of the French drama. He has the perennial talent of the right word in the right place, and that without prejudice to rhyme. Cyrano is king of the polite joke and the erudite pun in French stageland.

Edmond Rostand's genius is of the highest, but not the highest. He lays down no laws of conduct for all men in all times. He has no pithy maxims to dispense. We cannot look to him for the safest and wisest moral instruction. And however deeply our æsthetic sense is intoxicated, however we marvel at his nimble scholarship, into whatever ecstasy we go over his perfect expression of exquisite thoughts, our investigating, speculative, deductive, reasoning faculties remain untouched. Our splendid young Frenchman is, indeed, a great poet and a little philosopher. He is not one of those dramatists

Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled

that they satisfy your whole soul. He is not Sophocles, not Schiller, not Calderon.

Lionel Strachey.

THE HEIR OF JOY.

DREAM not of bliss with no alloy,
 Friend of the star-like eyes :
 Still unborn, in the womb of Joy,
 The infant Sorrow lies.

Sorrow thou must by strength embrace,
 Claim him thy kinsman, yield him place ;
 His mother's soul read in his face,
 And he shall make thee wise.

Dora Read Goodall.

LAMBETH PALACE.

OF the numerous show-places of London, one of the least familiar to both Englishmen and Americans is the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lambeth Palace, situated upon the Surrey side of the Thames. The reason of this is not hard to find. It is his Grace's home for a large part of the year; in consequence, access to the interior is not very easy, and now that Addington Palace, the country house, has passed from his possession, Lambeth will be entirely closed to the public.

The pleasantest way to reach Lambeth is by one of the river steamers from London Bridge. Embarking almost opposite the frowning walls of the Tower, so closely connected with English history, one goes down the river under Waterloo and Blackfriars Bridges; then, passing the Houses of Parliament on the one bank, and the fine red pile of St. Thomas's Hospital on the other, arrives almost at once at Lambeth Pier. Landing, we cross the road and stand before the ancient doorway of the palace. And right here history begins to crowd upon us. This gate at which we are knocking was built two years before Columbus set sail for the New World, and those square old wooden water-pipes bear the arms of the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

The visitor is shown over the palace by the porter (who is also the archbishop's apparitor). This functionary is a walking guide-book, and has the history of the palace at his fingers' ends. He takes us first to the Lollards' Tower, which dates from the twelfth century, a lonely old building of gray stone enveloped in ivy. This was the prison of the palace, though it is doubtful whether any Lollards were ever confined in it. The large cell is panelled with oak, covered with initials, and here and there bearing marks of burning, supposed to be from the branding-iron. The fireplace is rather a mystery, for the chimney is bricked up, and it is said that prisoners were suffocated with charcoal burnt in it. One escape is recorded from this tower. The Reverend Francis Wake made his way through the window into a boat brought by his wife. In doing so he broke his legs, the rope being too short; but he escaped safely to France. He afterwards returned, and at the Reformation became Bishop of St. Albans.

From the roof of the tower a fine view of London and the suburbs may be obtained, extending as far south as the Crystal Palace. On the opposite side of the river is St. Bartholomew's Church, with its four towers. It is related of this building that Queen Elizabeth, on being asked after what style she would wish it built, kicked over her footstool, saying, "Build it thus."

Descending the broken and tortuous stairs, we are led to the guard-room of the palace. In the west wall is the water-gate, now plastered up. This is one of the most interesting features of the palace when we picture to ourselves the host of kings, princes, and captains who

must have passed beneath it on visits to the archbishops. Catherine of Aragon, shortly before her death, alighted at this gate when she came to have her sentence of divorcement confirmed by Cranmer.

We next enter the private chapel. On the wall to the right and left of the door are marble tablets bearing the names of all the Archbishops of Canterbury, beginning with St. Augustine. The carved-oak screen is of the date of Charles I., and the roof is quite modern, though copied from ancient work in the crypt. The stained windows are also modern, though copied from "The Poor Man's Bible," and consist of a series of representations of biblical events from the Creation to the Last Judgment. The last window, as an inscription bears witness, was erected by the American bishops visiting Lambeth some ten years ago.

Turning to the left, we enter two narrow galleries of Charles's date, built on the site of the ancient cloisters of the monastery. They are not particularly interesting, but they contain two curious bird's-eye views of London before the fire, with St. Paul's, the old Gothic structure, the Abbey, before Christopher Wren built his steeple, and Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. There are also in the gallery many pieces of old furniture to delight the connoisseur's heart. The galleries open into the family dining-room, hung with portraits of holders of the see.

Descending the stairs, the visitor enters the anteroom of the library, with its curious collection of portraits of reformers, most of whom seem to have been preternaturally hideous. The library itself is an immense room, with a row of windows along the north side, and a very splendid roof. The books are arranged in cases projecting from the walls, about ten feet high, and do not form a very remarkable collection. In two table-cases are specimens of early painting, and a prayer-book of Queen Elizabeth, found in a wardrobe at Kensington and bearing her florid autograph. It was in the library that the trial of the Bishop of Lincoln, for ecclesiastical offences, took place.

The crypt is not shown to visitors; it is in an unsafe condition. This is unfortunate, for it is one of the most ancient parts of the palace. Nor is the subway under the Thames to be seen, for frequent searches have failed to reveal its existence. On the writer's visit the grounds were in a damp and unpleasant condition, but they are extensive and laid out with great care. They are the scene of the archbishop's garden-parties, two or three of which are always given during the London season.

G. F. Burnley.

BEYOND APPEAL.

THE verdure came and shadows spread to shade,
The green bound all the gray old maple's head,
But never till the night wind blew and made
The leaves sing, did I dream the winter dead.

Harrison S. Morris.

A NIGHT IN DEVIL'S GULLY.

IT was the edge of the forest at last. I had wandered for hours since I missed my companions in the endless mazes of that gray Tasmanian forest, till I had almost made up my mind that I should have to spend the night there. The idea had been far from cheerful, and it was with a start of pleased surprise that I found myself, almost without any warning, in the open once more. It was just sunset; the western sky was still one blaze of crimson glory, and the long shadows from the opposite range were flung darkly across the lower ground before me.

Not a breath of wind was stirring. It was so quiet, indeed, that after the first minute or two I could hear the rush and murmur of the little stream which appeared to run through the bottom of the valley, though it was invisible from the spot on which I stood. The sound reminded me that I was thirsty, and I made my way with hasty strides down the slope to where the rivulet—for in this summer weather it was no more—found its way through a channel almost hidden by a luxuriant growth of tree-ferns and shrubs. I leaped hastily down the bank to the bed of pebbles below, and, leaning my gun against the bank, knelt on the stones and took a long draught of the deliciously cool water.

When I got up and looked around, the first thing I noticed was the strange way in which a great rock hung beetling over the bed of the stream, almost like a tower that had somehow got tilted to one side. It was but a few yards higher up the stream than where I stood, and my eye caught sight of a path ascending the bank which looked as if it had been used quite lately. I felt my spirits rise at once. After all, my luck was not so bad as I had begun to fancy. This was a good deal better, at any rate, than being lost in the bush. The path looked as if it had been a good deal used, and even if nobody came along it that night, I had only to wait for daylight to see the track for myself and find my way back again to my friends at Gartmire.

I paused to think what I should do in the mean time. As far as I could see, there was no particular reason why I should not make a bed among the clumps of fern that covered the ground near the banks of the stream; and yet, somehow, I didn't like the idea. There might be snakes about, and even water-rats would be disagreeable companions. The great boulder looked as if it had a flat top, and if I could only climb it I should certainly be out of harm's way during the night.

A dozen steps brought me to the foot of the rock, and as I looked up I saw that it was even higher than I had supposed. It seemed to rise almost perpendicularly on two sides, while on a third it overhung the bed of the stream; but on the side nearest me it sloped more gradually. I was still looking at it doubtfully, when a distant sound from the forest, like the noise caused by the breaking of a branch, decided me to try it. I grasped my gun and scrambled up the face

of the rock. It was not so difficult to climb as I had fancied, and in two or three minutes I had reached the top.

"Not such a bad place, either," I said to myself as I looked around. The top was nearly flat, or, if anything, slightly hollowed out, and there were tufts of grass and beds of moss upon it that promised to make something of a bed. I was satisfied that it would answer my purpose, and at any rate I wasn't likely to be disturbed by anything there. I was tired with my long tramp, but as yet I didn't feel sleepy, so I took a seat on the edge of the rock with my legs hanging over and prepared to enjoy a smoke.

It was very quiet. As I listened, I couldn't hear a sound except the low musical gurgle of the stream below me. Then I suddenly remembered the sound that had seemed to come from the forest as I stood hesitating at the foot of the rock. What could it have been? It was not loud; but for the silence around I should perhaps hardly have heard it at all. But it certainly sounded like the noise of a breaking stick, on which something had put a heavy foot. There had been no wind at all, so it must surely have been some living animal. I was just in the state of mind in which one is inclined to speculate lazily on passing things of little importance. It might have been cattle in the forest, of course, but I had been told that cattle in Tasmania were kept within fences. I listened for another sound of the same kind till I had almost persuaded myself that I heard something move on the hill-side. I strained my eyes in the attempt to see what it was, but the night was too dark to make out anything even a few yards off. At last I gave it up. What did it matter, after all? It was most likely only my fancy; but even if there were anything there, I was well out of its way on the top of my rock. I don't know how long I sat there smoking and dreaming, but at last I began to grow sleepy, and before I mustered up energy enough to find a place to lie down, I must have dozed off where I sat.

I woke with a start and rubbed my eyes, uncertain for the moment where I was or what had happened. It was light; only a gray, uncertain light, indeed, but enough to enable me to see the shadowy outline of the wooded range in front, and after the first few seconds to distinguish vaguely more than one of the great boulders that stood up here and there along the bottom of the little valley, looking like ghostly sentinels in the dim light. The moon herself had not yet risen above the forest range behind me, but the whole of the eastern sky had already grown white with her coming. I was looking at the sky over my shoulder, when I was startled by a sound that seemed to come from the shadows in front. It was not a sound I had ever heard before, but by an instinct I felt sure that it came from some living creature. It was not loud enough to be called a roar; it wasn't sharp enough for a bark, not shrill enough for a scream, nor dull enough to be mistaken for a grunt; yet in some strange way it seemed to have something in common with each of these. I turned with a quick start, and instinctively my hand reached out for my gun. I peered eagerly into the gray shadows for a glimpse of something which might explain the sound, but all was vague and misty. The edge of the

forest on the higher ground loomed out darkly in the reflected light from the sky, but the tree-ferns and low shrubs that marked the course of the stream were blurred and indistinct in the ghostly mist, and I could no longer catch even a glimpse of the water that gushed and gurgled below me in the darkness. I glanced upward at the brightening sky and waited.

The light increased little by little. With each new minute the dark forest lines took more and more the shape of individual trees. Then the gray mist that hung over the low ground began to grow thin, and the heads of the taller tree-ferns and bushes began to show above it, like tree-tops on a river flat in flood-time. Again! And this time nearer. It was the same strange, composite sound, and now it made my nerves creep and my blood run cold. What could it be? I gripped my gun tightly with my hand and laid it across my knees. Whatever it was, I would at least be ready.

It came like magic. Suddenly the broad face of the moon showed above the forest ridge. It was four or five days past the full, indeed, but still its silvery disk, clear and bright, threw a flood of light across the valley. I bent forward eagerly, and searched the still misty hollow with my eyes for the first sign of the thing that had startled me. Yes, there it was at last. Along the bank on the opposite side of the stream something was moving. Its movements were leisurely, almost slow. It was not so very large,—not larger than a fairly large wild pig, though it was certainly not a pig. It looked strange and weird and unnatural. What was the reason? The chief thing seemed to be its color. It was black,—so densely, absolutely, intensely black that it seemed to me at the moment as if I had never seen anything really black before. What could it be? I had lived all my life on the neighboring continent of Australia, and I had seen and hunted most of the wild animals there. I had chased kangaroos on horse-back and stalked them on foot. I had shot wallabies and bandicoots by the score, and more than once, when I couldn't help it, I had killed an iguana. I had shot native bears, and once in northern Queensland I had even killed a large python. But what was this? I had never seen or even fancied a creature like it. What could it be?

Whatever it was, it didn't hurry itself. Slowly and deliberately it came down the bank to the stream, and I could see it dimly in the shadow—a blacker spot in the darkness—stoop and drink. It seemed to be a long time about it, but it moved at last. It was coming across. I watched it as it waded slowly and deliberately through the water and climbed the bank on my side of the stream. Then it stood still, and it seemed to stare up at me as I sat in the moonlight. By this time the moonshine was falling full upon me, and I felt certain he was looking at me with a strange, questioning gaze. Suddenly he raised his head and repeated the cry I had heard before. Now that I saw him, I felt that it was exactly the cry I should have expected from him,—so strange, so weird, so savage.

It was by an impulse, rather than the result of thought, that I did it. A curious feeling of repulsion and antagonism, which I could not have reasonably explained, prompted the act. Something in his ap-

pearance, something in that savage cry, may have led to-it, but at least I felt that I was in the presence of an enemy. I raised the gun to my shoulder; I covered him deliberately; I fired. Even in the very act I fancied his eyes fixed me with a fierce stare of hatred. I could have sworn he was looking me in the face at the moment. I fired, and for several seconds I lost sight of him in the smoke, but I knew I hadn't missed my aim. A cry, wilder, stranger, more savage than before, followed the report of the gun. And—yes, it was answered. Not one only, but half a dozen cries, each like an echo of the first, rang out a weird reply. Then I knew what it was,—a devil. Strange as it appears to me now in looking back, I had up to that moment utterly forgotten the Tasmanian devil. I had supposed the creature to be extinct, indeed, but I might have remembered the tales I had often heard as a boy of its demon blackness, its strange cries, and, above all, its temper of insatiable revenge.

As the smoke cleared away I saw him again. He was rolling on the ground, trying to tear himself savagely with fierce white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. Then he gave another of those fiendish cries, and again there came the answering echoes. He struggled to his feet, and his eyes seemed to look for me with savage, cunning glances. I watched him as if I had been fascinated, and saw him suddenly stumble along the bank towards my rock. He came slowly and painfully, but he reached the foot of the great boulder at last. I put my hand hastily to my belt and drew out a cartridge,—it was one of less than a dozen that were left,—and rose slowly to my knees. As I did so, I remembered that my cartridges had been intended only for shooting birds, and were certainly not meant for game like this.

He gave another cry, and again the echoes came from far and near. He had reared himself up and put his feet on the sloping face of the rock, while all the time his eyes seemed to be fixed on mine with looks of fiendish malignity. Suddenly there was a cry close behind him, and, as if encouraged by the sound, he made what appeared to be a desperate effort, and the next moment he was scrambling, rolling, or climbing up the face of the rock with a motion that was quite indescribable in its clumsy eagerness. As he did so, another black figure appeared at the bottom, and I heard a splash as a third began to wade the stream. It was growing serious indeed. I waited until he had got within a few feet of me, and then I fired. He gave a snarling howl, and rolled to the bottom.

When the smoke cleared, I could see him on the ground, but the other had begun to climb in his place. Slowly, carefully, doggedly, he came on, as if his one object in existence was to reach me. I waited till he got near the top, and then fired. He rolled half-way down, and then he seemed to cling to the rock and stop. Then he began to crawl up again, gnashing his teeth, and snapping fiercely at the places where the shot had wounded him. I had to fire again, this time almost into his face, before he rolled down again. And so it went on, with a sameness that grew more and more horrible, with a persistency which seemed to me nothing less than diabolical. One by

one they came in answer to the cries of the wounded; one by one they attempted to storm the rock, with the same slow, desperate, untiring energy. I used up my cartridges, and yet they came. I clubbed my gun and felled them one by one. It was like the most horrible of nightmare dreams. No sooner did one disappear than another took his place. Battered, bleeding, hardly able to crawl, still they crept up, one by one.

I seemed to myself to have stood there for hours. My head had grown dizzy, my arms had become weak and numb. I could scarcely raise the gun to strike, and everything seemed to sway and quiver before my eyes. The attacks had gradually become more rare, but I think the strain of watching for them was more terrible than ever. A burning thirst, too, had begun to creep over me, and a sense of horror which I could hardly resist. It seemed long since I had struck the last blow, but I didn't dare for a single moment to relax my watchfulness. Suddenly—it appeared to be within a yard of my foot—there was a black face, with fiendish eyes that gleamed, and great white teeth that glistened in the moonlight. With a sudden, desperate effort I heaved up the gun and struck at it. I thought the creature answered the blow with a diabolical laugh; and that was the last thought of which I was conscious.

Something cool fell on my cheeks, and I opened my eyes. It was Tom Boyd's anxious face that was bending over me; it was his hand that was sprinkling water on me.

"Tom," I gasped,—"Tom, where are they?"

Tom laughed. "The devils, you mean? Oh, they're all about among the scrub. I fancy you've cleared Devil's Gully for good and all."

NOTE.—The animal known in Australasia as the Tasmanian devil is one of the only two survivors of what must at one time have been a widely distributed class of animals, to judge from the fossil remains already found in many parts of Australia. Like nearly every mammalian quadruped of the continent, the devil is a marsupial; but, with the solitary exception of the so-called Tasmanian wolf, he is the only surviving marsupial animal that is carnivorous, and may be regarded as a beast of prey. The devil is now very scarce, and will soon be extinct; but in the early convict days of the island—when Tasmania, then called Van Dieman's land, was the penal settlement for the worst class of British convicts—they were plentiful, and many ghastly stories were afloat of their attacks upon escaped convicts who had taken to the bush. It is believed that the name of devil was bestowed on the animal by the convicts, who had learned to look upon them with almost superstitious fear, partly in consequence of their appearance, but still more owing to their untiring perseverance in following up an enemy to the last with what looked like undying hatred. No specimen has ever been found on the continent of Australia.

Owen Hall.

RECOLLECTIONS OF LINCOLN.

NO man in England felt a keener interest in the American question than did Richard Cobden. He made no secret of his sympathy with the Union. He had been in constant correspondence with Mr. Lincoln, and felt for the many-sided American patriot the deepest affection. Both were engaged in a national and far-reaching struggle, and defeat in America meant another century of Tory domination in Great Britain.

By a sea-coal fire, late in a November night, Mr. Cobden gave me his opinion of Abraham Lincoln. "This century has produced no man like Lincoln. Here is a man who has risen from manual labor to the presidency of a great people. To me he seems to be the man God has raised up to give courage and enthusiasm to a people unused to the arts of war, fighting what seems to me to be a doubtful battle in the greatest conflict of modern times.

"I like Mr. Lincoln's intense veneration for what is true and good. His conscience and his heart are ruled by his reason.

"I speak of your struggle as doubtful, because Mr. Lincoln will have more to contend against in the hostility of foreign powers than in the shattered and scattered resources of the Confederacy."

Mr. Cobden predicted the triumph of our arms, but he died before he had more than a Pisgah view of the promised land.

A delegation from Nevada called at the White House with written charges against Edward D. Baker (senator from Oregon, soon after killed at Ball's Bluff), and protesting against his influence with the President regarding official patronage on the Pacific slope. Together, in Sangamon County, had Baker and Lincoln toiled through the sparsely-settled country, through doubt and danger and hunger and cold, until both became eminent lawyers in the early history of Illinois. The President, with unusual sternness in his face, read the protest against the senator. There were a dozen prominent men from the West who felt sure they had spiked Baker's guns. Mr. Lincoln rose to his full height, tore the protest to shreds, cast the fragments in the fire, and bowed the visitors out of the east room of the White House. He said: "Gentlemen, I know Senator Baker. We were boys together in Illinois, and I believe in him. You have taken the wrong course to make yourselves influential with this administration at Senator Baker's expense."

The story of Lincoln's stubborn devotion to his old friend and companion in arms spread over Washington like wildfire; and neither before nor after that day did anybody ever try to climb into high place with Lincoln by pulling somebody else down. In four years' close acquaintance, I never heard him speak ill of man or woman.

It was apropos of this incident that Mr. Lincoln said to Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, "If ever this free people—if ever this government itself—shall become demoralized, it will come from this human

wriggle and struggle for office, for some way to live without work." He added, with charming *naïveté*, "from which I am not free myself."

To an applicant eager for office he said: "There are no emoluments which properly belong to patriotism. I brought nothing with me to the White House, nor am I likely to carry anything away."

Two weeks before Chase left the cabinet, he asked Lincoln to sign the commission of a candidate for collector of the port at Buffalo. Lincoln did so without a word. I remonstrated with him for putting his rival's friend into power in a place where he could injure him in the approaching Baltimore Convention. With a twinkle in his eye and a smile that had no taint of malice in it, he looked down on me and said, "I reckon we are strong enough to stand it."

It has been contended that our Union victories nominated and elected Abraham Lincoln for his second term. This statement is not supported by the history of that period. Hannibal Hamlin wrote thus in 1890: "In my judgment, the nomination of President Lincoln was not solely due to the victories of our armies in the field. Our people had absolute faith in his unquestioned honesty and in his great ability, the purity of his life, and in his administration as a whole. That was what led to his renomination; they were the great primary causes that produced the result, stimulated undoubtedly by our victories in the field."

Thaddeus Stevens wrote as follows in July, 1866: "You ask me about Lincoln's renomination. It came about in the most natural manner. There will be no more men like Abraham Lincoln in this century. There was no reason why he should be 'swapped' in crossing the stream. I approved of General Cameron's memorial of the Pennsylvania Legislature to the people, urging a second term for Lincoln."

That the President was alarmed at the threatened revolt in the Republican party there can be no doubt, but he never swerved in his course. He was in the habit of saying, "The way to get an office is to deserve it, and if I do not deserve a re-election I will not mourn at the prospect of laying down these burdens."

When differences in the cabinet became dangerous enough to threaten its dissolution, he ceased to call his constitutional advisers together, and for over a year they had no formal cabinet session. Twenty United States senators called upon him in a body, intent on complaining of Stanton's conduct of the war. The President's sense of humor did not desert him, and he told a story about Blondin crossing Niagara.

"Would you," said he, "when certain death waited on a single false step, would you cry out, 'Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Slow up! Lean more to the north! Lean a little more to the south!' No; you would keep your mouths shut."

"Now, we are doing the best we can. We are pegging away at the rebels. We have as big a job on hand as was ever intrusted to mortal hands to manage. The government is carrying an immense weight; so, don't badger it. Keep silent, and we will get you safe across."

No delegation of senators ever again attempted to dictate to

Abraham Lincoln the manner in which our end of the civil war should be conducted.

One of Mr. Lincoln's characteristics was tenderness towards others. He wrote injuries in the sand, benefits on marble. The broad mantle of his enduring charity covered a multitude of sins in a soldier. He loved justice with undying affection, and he hated every desertion from the great army of humanity. He stopped the conveyance which carried Orville H. Browning and himself to court in Illinois to save a wounded hare hiding in a fence-corner. When his command, in the Black Hawk War, insisted on killing an old and friendless Indian prisoner, Lincoln saved the Indian's life at the peril of his own; and when his men complained that Lincoln was bigger and stronger than they were, he expressed his readiness to fight a duel with pistols with the leader of the malcontents, and thus ended the cruel controversy.

He was always equal to the occasion, whether it was to save a sleeping sentinel by one stroke of the pen from a dishonored death, or to write that bold and steady signature to the Proclamation of Emancipation.

He could say sharp things on occasion. He released some prisoners on the other side of the "Divide" in 1863. The wife of one of them insisted that her husband was a religious man, even if he was a rebel.

Mr. Lincoln wrote the release slowly, as if in doubt, and, without smiling, handed it to the wife, saying,—

"In my opinion, the religion which sets men to rebel and fight against their government because they think it does not sufficiently help some men to eat their bread in the sweat of other men's brows is not the sort of religion upon which people can get to heaven."

He said to a Congressman, when he had been importuned to join a church, "When any church will inscribe over its altar as its sole qualification the Saviour's condensed statement of the substance of the law and the gospel, 'Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul, and thy neighbor as thyself,' that church will I join with all my heart."

Dick Gower had shown his bravery and his capacity among the Western Indians, but was rejected by the board of military martinets at Washington because he did not know what an abatis, or echelon, or hollow square was.

"Well," sharply said the *dilettante* officer who wore a single eyeglass, "what would you do with your command if the cavalry should charge on you?"

"I'd give them Jesse; that's what I'd do. I'd make a hollow square in every mother's son of them."

Lincoln signed his commission, and Dick made a famous soldier.

General Frank P. Blair, who was very close to the President while the war lasted, told Richard Vaux this story:

"Mr. Lincoln had become impatient at McClellan's delay on the Peninsula, and asked Frank Blair to go with him to see the commanding general. The country was a volcano, smoking and ready for eruption.

"The distinguished visitors arrived on a hot day, and went at once to McClellan's head-quarters. They were received with scant courtesy.

Lincoln sat silent and uncomfortable, with his long and sinewy limbs doubled up like a jack-knife, until the general broke the silence by saying, 'Mr. President, have you received the letter I mailed you yesterday?'

"No," Lincoln replied; 'I must have passed it on the way.'

"McClellan then requested the chief of staff to find a copy of the letter. It was speedily produced, and the general read his vituperative attack on Stanton, with reflections on the conduct of the war. Lincoln's peaceful smile vanished. When the letter was ended he rose quickly and went out, looking neither to right nor left, and not waiting for any farewell. He seemed oppressed with a consciousness of the dangers of the military as well as the political situation. He drove slowly with General Blair over to the boat which was to convey them from Harrison's Landing back to Washington. When the vessel had started Lincoln, for the first time since leaving McClellan's tent, broke the silence and said,—

"Frank, I understand the man now. That letter is McClellan's bid for the Presidency. I will stop that game. Now is the time to issue the proclamation emancipating the slaves.'

"He forthwith issued the Emancipation Proclamation.

"Within a week after the world was startled by the new charter of freedom for the slave, Mr. Lincoln said to me in the White House:

"I told you, a year ago, that Henry Ward Beecher and Horace Greeley gave me no rest because I would not free the negro. The time had not come. I read what you said in the Senate, and you struck the right chord when you said that the President argued the case like a Western lawyer; that he did not intend that this document should be regarded as the pope's bull against the comet, as the doubting Thomases said it would be; that he waited the fulness of time, and when the life of the nation hung trembling in the balance launched the proclamation. You were right,' he continued, with a smile. 'I was tired that day. But you will see no trace of doubt or hesitation in my signature to my greatest and most enduring contribution to the history of the war.'"

In the Congressional delegation from a Western State were two members who were intensely jealous of each other. Mr. Lincoln told the following story to a mutual friend of both, describing their different gifts. Jones, a class-leader in Sangamon County, was exceptionally gifted in prayer. Simpkins, Jones's neighbor, was a farmer who could not boast of a similar gift, but was known all over the county for his skill as a fiddler, which made him a welcome guest at every country "hoe-down." Simpkins never concealed his jealousy of Jones's power when he appealed to the throne of grace. After a remarkably effective display of Jones's vigor as a praying man, as Simpkins walked down the aisle of the little frame church, he turned towards Lincoln and said, "Lincoln, I know very well that I can't make half as good a prayer as old Jones; but, by the grace of God, I can fiddle the shirt off of him."

He said to a Congressional committee: "Here I am, surrounded by

many men more eager to make money out of the nation's distress than to put a shoulder to the wheel and lift the government hub out of the mire. Do you wonder I get depressed when I stand here and feel how hard it is to die, unless I can make the world understand that I would be willing to die if I could be sure I am doing my work towards lifting the burdens from all mankind."

He said to General Campbell: "I am as happy as if our armies had won a victory against the rebels. Mr. Stevens brought one of his constituents to me yesterday, a lady seventy-five years of age, whose son, only nineteen years old, was sentenced to be shot to-morrow at noon for sleeping at his post. I took till to-day to examine into the case. I cannot consent that a farmer lad, brought up to keep early hours in going to bed and rising, shall be shot to death for being found asleep when he ought to have been awake. I pardoned the boy, and I sent a messenger early this morning with the welcome news to the boy's regiment. The mother, like Niobe, all tears, has just left me, and as she went out my heart came up in my throat when, between her tears, she went up to old Thad. Stevens, who had helped her to save her son's life, and said, between her sobs, 'You told me Linkum was ugly. How could you say so, Mr. Stevens? for I think he has one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw!'" Then the President laughed his sweet, soft laugh, as merry as a boy; but there were tears in his eyes.

No more touching incident in Lincoln's life has ever appeared than that contained in a story told by General William T. Sherman. It came directly from William H. Seward, Lincoln's Secretary of State. It was the habit of that gracious optimist, Mr. Seward, to spend his Sunday mornings with the President. After the President had been shaved in his own room, he accompanied his Secretary of State across Pennsylvania Avenue and over to the Seward mansion, afterwards occupied by Secretary Blaine.

On one of these Sundays a tall, military figure was pacing up and down in front of Secretary Seward's house. He saluted the President in military fashion as the two statesmen passed him. There was something in the officer's expression that arrested Mr. Lincoln's attention. The soldier was a lieutenant-colonel in a Pennsylvania regiment. Emotional himself, the President was swift to detect unusual emotion in others. He said, "You seem to be in a peck of troubles?"

"Yes," said the lieutenant-colonel, "I am in deep trouble. My wife is dying at our home in Pennsylvania, and my application for a furlough for two weeks was peremptorily refused yesterday by my colonel. My God! what can I do? If I go home my colonel will brand me as a deserter, and I will be arrested on my return."

Mr. Lincoln was visibly affected. "Never mind, young man," said he. "We'll try and fix this matter."

He pulled a card from his vest pocket, and, leaning against the broad oaken doors of the Seward mansion, he wrote on its back,—

"EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War: It is my desire that Lieutenant-Colonel — be granted fifteen days' leave of absence.

"A. LINCOLN."

When he was a candidate for renomination he did not disguise his anxiety to remain in the White House for four years more, to finish, as he expressed it, the great job the people had given him to do.

It was not Fremont he feared, or the Wade-Davis Manifesto, nor was he afraid of the numerous and powerful malcontents inside his own party, headed by Chase and Greeley. But he did fear, as he told me, that General Grant's name would be sprung upon the Baltimore Convention. Indeed, such an effort was made, and Missouri did cast her solid vote for Grant for President, but Grant wisely and stubbornly refused to countenance this movement, and by telegraph forbade it. The President learned that one of Grant's staff was at Willard's Hotel. He sent his carriage. The officer was brought to the White House and ushered into the library. Lincoln said, "Colonel —, does Grant want to be President?"

"No, sir," quickly replied the staff officer.

"Do you know for certain?"

"Yes, I do. You know how close I have been to Grant for three years. That he has the last infirmity of noble minds, ambition, I cannot deny. There may be lurking in his mind thoughts of the Presidency in the dim future. But right well I know, Mr. Lincoln, that he is so loyal to you, to whom he owes so much, that there is no power on earth that can drag his name into this Presidential canvass. McClellan's career was a lesson to him. He said to me, within a week, 'I regard Abraham Lincoln as one of this world's greatest men, and he is without question the greatest man I ever met.' Grant's whole soul, Mr. Lincoln, is bent on your reelection, and his one fixed idea is, under your lead as President, to conquer the rebellion, and aid you in restoring and rebuilding the country and perpetuating the Union."

"Ah, colonel," said Lincoln, "you have lifted an awful load from my mind. I was afraid of Grant, because we are all human; although I would rather be beaten by him than by any living man. When the Presidential grub gets inside of a man it hides itself and burrows deep. That basilisk is sure to kill."

James M. Scovel.

WILL POETRY DISAPPEAR?

THE question is not whether the poetry of the world now existing in printed volumes will—like the Gospel of Bartholomew, for example—wholly disappear. Books are so widely distributed that the total destruction of the work of any author of note is not to be expected, however desirable such a result might be in many cases, and however deep the dust of neglect which hereafter shall settle upon his forgotten pages. Our great libraries, enormously enlarged, will remain, vast and sombre catacombs, to tempt the wandering philologists and Old Mortalities of the future. The question more accurately is, will poetry survive as a mode of thought, an organic part of the civilization and intellectual life of the future, or only as the bones of the

mammoth or Irish elk now survive in our museums, objects of scientific study and comparison? If, at some time in the future, it shall cease to be written, or be greatly restricted in its use or in the topics which may still remain to it, it will have disappeared from literature in the sense here intended.

We can form no conception of that which is wholly foreign to our experience. To the dweller in the thirtieth century our lives, literatures, and achievements may seem as far off, as queer and old-fashioned, as colorless and unreal, as those of the Egyptians in the times of the Pharaohs seem to us. The spoken languages of the world may undergo some such change as stenography seems to be making in the method of writing them. A new and wonderfully condensed form of expression may arise upon our present system, in which simple sounds, with few combinations, may take the place of our words, phrases, and sentences. What literature may be to such a language we can form no conception. It would be safe to say that both prose and poetry, as we understand them, would disappear. But, anticipating only such changes in language as have been going on gradually since the dawn of history, is there anything to indicate that there will come a time in the future when poetry will cease to be written, or, if written at all, that it will occupy a much more restricted and humble place than now? Has poetry the capacity to adapt itself to the trend and current of modern life and thought?

A full discussion of the subject would far exceed the limits proposed to this paper. I shall therefore attempt little more than to indicate the direction which our inquiries should take, laying some stress on certain points that seem to suggest an answer to the question. Two general points of view would naturally present themselves to the mind. First, for what purpose and under what circumstances was poetry evolved? How has it thus far adapted itself to the development of the world? What effect has advancing civilization had upon its method and purpose and in enlarging or narrowing its range? In a word, what is the answer of history and experience? On this point I must be brief.

It will not be questioned, I think, that, as literature, poetry has always preceded prose. The latter, as the mere instrument of thought and communication in the every-day work of the world, must, of course, have been first. It will scarcely be questioned that, in the later history of a people, prose has gained immeasurably in relative importance, and has finally to a great extent and in many fields supplanted poetry, which has thus been driven to other fields, to new forms, methods, and purposes. It is also easy to see that the latter state of the poetry of a nation is always worse than the first.

There seems no reason to doubt that poetry was, in its inception, one of the useful rather than one of the fine arts. Rather, perhaps I should say, its purpose was not to give pleasure. It probably originated before the art of writing was known, at least before its practice was common. In the most primitive state of mankind the preservation or dissemination of ideas would not so much as be thought of. Man's sole purpose would be to supply his rude and simple physical

wants as they arose. He has at this time scarcely passed the intellectual state of

The infant new to earth and sky.

But, as he begins to realize that he is not one with the external world, and differs specifically from the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air, "he questions much." Whence? whither? why? are the questions ever rising before him. His answers, so far as he gives them, are his philosophy and religion. Before long he will desire to disseminate and perpetuate his speculations, whether for the sake of gaining power and authority over his fellows or with a more unselfish purpose of bringing them into harmony with the method and plans of Deity or Fate.

Poetry, no one will question, is far more easily memorized than prose. Whether invented as a species of mnemonics, or already existing in some form, it is easy to see why it would be adopted as the language of early philosophy and religion. Not only would it have the capacity to give a far wider oral publication, but it had something of the character of a record. Alteration would be readily detected. For the dissemination of moral and religious precepts, therefore, poetry would have an immense advantage over prose. But if this early poetry possessed beauty, it is not because that was a leading intention. The subjects of inquiry were grand, lofty, awe-inspiring, but there was no thought of ornamenting them or adding to their attraction by committing them to verse. Other things not grand or beautiful, but which it was thought desirable to preserve for any reason, received the same treatment.

Doubtless there has been a process of selection by which the best has been transmitted to us and vast heaps of rubbish have perished. Still, we find in the *Iliad* a catalogue of the Grecian ships, and in the elder Edda much which no stretch of the imagination can make otherwise than puerile and dull. But, while the intention was as stated, the inventors of poetry builded better than they knew. To its uses as a vehicle for preserving or disseminating thought it added the charm of music. This charm would have been felt even if not designed, and by and by, when poetry lost its useful function, it would naturally attract all kinds of writings in which beauty or pleasure rather than use was the main motive.

It is without doubt the musical element in poetry that has so adapted it to the childhood of the individual as well as to the infancy of the nations. Long before they can read, and almost before they can talk, children begin to indulge in rhyme, and perhaps a little later in rhythm. They put together words without any reference to their meaning, and manufacture words without any meaning at all, making combinations of sound and accent that tickle their ears like music. As they grow older, they soon see the absurdity of this, and abandon the practice. Commonly—not always—they afterwards become susceptible to a different phase of poetry. This is at the period of the greatest emotional development in the young. The feeling may exhibit itself merely as a sensibility to the charm of poetry that others have written, or it may lead to a furtive and stealthy composition.

Again, they will not be satisfied until they have poured out their rhapsodies into the ears of sympathizing companions. Very poor stuff the result may be, doubtless, as a rule, but it grows out of the longings after the infinite that we sometimes laugh at, yet which are the source of philosophy, religion, and all art. Usually it does not last long. Contact with the world's work, with the rough crowding and competitions of life, soon brings the young man or woman to sober prose. Later, they look back upon this period with wonder and shamefacedness as indicative in some degree of mental weakness. Now and then, in a peculiar organization, it lasts a lifetime. When it links itself to a fine artistic sense, perception of beauty, nice discrimination in the meaning of words and appreciation of their sounds, deftness in combining them in harmonious groups, and, above all things, the feeling which finds all sounds in nature rhythmic, we call the man a poet and grant him a certain consideration.

Is there a somewhat similar period in the life of the nation? I think there is. Somewhere in the development from savagery to the higher stages of civilization there is a time when the emotional is at its height. It is the period when the poetry of love and war reach their highest development, frank, vigorous, passionate, and unconscious. Still later, poetry occupies itself with the domestic life and relations, with the arts of peace, with the picturesque and scholarly elements of life, or with mere decoration.

Thus much for experience and history. Without drawing final conclusions, the most cursory examination will show us that philosophy and religion have long since passed from the domain of poetry; that in the progress of civilization the emotional period has been passed, and great if not chief sources of the inspiration of poetry have been removed; that the life of the world concerns itself more and more with the practical, the material, and the definite.

The second branch of our inquiry would lead us to compare the two forms of composition, and to ascertain their essential distinctions (if they have any); the methods used by each, and their relative perfection as modes of expression; the fields in which each may be supposed to have its peculiar advantages; and, finally, the relative values of the ends sought.

A great deal of effort has been made, with no marked success, to define poetry. I shall not add to the failures. It appears to me that a thing so complex, with so many sides and aspects, is incapable of simple definition. We must "walk about it, view the towers thereof, and note its buttresses." We may define it with respect to its form; but when we undertake to include its mental and moral basis, and the field of its activities, we find that these are not merely very wide and diverse, but very opposite and contradictory.

Imagination has often been said to be characteristic of poetry. But in what sense? If we mean merely the image-making power, it is true, perhaps, that the poet oftener possesses it than the prose-writer. The latter, however, is not necessarily deficient in it, and there seems no good reason why it should not be freely and effectively employed in prose. But if we mean what is usually meant, the creative faculty,

as it is called, the power to recombine the fragments of past experience into something new and strange, to give to the non-existent all the vividness and reality of the actual, then the proposition is untrue. So far from the truth is it, indeed, that the very opposite might better be stated,—that imagination is the special gift of the romancer and the novelist.

In all this we must not forget the personality of the writer and the kind of subject he chooses to treat. These, rather than the medium which he chooses for expressing his thoughts, will determine the qualities we find in the writing.

Poetry, again, is sometimes said to deal with the emotions only, not to address itself to the understanding, and in this to differ radically from prose. But clearly it is not true that poetry addresses itself solely to the emotional nature; and it is equally untrue that prose directs itself wholly to the understanding. So far as words go, prose may quite as fully and satisfactorily express the emotions as poetry. Emotion really has a language of its own. Attitude, gesture, the curve of the lip, the droop of an eyelash, a tone, a look, a single word or exclamation,—these have far more to say than any form of speech. If poetry is better adapted to express emotion, which I neither affirm nor deny, it is by virtue of what we call its suggestiveness. This, it has seemed to me, is somewhat characteristic of poetry, and grows out of what we may call its method. It is partially due also to its mechanical form, whereby it trenches upon the domain of music. It is also to a considerable extent due to the idiosyncrasy of the writer and to the nature of the subject which has through custom rather than from necessity been assigned to the one or other form of composition.

It would be rash, then, to conclude that there is any essential mental or moral quality that distinguishes poetry from prose. Is there a difference in the class of subjects? Clearly there is. While there are great numbers which have been common to both forms of composition, there are some which poetry has never approached; or, if it has, its effort has been met with the most dismal failure. Mathematics, the sciences, theology, biography,—in fact, the entire domain of exact thought and exact statement,—is closed to poetry. On the other hand, there is no field of human thought or feeling from which prose is excluded. Its method is commonly the direct, and its aim is to transfer bodily, as it were, the thought of the writer to the reader. The method of poetry is indirect and its aim is through some subtle suggestion to set in motion certain trains of ideas or feelings in the mind of the reader. To awaken and make conscious the latent thought or emotion already there. Prose may usurp the method and function of poetry, but the converse can never be true. Poetry cannot measure or weigh. It deals with the vague, the indefinite, the vast, and the infinite. It starts inquiries and asks a multitude of questions, as a child does, but prose answers them. It is wayward, capricious, passionate, and unreasonable. Its purpose may be called selfish. Beauty or pleasure it seeks, but never use. Deformity and pain it may employ, but only by way of contrast, and only so far as employed by painting and sculpture. Both in manner and aim it is the language of youth.

It is true, as I have said, that it started out as a useful art. At that time, if the science of algebra had existed, its propositions would doubtless have been committed to the keeping of the heavenly muse. But in this age of writing, when the need of memorizing is no longer imperative, prose, by reason of its flexibility, its freedom, and its adaptation to exact statement, has taken possession of the entire field of useful knowledge and inquiry, and left poetry only the ornamental. Nor has it left that as an undisputed field, but it enters and works by the side of poetry, and even here seems to be crowding it off into one corner. Religion, philosophy, war, love, domestic relations and life, the arts of peace, and, finally, the dress, manners, small talk, the witticisms and persiflage of society, have formed the narrowing limit of poetry, and even in the last it maintains an unequal contest with prose.

Poetry has lost its place, not because the subjects themselves have become less interesting or worthy, but because of its incapacity to deal with the later phases of them. By its indirect and suggestive method and by its artificial restraints of rhythm and rhyme it is no longer able to compete where analysis, examination, research, and exact expression are needed.

There was a time when every tree and rock, every mountain, river, or spring, the sea, the wind, the cloud, every object indeed in nature, had a life and soul of its own. The mind of man was full of wonder and speculation. All was mysterious, vast, and unknown. Little by little civilization has changed all this. It is not claimed that science has solved or ever will solve all mysteries, but it is affirmed that the tendency is to reduce all things to a system of fixed laws, capable of measurement, analysis, and definite expression. The unknown is no longer awe-inspiring, but merely material not yet handled or examined. When it is examined piecemeal, the examination will be conducted with microscope, telescope, spectrum analysis, and the subtle contrivances of the chemist. The old tales of giants, genii, witches, sorcerers, transformations, are now only a part of the literature of the nursery. It was not so long ago that the idea of a dish running away with a spoon would have been as natural and normal to the wisest of our race as it is now to the child, to whom all things are possible. The same axe has been laid to the root of every tree which has merely delighted us with its form and beauty and not ministered to us with its fruit. The mind and heart of man have been made the subjects of scientific study and reduced to their places in the iron-bound and law-governed system.

What has poetry left to it? Its music. It is impossible to say that it has any other quality or any field which prose does not also share. This music is not dependent on metre alone. That is considered the one thing indispensable in modern poetry at least, but rhyme has much the same effect as rhythm. It is a kind of rhythm indeed, the regular recurrence of certain vowel sounds. Alliteration, again, is a sort of rhythmic grouping of consonant sounds. With a careful and discriminate ear for melody and a tongue that lisps in numbers, the effect is most beautiful, but it is beautiful only as music is. The child finds his nonsense beautiful, as the college poet also finds his. Even with the

best examples of the poetic art, if we look diligently for meanings, we are apt to be more or less disappointed.

But if we have at last succeeded in finding the one essential and distinctive element in poetry, as we understand poetry now, does this give us any assurance as to whether it is to continue? Is this one effect of poetry which cannot be imitated or accomplished by prose a sufficient cause for continuing poetical composition? We are not to assume that love of beauty will perish in the strong and ever-increasing competition of the practical arts. Beautiful sounds in the sweet-flowing, stream-like verse of the poet might still delight the ear of coming ages. But how is it with the poet himself? Some kind of metrical arrangement is of course not difficult. Perfection, however, is impossible to those who are not endowed by nature with the rhythmic sense; it is a matter of extreme difficulty and calls for arrangement and rearrangement, very laborious and requiring a vast waste of time and effort. Add to this necessity the additional impediment of rhyme and of the other rhythmic effects mentioned, the subtle suggestions in the sound of words which the poet must discriminate and employ, and we have placed in the path of the poet "Pelion on Ossa piled." Will it be found worth while to surmount these difficulties for the sake of an effect which is the aim of another kindred art in which it receives its full and complete expression? For the purpose of supplying words to music, it will survive, no doubt. It will also survive in the nursery, where the words do not need to have a meaning at all.

Why does not the great American poet put in an appearance? Why is his congener so slow to come forward in England? Why does he linger in France, in Germany, in Italy, in the whole civilized world? It is in no spirit of levity that I ask it. The answer can bring a keener pang to the heart of but few than to my own.

Mr. Howells is perhaps as much entitled to an opinion he expresses as any one can be; and he regards poetry as something that the normal and natural adult man and woman should be ashamed of. The idea of their speaking in rhythm and rhyme calls up the picture of these sane and mature and dignified people dancing and tripping along the street. The result has been good indeed in former ages, but there is enough of it. Have we not all the treasures of the poet? Ah, when it comes to that, when poetry can no longer take its place among the living arts and forces, to do some part of the world's work in the shaping and moulding of human institutions, its mission is fulfilled. Nothing is left to it but the tomb, the tooth of the still bookworm, and the slow-growing, silent dust of the ages to be.

H. E. Warner.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.



The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. Illustrated. New Edition.

"A very powerful piece of work. A literary phenomenon, novel, and even sublime,"—such was the verdict of the *Review of Reviews* over three years ago, when Lippincotts brought out the first edition of the *Sorrows of Satan*; and this appreciative criticism was amply confirmed by the judgment of thousands of readers. There can be but little need to elaborate the criticism quoted above,—no reader of Miss Corelli's works can forget the force and brilliancy of the style, the luxuriant imagination, and the keen insight, in even the least of them. That they have dramatic value, is best proven by the fact that *The Sorrows of Satan* has recently been made into a powerful play,—a fact sufficient to confound those who deny Miss Corelli the ability to elaborate a plot,—which has met with great and instant success.

Those who make or remake acquaintance with *The Sorrows of Satan* will like to know that Miss Corelli expressly denies that the sketch of *Mavis Clare* is in any way autobiographical; however that may be, the character is singularly beautiful. *Geoffrey Tempest*, *Lady Sybil Elton*, and *Prince Riménez* are all peculiarly well delineated: the first, one who, from being "downright, cruelly, hideously poor, with a poverty that is graceless, sordid, and miserable," became a multimillionaire,—and yet was not happy; the second, a beautiful woman,—but a vampire; the last, Satan himself incarnate, against his will a tempter of men,—a conception at once new and powerful.

In these days of ephemeral literature, a work of fiction that holds its place in popular estimation over one season is indeed a literary phenomenon; yet the demand for *The Sorrows of Satan* is practically undiminished, either by lapse of time or by the claims of new seekers for public favor. In compliance with this demand the publishers have just issued two new editions of the work: the standard form, in the well-known cloth binding; and a cheaper edition, in paper covers.


The well-wishers of Miss Corelli—among whom may be included all her readers—will be pleased to know that she has recently recovered from a serious illness, and that new work may be expected soon from her pen.



Voice and Violin.
By Dr. T. L. Phipson.


As its sub-title indicates, this charming volume contains a collection of "Sketches, Anecdotes, and Reminiscences,"—episodes crowded out of *Famous Violinists and Fine Violins*—Dr. Phipson's first work—by lack of space. Among the good things, we find anecdotes of Antoinette Clavel; of the Abbé Pessoneaux, author of the last strophe of the "Marseillaise;" of Brigitta Banti, the "Queen of Song;" of Bellini, including the first performance of *La Sonnambula*; of

some "New Features in the Life of Paganini;" and essays on A Lesson in Composition; on the Voice and the Strings; on The Art of Playing in Tune; on the Voice and Violin. Not the least interesting is the autobiographical chapter in which Dr. Phipson treats of Success by an Amateur, nor that in which The Bohemian Orchestral Society (London) is described. Lovers of music will thank the Lippincotts for bringing out such an interesting volume as the *Voice and Violin*.




With Peary near
the Pole. By
Eivind Astrup. Il-
lustrated.

Mr. Astrup was one of the five chosen by Lieutenant Peary to accompany him on his expeditions to the polar regions. The present volume, published by the Lippincotts, is of particular interest just now, in view of Mr. Peary's recent start upon another expedition to the far North. Mr. Astrup has given us an interesting record of the experiences and trials of the explorer in northern lands. The two Peary expeditions are described, and we find entertaining chapters on the Waters of Smith's Sound, on Hunting, on the Sledge Journeys of the Esquimaux, with observations on The North Greenland Dog, on Esquimaux Manners of Life, Customs, Character, Moral and Social Circumstances, Intelligence and Artistic Gifts, Religious Ideas, etc. The illustrations are from photographs and sketches by the author himself. Mr. Astrup—who writes in Norwegian, his native tongue—is particularly fortunate in his translator, Mr. H. J. Bull.



An Experimental
Research into Sur-
gical Shock. By
Geo. M. Crile, M.D.
Illustrated.

The author here presents a most valuable work in the shape of the pioneer record of experimental research into *Surgical Shock*. Besides sections on a Review of the Literature of the Subject, Modes of Investigation and Annotation, and The Production of Shock in the Various Tissues and Regions of the Body, there are records of the shock in one hundred and forty-eight operations. The range of experiment includes the Tissues (Skin, Connective Tissue, Muscles, Bones, Joints, and Nerves) and the different Regions (Head, Neck, Thorax, Abdomen, Male External Genital Organs, Vagina, Anus, and the Extremities). Following the records—which are illustrated with graphic statements of the data obtained—are sections on the Factors causing Shock, on Post-Mortem Appearances, on the Prevention of Shock, and on the Treatment of Shock. This volume—the latest of the medical works issued by J. B. Lippincott Company—is worthy a high place among the other technical publications of the same firm.



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MARRIAGE CUSTOMS.—"That is a curious custom they have in some of the South Sea islands," said Mr. Wallace, "of marrying a girl to a tree or some inanimate object, which is supposed to act as a sort of scapegoat for the shortcomings of the real live husband."

"It is not absolutely unique," said Mrs. Wallace, "for a woman in this country to be married to a stick."

But Mr. Wallace, with the calm superiority of the masculine mind, refused to deem it a personal matter.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*.

THOUGHT HE WAS SATAN.—Upon one of his professional visits to Washington the late lamented Herrmann, the magician and prestidigitator, almost caused a stampede among the ignorant colored people. To this day some of them think that Satan himself was present in person upon that occasion.

One afternoon Herrmann visited the Centre Market. On the pavement outside of the market it is customary for several hundred aged colored people from the surrounding country in Virginia and Maryland to gather on market-days and display their little stocks of dried herbs for medicinal purposes, wild fruits, a few eggs, or an ancient chicken. These are the genuine Virginia negroes, every one of them an ex-slave. They are quaint and picturesque, and as they sit behind their baskets and trays the old women smoke their pipes of home-grown tobacco and on cold days light them with a "chunk of fiah" from the pans of glowing coals by which they warm themselves.

These ignorant and simple-minded folk had never heard of Herrmann or any other sleight-of-hand performer. When he appeared among them in his long cloak, his pointed beard, and general Mephistophelian appearance, he attracted their whole attention. When he took a silver dollar out of the lighted pipe of one of the old mammies, he created a sensation; and when he began to lift live rabbits, pigeons, suits of linen underwear, and other articles from their pockets, he created consternation. Many of the old men and women gathered up their "truck" and fled with loud cries, and for once there were no market-day profits for the old folk.—*New York Press*.

MAKE-UP OF THE GUTENBERG BIBLE.—The workmanship of the printer in his own proper field is wonderful when we regard the circumstances under which it was done, but it would not satisfy the requirements of a modern publisher or book-buyer. It is of its own time, with the faults of that time in manner and matter. The promise of legibility which seems warranted by the bold and black types is delusive. The ordinary Latin scholar cannot read the book, nor refer to any passage in it, with satisfaction. It is without title and paging figures. The blank spaces which indicate changes of subject and give relief to the eyes were seized by the illuminator. Verse follows verse and chapter follows chapter, and one line chases another with grudging of white space and of tone relief which is not atoned for by the dabs of red in the rubrics, nor by the profuse wealth of ornamentation in the centre column and margins.

The composition is noticeably irregular: the lines are not always of uniform length. When a word was divided, the hyphen was allowed to project and give to the right side of the column a ragged appearance. When there were too many letters for the line, words were abbreviated. The measure was narrow, and it was only through the liberal use of abbreviations that the spacing of words was regulated. The period, colon, and hyphen were the only points of punctuation.—*Publishers' Weekly*.



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SUCCESSFUL NOVELS.—The young and aspiring author sometimes thinks, "If I could only write a successful novel, my fortune would be made." Stories of the fabulous sums occasionally realized on a single book lead the inexperienced into erroneous conclusions. A correspondent of the *Philadelphia Times* has investigated the returns from novels, and writes as follows:

"Novels form the largest part of the book manuscripts received by publishing houses. Out of one hundred manuscripts received during a recent fortnight by a prominent publishing firm sixty-two were novels. The same publisher told me that sometimes the percentage of novels would reach seventy-five per cent. This tendency for novel-writing is undoubtedly due to the fact that the greatest 'hits' in the literary world are made with novels, and this stimulates the average writer to work in this field.

"Of all these novels it is plain to be seen from the figures given in the preceding paragraph that scores must be written before one is accepted, and even if a writer has a novel accepted, the percentage of success is decidedly against him.

"During this investigation process I selected fifteen recently published novels issued by six different houses, and I learned that the entire number printed of these fifteen novels was forty-one thousand copies, or about two thousand seven hundred copies of each, and in this fifteen, nine thousand copies were printed of one novel,—really the only successful novel of the lot. It is safe to say that of these fifteen novels the average sale of each will not reach one thousand copies.

"But giving that number to each, the novel selling at one dollar, the author would receive less than one hundred dollars for his manuscript, deducting for mutilated copies and those sent to the newspapers, etc. I know case after case where authors did not receive fifty dollars all told as a return for a novel, and sometimes very much less than that."

VACCINATION as a preventive of small-pox is said to have been practised in China 1000 B.C. It was introduced into England by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in 1721.

UTTERLY BAD.—Said the kindly, yet truthful, friendly critic, "My dear boy, this story will not do at all. It is utterly bad."

"Utterly?" repeated the young author.

"Utterly. It would not even do for a prize story in one of those magazines that you have to subscribe for to enter the contest."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

SPOILED THE SHOOT.—The prince of a small German state, whose ambition it was to be grand, if only on a small scale, had invited a number of gentlemen to go on a deer-stalking expedition. Everything promised well. The weather was superb, and the whole company was in the best of spirits, when the head forester approached the petty monarch and, lifting his green cap, said, in faltering tones,—

"Your highness, there can be no hunting to-day."

"Why not?" came the stern rejoinder.

"Alas, your highness, one of the stags took fright at the sight of so many people, and has escaped into the adjoining territory, and the other stag has been ill since yesterday. But your highness must not be angry: it is most likely nothing worse than a bad cold. We have given it some herb tea, and hope to get it on its legs in a few days."—*Zitaner Morgenzeitung*.

....STATEMENT....

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Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$22,868 994.16
Liabilities	<u>19,146,359.04</u>
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$3,722 635.12

July 1, 1898.

Total Assets (Accident Premiums in the hands of Agents not included)	\$24,103,986.67
Total Liabilities	<u>19,859,291.43</u>
Excess Security to Policy-holders	\$4,244,695.24

Paid to Policy-holders since 1864	\$35,660,940.19
Paid to Policy-holders January-July, '98	1,300,493.68
Loaned to Policy-holders on Policies (Life)	1,161,705.00
Life Insurance in Force.	<u>94,646,669.00</u>

GAINS.**6 Months—January to July, 1898.**

In Assets	\$1,234,992.51
In Surplus (to Policy-holders)	522,060.12
In Insurance in Force (Life Department only)	2,764,459.00
Increase in Reserves	705,642.18
Premiums Received, 6 months	<u>2,937,432.77</u>

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A UNANIMOUS VOTE.—"When I read of the polling of passengers on trains and boats running into and out of New York City to ascertain their preferences as to candidates for mayor," said a gentleman who has long been identified with transportation interests—and politics as well,—“it reminds me of a story my father used to tell of the campaign of 1836. In those days there was still a great deal of travelling by canal, and some of the ‘packets’ on the Erie were fitted up almost as sumptuously, for the time, as the palatial cars seem now.

"A large party was coming east from Buffalo on one of these passenger boats, and as political feeling ran high there was much excited discussion over the respective merits of Van Buren, Harrison, White, Webster, and Mangum.

"It was on one of those warm October days when the cabin was too torrid for occupancy, and all the passengers were assembled on the deck. The leaders in the informal political debate were a Democrat and a Whig, both fluent talkers and clever in argument, and pretty soon everybody on board gathered around to listen to them. Presently the Whig suggested that it would be a good idea to ‘take the sense of the meeting,’ and the Democrat, after a quick look ahead, agreed. He obtained silence, and announced,—

"‘Gentlemen, we are about to take a vote for President of the United States. Are you ready?’

"‘Ready,’ was the prompt answer on all sides.

"Just then the steersman called out the customary warning, ‘Low bridge.’

"Here was the Democrat’s opportunity, and he seized it.

"‘All those in favor of Martin Van Buren,’ he shouted, ‘stoop down! Contrary-minded, stand erect!’

"The boat at this moment reached the bridge, and every man dropped as if he had been shot.

"‘It’s a unanimous vote!’ declared the triumphant partisan of the ‘sage of Kinderhook.’—*Boston Herald*.

A SLIGHT DRAWBACK.—Snodgrass.—“The world has a place for everybody.”

Micawber.—“Yes; the only trouble is there’s generally somebody else in it.”
—*London Ansvers*.

INVENTS DEATHS FOR A LIVING.—Perhaps there is no more extraordinary occupation in the world than that of a certain weary-looking little man whom I interviewed at his office in Fleet Street a couple of weeks ago. He is an inventor of deaths. His customers are chiefly novelists and playwrights; and that his business must be a somewhat thriving one is to be easily gathered from the general sumptuousness of his surroundings.

"I recently made one hundred pounds by a single out-of-the-way death," he informed me, in a funereal sort of voice. "It was the final curtain of a drama which will shortly be put on at the Adelphi.

"But the work is not exactly so simple as you might imagine.


"You see, not only must I invent a perfectly novel death by which a hero or villain is to end his earthly career, but I have to supply the most accurate information in connection with each special death as well. I have spent a whole week in a toxicologist’s experimenting-room working up matter in relation to some unknown poison before selling my ‘tip’ of the poison in question to a novelist for perhaps three pounds.”—*Ansvers*.



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SAPOLIO



MAID

SPECTRUM OF METEORS.—Harvard Observatory has obtained a photograph of the spectrum of a meteor. In other words, people can now tell what goes to make up, to some extent, the shooting star which passes so quickly that it can be photographed only by having a camera gaping open, waiting for it to cross the sky.

The photograph was taken on June 18, 1897, in Arequipa, Peru, the South American station of the observatory. It was a sheer piece of good luck. Thousands of plates have been exposed to the sky, with the prism over the mouth of the camera, ready to take a spectrum of anything that traversed the heavens. The lucky plate that caught the meteor has running across it obliquely a light band of six lines, the trail of the shooting star.

Without the prism the Harvard astronomers have often caught the trails of meteors passing overhead.

The spectrum of the meteor taken at Arequipa shows four hydrogen lines at different colors in the spectrum, and two other lines that are unknown quantities at present. Many variable stars, those whose brilliancy increases or falls off from time to time, have had their spectra photographed. The four hydrogen lines of the meteor correspond to four ordinarily found in the variable star spectra.

One of the unknown lines caught in the meteor spectrum also appears in those of certain variable stars. Nobody knows what element is represented by this line, as it does not correspond to any found on this earth.

The photograph of the spectrum of the meteor was taken in one of the Bache telescopes with an eight-inch aperture. The instrument was arranged in the ordinary way for sky photography, with the addition of the prism for spectrum work.—*Boston Herald*.

AN IDEA OF BUSINESS.—"No," exclaimed Lycurgus Botkins, "I positively refuse to sanction this thing. You are worthy of a better man, Lydia. Why, this fellow never earned a dollar in his life. He has no idea of business!"

"You wrong him, papa," the fair girl replied. "He has a first-rate idea of business. He knows exactly how much you are worth, and says that if you would only consent to put some young blood into your firm it would be a great thing all around."—*Cleveland Leader*.

TALMA AND NAPOLEON.—Talma was standing at a corner, one of an immense crowd that thronged the streets of Paris to see Napoleon drive by in state.

"Do you see that little man there?" he said to a friend at his side, pointing as he spoke to the emperor in his carriage.

"Yes," replied his companion. "What signifies that?"

"Well," answered Talma, "not so many years ago that same individual applied to me for a position in my company. He was ambitious to be an actor, and wished me to teach him the art of the stage. I discouraged him, as I could not see that he had any ability, and told him that there was no hope for any other than a genius in my profession.

"Is there any hope in any calling," asked he, "for the unfortunate plodder not blessed with ability?"

"Well," said Talma's companion, "what of that?"

"Nothing," replied the actor,—"nothing: only that unfortunate little man is now Emperor of France, and I—well, I am just plain Talma."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

You're sure of Wool Soap

Purity

TRADE MARK REGISTERED 1898.



Wool Soap is made of positively pure soap ingredients, and is sold to you without scent or perfume, in the simplicity of soap whiteness, that you may know by its looks, and by its use, that it is absolutely safe for toilet and bath.

If you cannot buy it at your dealer's, send us his name and we will send you a cake free.

Swift and Company, Makers, Chicago

The only soap that won't shrink woolens

VOLUNTARY ENDORSEMENT OF FRANKLIN MILLS FLOUR BY HIGH MEDICAL AUTHORITY.—* * * * * Fathers and mothers the world over will join us in saying that one of the most useful and beneficial books of its class ever issued is "Tokology, a Book for Every Woman," by Mrs. Alice B. Stockham, M.D. In the fifth chapter there occurs the following emphatic voluntary unpaid tribute to Franklin Mills Flour, a fine flour of the entire wheat, showing that it is worthy of the good name it bears. Mothers with bright Tokology babies will appreciate these words: "Entire Wheat Flour, Franklin Mills Co., Lockport, N. Y. * * * * * is one of the noblest additions to the foods of the world. The grain is denuded of the outside silicious bark and then ground into fine flour, and all the elements of the grain are preserved.

"Wheat, more than any other article of food, furnishes all the elements and in the right proportion required to nourish the body. In bolting the flour to make white flour, four-fifths of the gluten, the very most nutritious part of the grain, is taken out to be fed to cows and hogs."—*New York Christian Nation.*

A REMARKABLE PERFORMANCE BY A REMARKABLE TRAIN.—The Southern Railway of all routes of travel offers the best and fastest train service to Aiken, Augusta, Brunswick, Jekyl Island, and Florida by either one of two handsome through trains, leaving New York daily at 4.20 P.M. and 12.15 midnight. "The New York and Florida Limited," confessedly the handsomest train in the world, will go into service January 16. It will leave New York daily, except Sunday, at 11.50 A.M., reaching Augusta and Aiken early the next day and St. Augustine in time for lunch, making the run of 1029 miles in but little over twenty-four hours. A remarkable performance by a remarkable train.

Full particulars, literature reservations, etc., of A. S. Thweatt, E.P.A., 271 Broadway, New York.

VERY OFFENSIVE MANNERS.—“Those new neighbors of ours are the rudest people I ever saw.”

“What have they done?”

“I was looking through their dining-room window to-day, when one of them came and jerked the shade down.”—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

AN OLD ROMAN BATH IN LONDON.—How many thousand daily traverse the Strand! How few probably are aware that within a few yards of them stands one of the most interesting of the relics of Roman London,—a bath that is two thousand years old, and that is still used for the purpose for which it was built! It is reached by Strand Lane, a small passage opposite the east end of St. Mary's Church, and a few yards east of Somerset House. Some twenty yards down this alley, on the left hand, will be seen a small, unpretentious-looking building, behind a row of iron railings. Descending a few steps and passing through an inner wooden door-way, recently erected, we shall find ourselves in a narrow vaulted passage; through an arch on our left we enter. (The entrance originally was by an arch immediately on the left upon entering. This was recently bricked up, leaving, however, a square opening through which the bath can be surveyed.) Here, in a vaulted chamber some sixteen feet in length, sixteen feet in height, and nine feet in width, lit by a single oval window at its western end, is the historic bath, which was probably built either in the reign of the Emperor Titus or of Vespasian,—nearly two thousand years ago. The bath is sunk in the ground to a depth of four and a half feet. Its length is about thirteen feet and the width six feet. At the northeast end, within the bath, is a small flight of steps, around which the water rushes in, beautifully clear, cool, and pleasant to the taste. Some twenty-six thousand gallons pass through the bath daily, the supply being derived from a perpetual spring, the source of which is believed to be the old Holy Well which gives its name, though not its cleansing quality, to Holywell Street hard by. A waste-pipe inserted in the bath carries off the overflow of water. On the west end of the bath the old Roman bricks still remain to attest the antiquity of the structure. The other three sides are now lined with the marble that was taken from what was known as the Essex bath until its destruction in 1893 to make way for the buildings of the Norfolk Hotel. The Essex bath was built, so some assert, in 1588 by the Earl of Essex. It was a fine marble plunge-bath, supplied with water from the Roman bath by means of a leaden pipe. Nothing of it remains but the marble linings already referred to.—*English Illustrated Magazine*.

RESERVE.

To maintain her reserve, her “Oh, Mr.!”

Couldn't well help but tend to assr.

Do you think she'd exclaim,

“Oh, George!”—the first name

Of the fellow who'd brazenly kr?

Detroit Journal.

A DUBIOUS COMPLIMENT.—Rector's wife (after Harvest Festival).—“Well, Mrs. Piggleswade, how did you like the bishop's sermon?”

Mrs. Piggleswade.—“Oh, ma'am, I 'ain't been so much upset since my old man took me to the Wariety Theayter in London last August twelvemonth and 'eard a gen'leman sing about his grandmother's cat.”—*Punch*.



The Excellence of SYRUP OF FIGS

is due not only to the originality and simplicity of the combination, but also to the care and skill with which it is manufactured by scientific processes known to the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. only, and we wish to impress upon all the importance of purchasing the true and original remedy. As the genuine Syrup of Figs is manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co.

only, a knowledge of that fact will assist one in avoiding the worthless imitations manufactured by other parties. The high standing of the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP Co. with the medical profession, and the satisfaction which the genuine Syrup of Figs has given to millions of families, makes the name of the Company a guarantee of the excellence of its remedy. It is far in advance of all other laxatives, as it acts on the kidneys, liver and bowels without irritating or weakening them, and it does not grip nor nauseate. In order to get its beneficial effects, please remember the name of the Company—

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., San Francisco, Cal. **LOUISVILLE, Ky.**
NEW YORK, N. Y.

For sale by all Druggists. Price, 50 cents per bottle.

TO AVOID A DANGER.—All concede the danger to health from the use of alum baking powder. But how to avoid it? It is difficult to identify the alum powders, and the danger is increased by their close resemblance to a cream-of-tartar powder. Then the grocer, unaware of their true character, sometimes recommends them because of their low cost. It is a startling fact that brands of baking powder which are labelled alum when sold in those States where the law requires alum powders to be so branded, are sold in this city as pure cream of tartar powders!

It is a safe practice to select a brand of baking powder of well-established reputation and then make sure that it exclusively is used in the kitchen.

The U. S. Government, after elaborate public tests, placed the Royal at the head of all powders for purity and strength, and health officers and physicians who have used it in their families for a quarter of a century are its most enthusiastic advocates and recommend it as the safeguard against the alum danger.

SOME QUEER TEXTS.—When ladies wore their "topknots" ridiculously high, it occurred to Rowland Hill to admonish them from the pulpit, and he did it by means of the words, "Topknot, come down," which he evolved from Matthew xxiv. 17, "Let him which is on the housetop not come down." Of course nothing but the exceeding quaintness of the preacher could have excused such a liberty with the sense and sound of the sacred text.

It was almost as bad as Swift's uniquely brief discourse on the text, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord." "My friends," said the dean, as he closed the book, "if you approve of the security, down with the dust." As a matter of fact, it is usually only the quaint preachers who do venture on such liberties.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE ENGLISH IMITATION.—He made his appearance suddenly, coming forward with a swinging gait. He was a tall, spare man, with a sharp nose and thin lips. He wore no moustache, but sported a goatee on his chin, and his face was seamed with painted lines. He was dressed in trousers that did not quite reach his ankles, a rough coat, a wide Western hat, and a long linen duster, unbuttoned. He whittled a piece of stick unceasingly.

Some one said something to him.

He replied thus:

"Wa-al, I guess! I calc'late some! You kin bet your life on thet, sah! Wa-al, I should smile!"

This was greeted with a roar of laughter.

He continued:

"Naow, in my country, in the land uv the Stars and Stripes, suh, things is mighty different, sah! Yes, sah; yes, suh; yes, sir! Yes, sirree! I air an A-meri-can, my everlastin' friend, and I air proud of it!"

He said a few more things in the same style.

The listeners simply shrieked with glee and exclaimed, "How characteristic! How clever!"

But who—who was the strange creature?

Hush! Be not alarmed, gentle reader.

'Tis merely an English actor typifying the British idea of an ordinary American. They have us down to such a fine point over there.—*San Francisco Examiner*.

AGE OF DEER.—Romance has played a prominent part with regard to the longevity of deer. What says the Highland adage?

Thrice the age of a dog is that of a horse,
Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man,
Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer,
Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle,
Thrice the age of an eagle is that of an oak-tree.

This is to assign the deer a period of more than two hundred years; and the estimate is supported by many highly circumstantial stories. Thus, Captain McDonald of Tulloch, who died in 1776, aged eighty-six years, is said to have known the white hind of Loch Treig for fifty years, his father for a like period before him, and his grandfather for sixty years before him. So in 1826 MacDonald of Glengarry is reported to have killed a stag which bore a mark on the left ear identical with that made on all the calves he could catch by Ewen-Mac-Ian-Og, who had been dead one hundred and fifty years. Analogous stories, it may be noted, are told in countries on the continent of Europe, where deer are to be found in any number. But, alas! the general opinion among experts would seem to be that thirty years or thereabouts is the limit of a deer's life.—*Chambers's Journal*.

DANGEROUSLY NEAR IT.—"I come mighty nigh swearin'," the deacon confessed, as he came into the house, nursing a bruised thumb.

"You don't tell me!" said his wife.

"But I do tell you. I am a-tellin' you right now. I hit my thumb with the hammer, and 'sted of sayin', 'By ginger!' like I 'most always do, I hollers out, 'By pepper!' I dunno how much hotter I would 'a' made it if it had hurt a little worse."—*Indianapolis Journal*.

THE LAW OF AVERAGE—

Why should you ignore it?

Rise superior to it if you can: let muscle and brain, zeal, energy, a talent for hard work, all the forceful spirit of your individuality contend for place and power and wealth.

Success to you!

While you strive remember. Pitiful comment on human effort, saddest of epitaphs—
NINETY-SEVEN OUT OF A HUNDRED OF YOUR FELLOWS DIE WITHOUT A DOLLAR.

Why not you? What special privilege or seal of approbation have you that guarantees election to an old age of comfort and of plenty? What fatuous indifference or blindness exposes you to such odds?

Unite with the wisest of your age; accept the reliable guarantees which they will freely give in exchange for your reciprocal obligation—in a word **BE INSURED.**

You can learn what particular form of such insurance is best adapted to your condition and needs by addressing

THE PENN MUTUAL LIFE,

921-3-5 CHESTNUT STREET,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHOEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

MEDIAEVAL BELLS.—The mediaeval bells now surviving are comparatively few in number. In Surrey, out of one thousand and thirty bells, only a trifle over two per cent. were found to date before the year 1600. In Lincolnshire the proportion was seventeen and a half per cent. In Norfolk about one bell in six dates before the reign of Elizabeth. The monastery bells seem to have vanished when the monasteries were suppressed. Some disappeared in private hands; others were sold by the crown. The Augmentation rolls show that in Henry VII's reign one lot of one hundred thousand pounds of bells and bell-metal was sold for nine hundred pounds, with license to "convey, utter, and sell" the same beyond seas. A very few monastery bells still hang *in situ*. Forde Abbey, in Dorset, still possesses one of the old bells, cast by the Brasyers, who had a foundry at Norwich about the fifteenth century, bearing their foundry stamp and a handsomely moulded invocation to St. Margaret.—*London Times.*

WHIPPING A BAD ELEPHANT.—Did you ever see an elephant whipped? I don't suppose you would ever forget it if you did. They frequently do it in India, because elephants are very obstreperous at times.

Recently an elephant, Abdul, was convicted by court-martial of killing his keeper, and sentenced to fifty lashes and two years' imprisonment.

Two elephants led Abdul to an open space, and in the presence of the whole battery the punishment began. The culprit trumpeted in fear, and made an unearthly noise.

There were fourteen elephants on one side, and the officers and men of the battery on the other three. In the centre of this hollow square stood Lalla (No. 1), the flogger, and the prisoner. The latter was chained by the four legs to as many heavy iron pegs, and could not move.

Fastened to Lalla's trunk was an immense cable chain. When all was ready the major gave the word, and down came the chain with a resounding whack. Abdul roared for all he was worth. Fifty times was the operation repeated, and then Abdul was taken to a compound, where he was to remain a prisoner for two years.—*Answers.*

ON THE TRACK OF A CRIME.—"Jenkinson," remarked Mrs. Wipedunks, who was looking over one of the morning papers, "here's an 'open letter to the Hon. Mark Hanna.'"

"Does that paper print it?" asked Mr. Wipedunks.

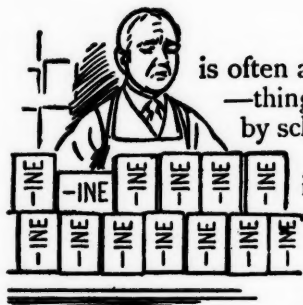
"Yes."

"Well, it seems to me," said Mr. Wipedunks, indignantly, "it would be a blamed sight better business trying to find out who opened it!"—*Chicago Tribune.*

A MEAN TRICK.—"I can explain my case in a very few minutes," said the excited old gentleman who had called upon the detective, "and I want you to find the guilty party, regardless of expense.

"I own a cow, and I'll wager any reasonable amount that there's no finer cow in the State. Living in the suburbs as I do, I have ample room for her, and she gets the best of care. My neighbor has a cow that looks very much like mine, but he keeps a bell on his so that he can locate her at almost any time of the day and night when she's not in her stall. Before daylight the other morning I heard a bell in my cabbage-patch. There was that regular 'tinkle, tinkle' which told me that the cow was browsing and that my winter supply of kraut was being consumed at the rate of about a head a minute. You can imagine that I was mad, especially as I had told the man to keep his cow off my premises or there would be trouble.

"I rallied on the scene with the dog and a buggy-whip. When I tried to set the dog on the intruder he didn't seem to have much heart in the business, but a crack or two with the whip set him to work, and we made it very interesting as long as my wind held out. We pushed the cow so that she took part of the fence with her in getting through it, and we kept right at her heels for over a quarter of a mile while she bellowed, the dog barked, and I plied the whip. When we returned she followed us right up, and just as I was arranging to give her a hotter dose than ever, my wife recognized her as our own cow. Some one had put a bell on her and turned her into the cabbage-patch. I'm not saying who did it, but I want you to find out, if it costs me a thousand dollars. Why, man, I might have killed the cow."—*Detroit Free Press.*



"Substitution"

is often an effort to get rid of unsalable goods—things that have been forced on the dealer by schemes which promise excessive profit.

Such washing powders are urged in place of **Pearline**.

When a woman gets a useless imitation, on the assurance that it's "the same as" or "as good as"

Pearline, she's pretty likely after-

ward to do her trading somewhere else.

606

Don't argue the matter—use Pearline.

A CURE FOR ASTHMA.—Asthma sufferers need no longer leave home and business in order to be cured. Nature has produced a vegetable remedy that will permanently cure Asthma and all diseases of the lungs and bronchial tubes. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases (with a record of ninety per cent. permanently cured), and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all sufferers from Asthma, Consumption, Catarrh, Bronchitis, and nervous diseases, this recipe, in German, French, or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail. Address, with stamp, naming this magazine, W. A. Noyes, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, New York.

AN UP-STAIRS BLACKSMITH-SHOP.—As is well known, the Baldwin Locomotive Works are located in the heart of the city of Philadelphia, where real estate is valuable. This condition of things leads to a great many details in the construction of the works which would not be thought of under different circumstances, although, as very often happens after one has accommodated himself to circumstances in this way, the result is found to have no disadvantages, but, on the contrary, is found to be positively advantageous.

One of the features of the Baldwin Works, which is a blacksmith-shop, steam-hammers and all, is located on the second floor. This shop does what the Baldwin Works call their light work. It does not do the frame forging or other heavy work, although the work done is, as already intimated, sufficiently heavy to call for steam hammers. The entire shop contains thirty-seven forges, served by two fans, which are driven by electric motors. A complete system of exhaust piping for carrying away the smoke is provided, which, together with the very liberal window and skylight area and elevated location, results in the cleanest and lightest shop, when the number of fires is considered, that we have ever seen.—*American Machinist*.

LOVE'S TEST.—Mamma.—“I wonder why it is that Georgie plays and sings so much for Albert since they've become engaged. She never seems to cease from the time he comes into the house until he departs.”

Papa.—“I guess she wants to make sure that he really loves her.”—*Chicago Record.*

FACTS ABOUT WHISKEY.—Something of interest to all consumers. The danger of adulteration and how to avoid it.

No subject has been more widely and more exhaustively discussed in the columns of newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, both in this country and abroad, than that of adulteration.

The causes which led to the investigation and discussion of this matter were found in the widespread adulteration of liquor. This evil grew to such proportions as to not only prove a menace to health but to become, in fact, the foundation of many ailments which afflict mankind. It were time the press and people took arms against the unscrupulous dealers who deluge the country with products which, while pretending to be pure, are the vilest and most pernicious of substitutes; not only impairing the health of consumers, but endangering their lives as well.

Not only are the jobbers and wholesalers at fault, but the retail dealers. Plenty of whiskey that leaves the distillery pure is in a dangerous state of adulteration before it is handed out to the consumer. Every consumer of whiskey, whether for refreshment or medicinal purposes, must make up his mind that whiskey, like the “little girl with a curl,” is “very, very good” or else “horrid.”

“Hayner's seven-year-old Double Copper Distilled Rye” is the “very, very good” kind. To protect it from adulteration by middlemen and dealers and to save their profits, this absolutely pure whiskey is sold direct from distiller to consumer. This method of selling positively prevents the tampering of a second or third party, and should receive the praise and patronage of every American who is in favor of purity as against vileness; safety as opposed to danger.

A searching chemical analysis will prove that “Hayner's Seven-year-old Double Copper Distilled Rye” is absolutely without impurity.

The palpable saving in purchasing direct from the distiller is shown in the offer of the Hayner Distilling Company, the manufacturers of this brand, who are located at 277-283 West Fifth Street, Dayton, Ohio.

They are sending, express prepaid, four full quart bottles of this choice whiskey for \$3.20.

BACK FROM THE KLONDIKE.—Opening the door in response to an insistent knock, the lady beheld the figure of one she remembered.

“Oh, it is you, is it?” she said icily.

“It is me,” was the answer; “your long-lost husband, who has come to tell you that he is sorry he ran away two years ago.”

“Maybe you are sorry you went,” retorted the lady, “but I ain't. What did you come back for?”

“My dearest, I have been to the Klondike, and last summer I accumulated fifty thousand—”

“Fif-ty thou-sand dollars!” shrieked the loving wife as she fell on his neck.

“No. Mosquito-bites.”

It was a moment later only that he fell on his neck himself.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

5 CENTS.

5 CENTS.

Price has been reduced on the original old-fashioned Dobbins' Electric Soap, so that it can now be bought at 5 cents for a full-sized bar. Quality same as for last 33 years, "BEST OF ALL." Ask your grocer for it. No one has ever found

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for many, many years, and I cannot speak too highly of its merits. It is the only soap I ever used that kept my hands from chapping in cold water. It also saves the trouble of boiling the clothes, and leaves them in good condition. Up to last July I used to pay nine cents a bar for it, and thought it was cheap at that price, but now my grocer sells it to me at five cents a bar. I don't see how any housekeeper can afford to use any other soap now."

"MRS. CHAS. HAYES, Boston, Mass."

"I have used your Dobbins' Electric Soap for a long time, and would not be willing to try any other, as it does its work to perfection, and I consider it the best laundry soap in the world, and at five cents a bar it is the cheapest."

"MRS. ANNA FLYNN, Chicago, Ill."

"I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap for twelve years, and like it ever so much. I can do more and better work with one bar than with two of any other brand I ever tried. When I first commenced to use it I paid twelve cents a bar, now I only pay five cents. This is certainly a great reduction for a first-class soap like Dobbins' Electric."

"MRS. D. H. BROWN, Providence, R. I."

"I have used your Dobbins' Electric Soap for ten years, and find that it is all you claim for it, and now that I can buy it at five cents a bar, I would not think of using any other soap."

"MRS. FANNIE KELLY, Cleveland, O."

fault with its quality, no one can now find fault with its price. It stands, as it has for 33 years, in a class by itself, as to quality, purity, and economy, but is now in class with common brown soaps as to price.

It is the original Electric, and is guaranteed to be worth four times as much as any other soap ever made. For washing anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest blanket, it is without a peer.

DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO.,
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

WHEN LAWYERS WERE SCARCE.—In the year 1829, under the authority of the State of New York, an enumeration of the lawyers entitled to practise at the State or local courts was made. The regulations for admission to the bar at that time were simple and easy to comply with. Nevertheless there were found to be only three lawyers on Staten Island, thirteen in Westchester, sixty in Albany, and forty-five in Onondaga. Monroe County had not then attained the distinction which it has had since the growth of Rochester into a city, and it had within its borders only seventeen lawyers, while Columbia County, which has since given to the bar of the State many learned jurists, had thirty-two, and Dutchess County fifty-two. The people of Long Island were even less inclined to litigation then than they are now, for in the whole of Suffolk County there were six lawyers only, in Queens County there were but two, and in Kings County (it is very different now) there were three only.

In Broome County there were five lawyers, in Greene twenty-one, in Putnam three, in Steuben twelve, and in Tioga fourteen. But perhaps the lawyer of that period who enjoyed what might in these days be called an easy snap was the one member of the New York bar who resided in Orleans County. After 1820 there was a large increase of lawyers in New York State, and in 1834 they numbered two thousand and eighty-four.—*New York Sun*.

SANITARY PRECAUTIONS.—The inspectors of the factories where the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is produced have access at all times to the dairymen's premises, with authority to exact every sanitary precaution. Such care results in a perfect infant food.

A GREAT SCHEME.—The big politician sat surrounded by bottles and pill-boxes of all sizes and descriptions. Was he sick? Nitsey!

"Now, let me see," he mused. "I have sent testimonials to eighteen of those twenty patent medicine makers, and inside a week they will all have a three-column picture of me in a thousand papers at once, along with my letter endorsing their stuff."

He smiled softly to himself as he emptied two of the bottles into the fireplace.

"This beats ordinary campaigning all hollow. I'll write for some more sample bottles to-night. It's the only way to keep before all the people at once."—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune*.

BEAR AND SEAL.—Coming still nearer to the sleeping seal, the hungry bear adopted a ruse which shows that in his big white skull there is brain enough to do a little reasoning. Realizing that, though all of his body but his nose is white and not easily discerned against a background of ice and snow, his snout is very black and therefore likely to be detected by the seal, because of the contrasting color, what did the bear do but place one of his white paws over his black nose and push himself nearer and nearer to his dinner? When within thirty or forty feet of the seal the bear made a mighty bound or two and pounced with great fury upon the spot where the seal had been only a moment before. But by this time the wary seal had plunged into his hole and was safe in the depths of the sea. Nothing could exceed the rage of the bear. He thrust his nose far down the seal-hole. He bellowed and tore at his fur with his claws. He picked up pieces of ice and threw them high in the air. He was simply beside himself with anger and disappointment. Finally he wandered away, reluctantly turning now and then to look regretfully at the hole through which his dinner had escaped.—WALTER WELLMAN, in *National Magazine*.

HIS IMPRESSION.—"I am told that artist is a very hard worker," said a young woman.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne.

"To what school does he belong?"

"He's an impressionist."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He labors under the impression that he is a great artist."—*Washington Star*.

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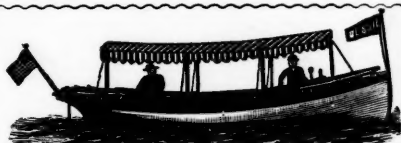
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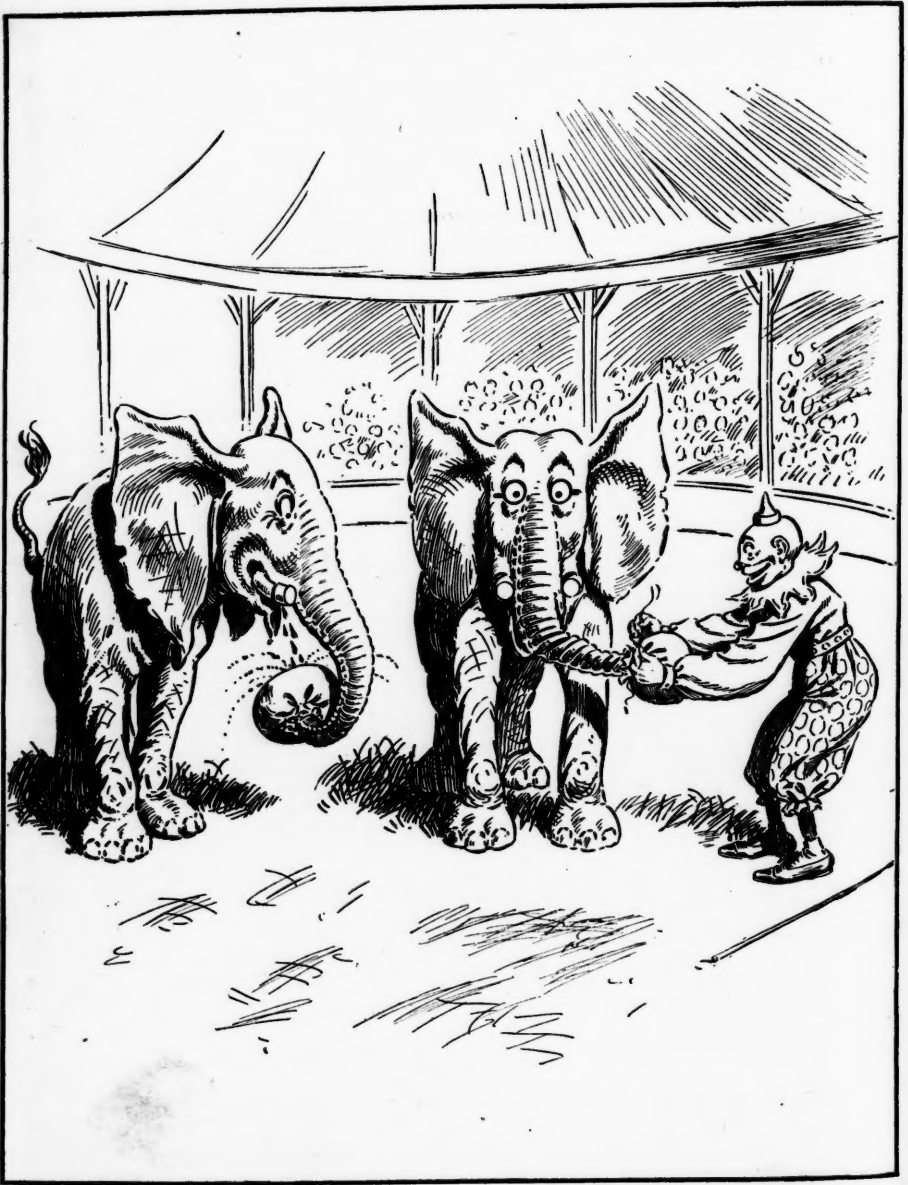
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